The Outlook

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CONTENTS

The Philippine Assembly.............. 879
Revolutionists and Patriots............ 879
A Million and a Quarter Immigrants... 880
Mr. Ahearn's Re-election.............. 881
The Civic Federation.................. 882
Central America in the Van of Progress 883
Persia for the Persians............... 884
England and Russia in the Near East.. 884
The Whittier Centennial............... 885
Justice to the Handicapped 885
Professor Vernon and the Gospel....... 886
Two Bishops 888
Canned Fish Currency.................. 888
Lord Kelvin........................... 890
Keep Up Your Charities................ 892
An Undenominational Church....... 893
The Spectator 895
The Gateway of the Nation........... 897
By Robert Watchorn
The Keepers of the Gate.............. 913
By Mary B. Sayles
The Kneisel Quartet.................. 925
A Pilgrimage to Grieg................ 927
By Robert Haven Schauffler
Real Life in George Eliot's Novels—II.. 931
By Charles S. Olcott
Fairy Gold (Poem).................... 944
By Charlotte Porter
The Streets of London................ 945
By Ralph D. Blumenfeld
The Pope's Mule and the Sub-Prefect in the Fields........................ 959
By Alphonse Daudet
Index to Volume Eighty-seven of The Outlook........................... 969

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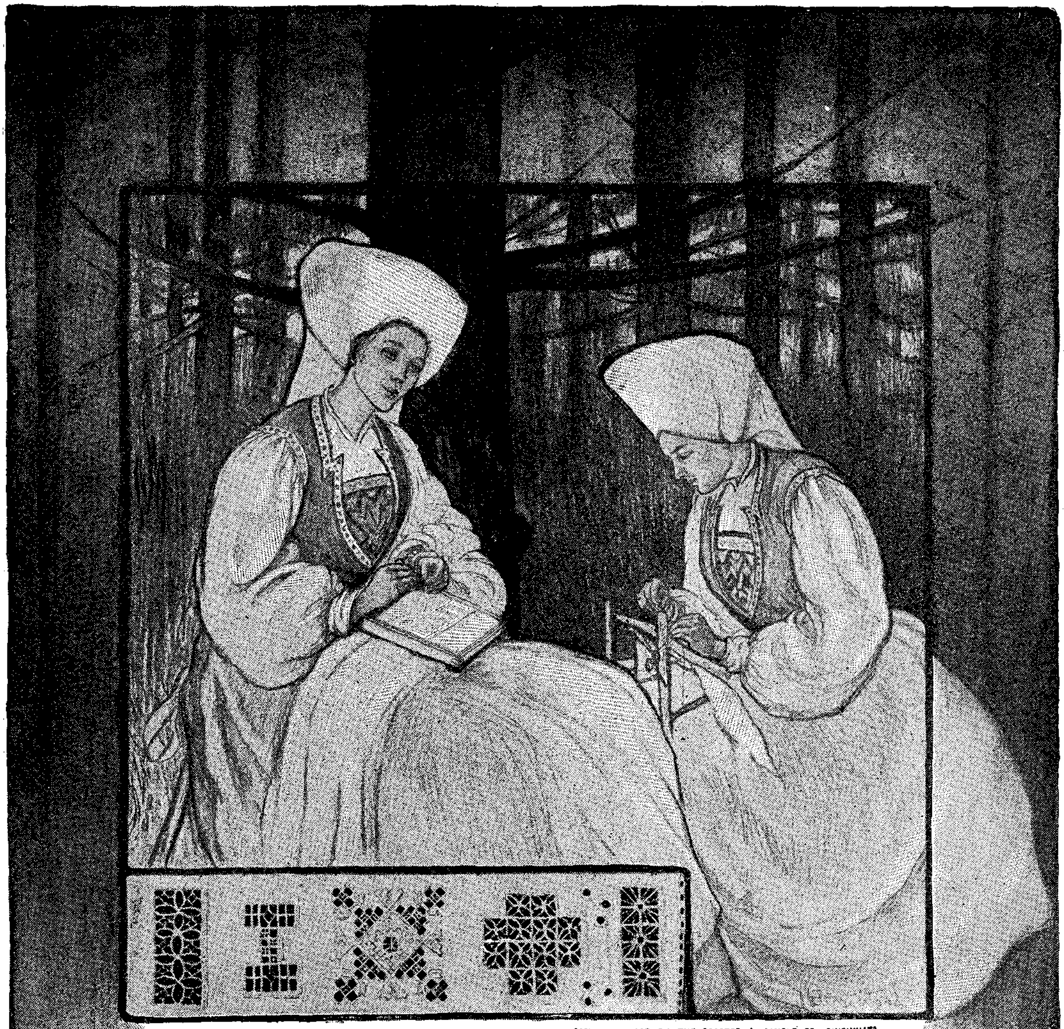
The Investment of Savings

The present acute interest in all matters relating to finance renders especially timely the publication of a group of articles dealing with the underlying principles of investment. In the issue of The Outlook for January 4 the first of such a group of articles will be published under the title "The First Principles of Investment." It will be followed by papers on "Stocks and Bonds," "Railway Securities," "The Securities of Public Service Corporations," and "Government, State, and Municipal Securities." The articles will be written by Mr. George Carey, who described the New York Clearing-House in a recent number of The Outlook. Mr. Carey will of course not attempt to discuss the relative merits of specific securities, or to advise The Outlook's readers as to how they should invest their savings. He will simply lay down the principles which must be observed, and give some of the information which the investor should have if his investment is to be not only profitable but safe.



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Opinions differ. Mrs. S., for example, thinks that nothing in the way of embroidery is so effective as Hardanger. Miss J. prefers "eyelet" work; while Mrs. B. and Mrs. R. are sure that the recently-introduced "shadow" designs are best.

But there is *one* thing on which practically all women who are interested in embroidery are agreed; and that is that the best way to wash it is with Ivory Soap and lukewarm water.

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The Outlook

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 28, 1907

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The Philippine Assembly

If a special despatch to the New York Sun from the Philippines may be relied upon, its Assembly has taken action which will go far to justify the wisdom of Secretary Taft in urging the organization of such an Assembly and far to dissipate the apprehensions of those who feared that it would be a turbulent body and a breeder of turbulence. It has officially recognized the fact that education is the foundation of all free institutions by passing, without a dissenting vote, the bill providing for an appropriation of a million dollars for public education. Its delegates have also shown diplomatic skill by the method in which they have approached our Congress on the tariff subject. They ask for a repeal of the tariff between the Philippines and the United States, and of the Frye Coastwise Law which prohibits all navigation in the archipelago except by American ships. This much might have been expected, but they exhibit unexpected political sagacity in asking that, if Congress refuses free trade with the United States, it will give to the Philippine Islands, through the Insular Government, authority to conclude commercial treaties with other nations. The Sun correspondent affirms that the sentiment of the entire Assembly is in favor of the free-trade project, and that the commercial treaty project is suggested only as an alternative. We confess ourselves quite unable to see how the United States Senate can possibly refuse to accord one or the other of these reforms to the Filipino people. It need hardly be said that in our judgment the reduced tariff between the Philippines and the United States urged by the Administration and already adopted by an overwhelming majority in the House should be called out from the Senate Committee where it now lies buried, and brought before that body for free and full discussion on its merits. If after such discussion the wholly improbable should happen and it should be rejected, it is difficult to see on what ground the proposed alternative could be refused to the Filipinos.

* * *

Revolutionists and Patriots

The petition presented last week to Baron Rosen, the Russian Ambassador, in behalf of the Russian revolutionists Nicolas Tchaykovsky and Catherine Breshkovsky, was not an attempt to justify their acts, but a plea for clemency by citizens of America, where this man and this woman, lately arrested in Russia, have, to quote the petition, "won the respect and affection of a host of friends by reason of their purity of character, sweetness of nature, and characteristically Russian charm of temperament." The petition adds: "They called out warm personal regard even from those who did not accept their position on public matters, and made themselves in an unusual degree the recipients of the deep interest which Americans have always felt in the people of Russia." Within a few hours some fifty signatures of well-known Americans were attached to this petition, and after it had been presented to Baron Rosen, and had thereafter been made public, hundreds of additional signatures were added. Some of the names may here be appended as an indication of the strength and character of the movement:

> Bishop Greer, Seth Low, R. W. Gilder, F. L. Stetson, M. J. O'Brien, J. D. Crimmins, Henry Clews, R. Fulton Cutting, W. D. Howells, S. L. Clemens, G. F. Peabody, J. A. Riis, O. C. Villard, Dr. C. H. Parkhurst, Dr. P. S. Grant, Dr. T. R. Slicer, Horace White, Norman Hapgood, Dr. N. D. Hillis, E. M. Shepard, E. P. Wheeler, W. L.

Garrison, John H. Finley, R. E. Ely, S. J. Barrows, J. B. Reynolds, T. W. Higginson, Dr. R. C. Cabot, Bishop Lawrence, of Massachusetts, Judge J. W. Mack, of Chicago.

The precise charges to be preferred against the two prisoners have not been stated in the cable despatches. Mr. R. E. Ely, chairman of the American publicity committee, is quoted in the daily papers as saying: "They have been imprisoned on the most indefinite of charges, Tchaykovsky on some old accusations that had been hanging over him since the early Terrorist times in the '70s, but which had been wiped out by the Czar's amnesty proclamation of October, 1905, while Mme. Breshkovsky is imprisoned we don't know what for." That both are revolutionists has long been self-avowed; it is equally true, as all who have talked with them are convinced, that both are unselfish patriots, that they sincerely love their country, and that they urge revolution because they see no other way to abolish the anarchy of autocracy.

Who Are the Prisoners?

It so happens that both Mr. Tchaykovsky and Madame Breshkovsky are numbered among The Outlook's contributors, and if any reader is inclined to take it for granted that they are reckless plotters of destruction he might well be referred to the calm and closely reasoned article on "The Russian Revolutionary Movement" by Mr. Tchaykovsky (The Outlook, April 28, 1906), and to Madame Breshkovsky's paper on Father Gapon (The Outlook, February 4, 1907). The dramatic and thrilling story of Madame Breshkovsky's life has been told in these pages by Mr. Ernest Poole, who summed it all up in these brief sentences: "Daughter of a nobleman and earnest philanthropist; then revolutionist; hard-labor convict and exile in Siberia for twenty-three years; and now a heroic old woman of sixty-one, she has plunged again into the dangerous struggle for freedom." Mr. George Kennan saw her in her exile, and thus speaks of her in his book:

> Her face bore traces of much suffering, and her thick, dark, wavy hair, cut short in prison at the mines, was streaked here and there with gray. But not hardship nor exile nor penal servitude had been able to break her brave, finely tempered spirit, or shake her convictions of honor or duty. . . . There was not another educated woman within a hundred miles; she was separated for life from her family and friends, and she had, it seemed to me, nothing to look forward to except a few more years, more or less, of hardship and privation, and at last burial in a lonely graveyard beside the Selenga River. . . . The unshaken courage with which this unfortunate woman contemplated her dreary future, and the faith she manifested in the ultimate triumph of liberty in her native country, were as touching as they were heroic. Almost the last words she said to me were: "Mr. Kennan, we may die in exile, and our children may die in exile, and our children's children may die in exile, but something must come of it at last!"

Of Tchaykovsky an American woman who knows him well writes:

> In imprisoning him Russia is not imprisoning a criminal, but one of the noblest men who ever lived a life of single-hearted devotion to his country. . . . Purity, intelligence, devotion, these are his characteristics. Is there no way in which Russia may be convinced that such men desire only the highest good of their native land? Think of the courage of a man who would brave death by going back to Russia to help to teach his people the blessing of freedom! Once before he had been sentenced to exile in Siberia, yet his love of liberty was greater than his love of life, and for their sakes he ventured. If Americans may not open his prison doors, at least they should honor the man who has shown such splendid patriotism.

Official Russia is not entirely oblivious of the outside world's comments on Russian affairs; and it may at least be hoped with some confidence that whatever is done in the case of these political prisoners will be done openly; that they may not be punished at all without a fair and public trial, with full liberty of action for the defense; and, finally, that if punishment be inflicted, there may be taken into account their age, their personal freedom from selfish or ambitious motives, and the high esteem in which they are held by hundreds of high-minded men and women in England and America.

A Million and a Quarter Immigrants

The impressive number of 1,285,349 aliens entered the United States in the twelve months ending June 30, 1907, according to the annual report of the Commissioner-General of Immigration. It is now two years since the million mark was reached, and if the present rate of increase is continued until next July, a million and a half will be the record for the year. The number of outgoing passengers in the steerage was over 344,000, most of whom were undoubtedly former immigrants; so that the net addition to our population was somewhat under a million. Over twenty-five million dollars was brought in by the immigrants, an average of over twenty dollars apiece. More than one-quarter of the aliens of the past year came from Austria-Hungary, about one-fifth from Russia, and another fifth from Italy. It is interesting to note that, in spite of the arrangements made with Japan which, it was expected, would materially curtail the immigration from that country, the Japanese immigration has more than doubled during the past year, rising from 14,000 to 30,000. Reports made by inspectors sent to Mexico to investigate especially the coming of Japanese to the United States by way of Mexican ports and the Mexican border show that many Japanese are entering the United States in that way, surreptitiously and in defiance of the regulations. Commissioner Sargent recommends that a treaty be negotiated with Mexico respecting immigration through that country, or, if that cannot be done, that the Mexican border be closed to all aliens, except bona-fide residents of Mexico. The Commissioner notes the fact that striking increases have been made in the number of aliens landing at Southern ports, an increase which "is directly connected with the growing desire of the Southern States to draw within their boundaries a number of the better class of immigrants, it being considered by practically all of the leading men of that section that the future development and welfare of the South depend on its ability to receive and absorb a reliable laboring and farming element." This movement to encourage the distribution of incoming aliens in the parts of the country where their labor is needed, not only meeting the want there but relieving the congestion in the great cities where the flood of immigration tends to stagnate, is an important factor in the solution of the immigration problem. Commissioner Sargent renews his recommendation that provision be made for the inspection of aliens at the ports of embarkation. With this recommendation The Outlook is heartily in accord. It would not only facilitate the enforcement of the regulations which determine the quality of the immigration, but it would afford opportunity for giving the immigrant, at a point in his journey where it would be of practical value to him, information as to the parts of the country where he would find the most satisfactory conditions of employment and living. In another part of this issue are printed two articles dealing with the subject of immigration as it presents itself at Ellis Island.

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Mr. Ahearn's Re-election

The doctrine that the office is for the man and that he is entitled to it if he is a good fellow has rarely received a more striking illustration than in the re-election of Mr. Ahearn by the New York Board of Aldermen after he had been discharged from office for incompetence. The incompetence was proved after a careful and non-partisan investigation in judicial proceedings in which he had every opportunity to defend himself; it was indeed in a measure confessed by his own action in dismissing subordinates whose incompetency he apparently never would have known but for this investigation. He has been re-elected by a confessedly partisan vote, under the inspiring guidance of Tammany, reinforced by some Republican and Municipal League votes, the only public explanation of which was the declaration of one of the voters that Mr. Ahearn was his personal friend. This election ought not to be legal; it ought not to be in the power of the Board of Aldermen to reinstate by a partisan vote an officer who has been legally dismissed from office after a judicial trial. Whether it is legal or not is a debated question which we shall not undertake to decide. Mr. Ahearn's re-election furnishes a new argument for the abolition of the Board of Aldermen and the substitution of a small body, such as the Council of Ordinances proposed by the new Charter Commission, to be elected, not by wards, but either by boroughs or by the entire city in a general election. It is only fair to add that the Board of Aldermen, in amending the Sunday clause of the City Charter so as to make it conform to the penal code and permit entertainments on Sunday evening which are not distinctly theatrical, has acted in accordance with what is probably the general public sentiment of the city. We, however, reserve comments on this action until it has been interpreted by the results which it produces in the Sunday life of the city.

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The Civic Federation
The Labor Question
and the Canteen

The Civic Federation dinner has come to be a National event. At this dinner on Monday, December 16, seven hundred and eighty guests sat down, among them such labor leaders as Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Gompers, such capitalistic leaders as Mr. Belmont and Mr. Perkins, of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., and such intellectual leaders as President Eliot. The most notable addresses were those of General Grant, John Mitchell, President Eliot, George W. Perkins, and Mr. Gompers. Mr. Gompers was the only one who displayed an acerb spirit. He ignored all interests except those of his own immediate constituency, and represented those as hostile to the interests of the community at large. He apparently does not believe in the motto that "an injury to one is an injury to all;" and apparently would substitute for it as the motto for the labor union, "Whatever happens does not concern me if it does not happen to me." John Mitchell made a much truer and a much happier interpretation of the spirit of the labor union. He was absolutely true to the workingman; urged the advisability and practicability of securing a good understanding between workingmen and capitalists, and illustrated what he meant by the "triumph of reason" with the statement that two years ago another terrible coal strike might have taken place "had not ten men got together and talked, operators and workers, as man to man." General Grant produced a decided sensation by a speech which was wholly unsensational, beginning his address by stating that he spoke at the request of the President, on the subject of the canteen. He declared himself to be a total abstainer, and intimated that he would be a prohibitionist if he thought prohibition could be enforced, but he not only expressed the conviction from his own observation, but gave facts and figures to confirm it, that the abolition of the canteen, where only light wines and beer are sold and never to one who was the worse for liquor, had demoralized the army and promoted drunkenness, because it had sent the soldiers out of their camps to find their liquor in the vicious dives that gathered about them. "I am," he said, "an advocate of the canteen in the army until the time comes when the civil authorities abolish those dens near military reservations kept by vicious persons who now tempt the soldiers of our army to their destruction." This sentence suggests that it might be possible to amend the present law by giving the military authorities power to re-establish the canteen in all States where the liquor laws allow the sale of liquor in the vicinity of a reservation.

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The Civic Federation
Profit-Sharing
and Federation

Mr. Perkins gave a very interesting account of the workings of the profit-sharing scheme in the Steel Trust. The plan is too complicated to be reported fully here, and an imperfect report would do it injustice. We hope that Mr. Perkins's paper may be printed in pamphlet form for general distribution. It must suffice for us to say that the plan was so arranged as to give special advantages to the wage-earners receiving eight hundred dollars or less. The success of the plan is indicated by the fact that there are approximately nearly fifty thousand profit-sharers among the employees of the Steel Trust. What especially interested us in Mr. Perkins's statement was the fact that he put the profit-sharing wholly on a business basis. It was not represented as a charity, but as a contrivance for securing loyalty and efficiency in the organization, and it was justified on the ground that a loyal and efficient organization is quite as valuable as modern machinery, and quite as well worth paying for. Perhaps, however, no one of the addresses produced greater surprise than that by President Eliot. Whether with reason or not, he has been generally classed with individualists of the New England type; and yet his address might be described in a sentence as a strong plea for the New Federalism. "Labor and capital alike," he said, "are in search of monopoly, and monopoly can only be controlled by a strong central government." In this respect Canada was better equipped to deal with modern questions than the United States, because in Canada the powers not specifically reserved to the States belong to the General Government, while in the United States the powers not specifically designated to the Federal Government are reserved to the States. "I look forward," he said, "to an increase in the National power. It goes against our most cherished fetish of local government, local interests, local representation. We are desperately in need of the revision of the term local interests. . . . Local interests have become continental interests." The great applause with which Dr. Eliot's speech was received indicated very clearly that his auditors, whether workingmen or capitalists, were agreed in his belief that increase of National power is necessary for National well-being.

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Central America in the Van of Progress

Last week the delegates from five Central American states held the concluding sessions of a Peace Conference which may mark a turning-point in the history of those states. The Conference has proved to be more profitable than it was at first supposed, for its work has been unmistakably in the direction of an ultimate organic, federal union of the Central American states. Several interesting devices to aid in maintaining peace are proposed. In the first place, the delegates will recommend to their respective governments the proposition that no president of a Central American republic shall accept a re-election, and that none of the five governments shall recognize any of the heads of the other governments who may succeed to power, except by due process of election, as provided by their respective Constitutions. Secondly, no one of these countries shall instigate a revolution in another republic or interfere with its government; there shall be, however, a general treaty of extradition. Finally, Honduras shall be made neutral ground. This last feature is not only the most picturesque but probably the most important of all, for the neutralization of Honduras makes a barrier between the northern and southern parts of Central America. Thus neither Guatemala nor Salvador could enter upon an armed conflict with either Nicaragua or Costa Rica without violation of such neutrality. In the domain of education a feature is to be recommended which should prove of even greater practical benefit than any merely political arrangement. A Central American University is proposed, to have co-ordinate departments in the various states. In the domain of commerce a fiscal convention is proposed, and an extension of railway system, to provide easy communication, not only among the states, but also between the continents lying north and south of them. But it is in the judiciary that the most striking feature of all is attempted. The international tribunal projected for Central America seems big with the future. In some of its features it foreshadows the larger tribunal proposed by Secretary Root through Mr. Choate at the Hague Conference last summer—an entirely judicial body, to replace the present semi-diplomatic court. The new Central American tribunal is to deal with all controversies or questions, of whatever nature or origin, which cannot be settled by ordinary methods of diplomacy. Each of the countries is to appoint a judge who will serve for a term of years. Before them will come, not only the difficulties between two states, but suits by a citizen of one country against the government of another, even though the individual may act without the support or permission of his own government. The adoption of such a court, its operation, and the recognition of its integrity and power, would, first of all, mark a new era for Central America. But it would have also a world significance. It has been the fashion to consider Central American civilization a vain pretense. But it would be curious if that civilization were henceforth to be distinguished by an international tribunal exceeding any similar body in judicial quality.

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Persia for the Persians Last week at Teheran, the capital of Persia, occurred an event unparalleled in the Oriental world. The Persian Parliament issued a manifesto practically indicting the monarch. It declared that three years ago, when the nation's affairs fell into a hopeless state, the only salvation lay in constitutional government. In 1905, under the autocracy of the late Shah, robbery was common throughout Persia, public security at a low ebb, and the public exchequer without funds despite the increase of taxation. If the central government had become a farce, the provincial governments exceeded it both in incapacity and brutality. The Governor of the province of Khorassan, for instance, even sold young boys and girls as slaves in order to satisfy the taxes imposed on their parents, while the peasants of this and other provinces were deprived of necessary irrigation facilities by illegal manipulation of the water supply. Discontent among the people showed itself in open rioting, and finally, in July, 1906, several thousand citizens of Teheran took refuge in the grounds of the British Legation, declaring that they were secessionists from Persian autocratic rule, and that they threw themselves upon the mercy of a foreign power. Thereupon the Shah promised to convoke a national assembly. He was as good as his word, and the Assembly, or Parliament, met in Teheran in October, and immediately set to work to frame a code of fundamental laws, a constitution. In January of the present year the Shah died and was succeeded by his son, the present Shah. The new monarch signified his adhesion to the constitution, but unfortunately did not sign the instrument until October, and only took formal oath to it in November. This delay, combined with the strange attitude of certain leaders of the clerical party, caused the rumor to spread that the Shah was quietly attempting a reactionary revolution under the influence of certain clerical leaders. It is true that though the first Persian Parliament has long been in session, it has not yet fulfilled the aspirations of the peasants or brought to the soldiers and other classes the reforms they demanded. The result has been a condition of confusion worse confounded and of intrigue revealed by the manifesto, which declares: "Persons who, under a despotic régime, were accustomed to oppress the people, have misled our young sovereign into the belief that the constitution was the cause of the present trouble." The writers of the manifesto evidently have detailed information as to a projected reactionary revolution, for they add that "the sovereign is violating his covenant with the people," and that they make this announcement "to all the nations of the world, convinced that they will show brotherly love to the ten million Persians, and will not allow their rights to be trodden under foot." The publication of this manifesto shows a courage and a power of organization hitherto hardly characteristic of Asiatics, and reveals the new degree of liberty in Persia. It thus marks an interesting historical event in the political development of all Asia.

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England and Russia in the Near East On the day of the publication of the Persian manifesto, but quite independently of it, the Governments of Great Britain and Russia decided to take joint action in Persia. Aside from the political tie which now unites them, the two Governments are fortunately in the exact strategic position to settle the differences between the Shah and Parliament and to prevent a popular uprising. The very fact that thousands of Persians took refuge at the British Legation in 1906, and thereby forced the old Shah to concede a constitution, makes the British Government a favorite with the people. The Russian Government is no less a favorite with the Shah, who, both before and since he ascended the throne, has always looked to it for advice and help, financial and otherwise. As the Persian contest is thus between partisans of Great Britain and Russia, it is evident that it is likely to be settled by an agreement in policy between the two Powers. The first fruit of the Anglo-Russian agreement is believed to be the institution of a new Persian Cabinet, with Nizam-es-Sultan as Prime Minister, and with new men as Ministers of War, Commerce, and Communication. The men who held the positions of Ministers of Foreign Affairs, Finance, Justice, Education, and the Interior in the late Cabinet retain their portfolios.

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The Whittier Centennial

The hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Greenleaf Whittier was observed in many places, for no one except Longfellow has more personal friends among young and old in this country than the author of "Snow-Bound." The two most interesting celebrations were those held in the city of Haverhill, his birthplace, and in Amesbury, where he spent more than fifty years of his life. The house in which he was born was visited by hundreds of pilgrims; and luncheon cooked in the old fireplace was served to many people. In the public library many manuscripts and first editions of the poet's writings were on exhibition. Celebrations were held in the schools of the city during the morning hours. In the afternoon the formal public exercises, under the direction of the city government and the Whittier Association, were held in the First Universalist Church, where Professor Bliss Perry, of Harvard—whose monograph on Whittier, an admirable piece of well-poised comment and criticism, was recently published as an introduction to a collection of the poet's work—delivered the principal address. A poem written for the occasion by Mrs. Howe was read, and Mr. Frank B. Sanborn, of Concord, supplied very interesting reminiscences. In Amesbury the old home was thrown open to the public. The public exercises in the town hall were held under the direction of Judge George W. Cate, who made his home with the poet during the last years of his life. Ex-Governor John D. Long, Booker T. Washington, and Edwin D. Mead gave the principal addresses, while reminiscences were supplied by Judge David Cross, of Manchester, and a letter from President Roosevelt expressed his peculiar affection and reverence for the "good Quaker poet," and his regret at his inability to accept the invitation to be present. Enthusiastic meetings were also held at Danvers and in Salem, and two largely attended gatherings were held in Boston under the auspices of negro citizens. In Parker Memorial Hall a general meeting listened to addresses by Miss Alice Stone Blackwell, Mrs. Arianna Sparrow, and others. In many Boston schools morning exercises were held, and a final meeting gathered in Faneuil Hall during the evening. The day was commemorated in many schools throughout the United States, for the educational uses of such occasions are beginning to be very widely recognized.

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Justice to the Handicapped

President Roosevelt has said that the object of industrial democracy is to give all men a fair chance. Two charities which the writer of this paragraph has recently visited might better be called acts of justice, since their object is to give a fair chance to two classes of persons who are sadly handicapped by their infirmity. The Crippled Children's East Side Free School, with its headquarters at 29 Montgomery Street in New York City, under the presidency of Mrs. Henry Goldman, is giving the boon of life to children who have been deprived of it. There are three or four thousand such children in New York City, and three or four similar organizations for their benefit. This particular work on the East Side was started five or six years ago, in two rooms. It now occupies two houses on opposite sides of the street, and, through the generosity of a single benefactor, a building for its occupancy, of considerable size, is in process of erection in the immediate neighborhood. It provides for a little over a hundred children, and will soon have capacity for three hundred. These children are gathered every morning in an omnibus, which brings them from different parts of the city and returns them to their homes again at night. Their daily gathering-place is hospital as well as school. One or two physicians and a trained nurse are in constant attendance; medical and surgical treatment is furnished; and regular baths are given to children who never knew a bath before. The Board of Education has assumed the responsibility for the teaching, and provides the teachers and pays their salaries, but this is the least part of the expenses of the undertaking. In the industrial department girls who before were a burden on their parents are making exquisite embroideries and are earning their own support, and a bookbindery has been started to enable the boys to achieve a similar industrial independence. Meeting on equal grounds in their sports, their studies, and their work, these children have been called into life, and are as full of animation and happiness as any children one would wish to see. The New York Association for the Blind is doing an analogous work for that class. It was founded two or three years ago by Miss Winifred Holt. Its headquarters, at 118 East Fifty-ninth Street, are a combination of school and factory. Here the blind are taught remunerative industries and at the same time furnished with remunerative employment. A teacher goes out from its headquarters to teach other blind in their homes. At the same time careful scientific investigations are being conducted to ascertain the causes which produce blindness and to discover and set in operation preventive measures. The object of the Association in all its work is to take the blind out of the category of dependent paupers and to give them the means of becoming industrially independent. Experience has proved that proper instruction will enable the blind to compete with the seeing in some industries, and generally to earn at least half as good an income. It is said that paganism casts the incompetent out to die. Civilization, more merciful, has not allowed them to die, but has made effort to support them in their enforced idleness. Modern charity is endeavoring to equip them with ability to support themselves. This kind of justice is the best kind of charity. We can conceive no better direction in which to send the message of Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year in a practical form calculated to make the Christmas merry and the New Year happy than in such directions as are afforded by the Crippled Children's East Side Free School and the Association for the Blind.

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Professor Vernon's Definition of the Gospel

Some of our readers may recall the fact that Professor Vernon's address before the Congregational Council at Cleveland a few weeks ago on "The Message of the Modern Minister" produced something of a sensation and evoked from some quarters a protest, though, so far as we have seen, no report of the address was given to the public. Presumably it will be published in due course in the Minutes of the National Council, though whether it can be said that a paper printed in an ecclesiastical Minutes is published, that is, publicly made known, might perhaps be questioned. We have obtained a reading of this address, and find it animated by the spirit of the opening sentence: "The character of this body outlaws equivocation and demands utter candor in all who address it." But we do not find in it anything which justifies the perturbation into which some were thrown by it. Professor Vernon declared that the double task of the modern minister is "to ascertain, in the first place, what he conceives the Gospel to be, and, in the second place, what are the grounds upon which he relies to establish this truth among men of to-day." He goes on to say that the Gospel is not a body of divine truth so infallibly revealed in the Scriptures that a man may adjust his conduct thereto; neither is it the fact that God so loved the world that he sent his only begotten son to atone for our sins by his death, though much truth lies hidden in this conception; neither is it the fact that the four Gospels contain the words of Jesus—"all his words but no others"—and that to obey the Gospels is to obey those words. Professor Vernon's affirmative definition is not—this is natural—quite so clear as are his negative definitions. His definition of the Gospel is this: "That God is the spirit of love, brooding alike over the righteous and unrighteous, and that the chief end of our life is to allow ourselves, in childlike trust, to be ruled in the uttermost by that same spirit of love." Turning to the other branch of his discourse, the evidence of the truth of this Gospel lies, not in the miracles, on the one hand, nor in the more ill-defined and unsubstantiated belief in the goodness of God on the other hand, but in "the conviction of the supreme worth of the character of Jesus of Nazareth," and in the assurance which that character carries with it of the loving purpose of God.

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The Outlook's Definition of the Gospel

The readers of The Outlook do not need to be told that The Outlook finds much that is unequivocal and candid in this paper and nothing startling. It would possibly have produced both a better and a less striking impression if its author had devoted less space to his exposition of what the message of the minister is not and more space to what the message of the minister is. Entirely agreeing with him that the Bible does not reveal an infallible body of divine truth for the regulation of either opinion or conduct, we cannot quite agree with his statement "that the writers of the Old Testament agree neither with the writers of the New Testament nor with each other." Considering that a space of something like a thousand years intervenes between the earliest and the latest writers of the Bible, and that every type and temperament is represented in the various writings, it is surprising how thoroughly they are agreed in certain fundamental conceptions of essential truth; as, that God is a righteous God, demands righteousness of his children, demands nothing else, and will help them to obtain righteousness if they desire his help. The conception of what constitutes righteousness is a constantly developing conception; the conception of who are his children is a constantly widening conception; and the conception of what God will do to help them to righteousness is an ever clearer conception. But the differences between the Biblical writers are largely due either to differences of date, of temperament, or of form of statement. If by the statement, "there is no such thing as an atonement for sin," Professor Vernon means that there is no authority in Christ's teaching for the doctrine that his death was suffered as a penalty for man's sin in order that a just God might release man from the penalty justly due, The Outlook agrees with him, and this we judge to be his meaning. But this is too narrow a definition of the doctrine of atonement as variously held in the Christian Church. Atonement is defined by the Century Dictionary as "the reconciliation of God and man by means of the life, sufferings, and death of Christ." If this is a correct definition—and the original Greek word rendered atonement unquestionably means simply reconciliation—then it appears to us that Christ clearly teaches, as in the Parable of the Prodigal Son, the doctrine that for the child who has separated himself from his Father by sin there is possible reconciliation, and that such reconciliation involves repentance and sorrow for sin on the part of the child and compassion or sorrow for sin on the part of God. We wish that Professor Vernon had more explicitly recognized this truth. We are more in agreement with the third negative position of Professor Vernon, that believing the Gospel is not believing that all the words in the Gospel are the words of Jesus, and obeying the Gospel is not obeying those words as though they were rules of conduct, an interpretation which reduces Christian teaching to a code of laws and Christianity to a mere reformed Judaism. And we are quite in agreement with him in his statement that the evidence of the truth of the Gospel narrative is not and cannot be in the miracles which the Gospel narrates; it is, and must be, in the worth and character of Jesus as his life is portrayed in the Four Gospels, and in the worth and character of his personal influence as it has shown itself in the history of Christianity during the last nineteen centuries. But, on the other hand, the Gospel is more than a brooding spirit of love; it is the *power* of God unto salvation. It is defined by Christ himself in the words: I have come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly; and the evidence of Christianity is the life which he has imparted through the centuries to and through his followers.

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Two Bishops The Right Rev. Leighton Coleman, Episcopal Bishop of Delaware, who died last week, was a very picturesque figure, and a man of marked individuality. He was the son of a rector and the grandson of a man who, at the battle of Bladensburg, saved the colors from falling into British hands at grave risk to himself. His clerical services began on Blackwell's Island. He had various parishes. Later, on account of his wife's failing health, he spent eight years in England, where he was indefatigably at work in ministerial lines. He was elected Bishop of Delaware in 1888. He was an indefatigable pedestrian. For years past there have been reports in newspapers of his long and lonely tramping trips. Last year, although seventy years of age, he walked 210 miles in twenty-one days, going alone, concealing his profession, sleeping wherever he found himself—in farm-houses, barns, country inns, or school-houses. Thus he came to know a great number of people of all kinds and conditions. The close of this striking episcopal career was almost simultaneous with the beginning of another which promises to be exceptionally fruitful in aggressive Christian work. The Rev. Robert Lewis Paddock was consecrated Missionary Bishop of Eastern Oregon in New York City on Wednesday of last week, after a service in the metropolis notable alike for its courage, its helpfulness, and its tireless industry. During his connection with the pro-Cathedral on the lower East Side Mr. Paddock attracted attention by his endeavor to break up the various forms of vice in the neighborhood. When he became rector of the Church of the Holy Apostles on Ninth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street in New York City, the church had a hundred communicants; it now numbers eight hundred and fifty. Its rectory has become a Settlement House, with three workers besides the rector; there is another Settlement House in the near neighborhood under the direction of the church, in which four women have made their headquarters; Chelsea House, a home for thirty-five young working-women, started by the church, has become self-supporting; and near the church is a house for boys coming in from the country and waiting to get work, or for those who, having lost one job, are waiting for another. The Chelsea Improvement Society is made up of men and women working for good government and clean politics; and the Chelsea Park Society has had a distinct influence for good. The Lower West Side Ministers' Association, which has grown up largely under Mr. Paddock's leadership, has brought into working co-operation forty ministers of every communion except the Jewish and Roman. The Holy Apostles stands in the heart of the district known as Hell's Kitchen, and is environed by tenement-houses, saloons, and boarding-houses. Mr. Paddock has done a great work of regeneration in it.

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Canned Fish Currency

Last week, in a discussion of the question, "What is Money?" we endeavored by a statement of the elementary principles of money to indicate the qualities of money which must be maintained in any sound national monetary system. These qualities we defined as follows:

To perform its service most effectively money must be stable in value; trustworthy on its face; capable of the widest possible circulation; instantly redeemable in commodities or labor; *and its volume in a given community must expand when the volume of tradings increases and contract when the volume of tradings diminishes.*

We italicize the last clause above because, if it states a true and essential quality of money, there may be found in a consideration of it one explanation of the financial ills which the country is to-day suffering. The stability, trustworthiness, wide circulation, and instant redeemability of American money have been provided for and maintained by the establishment of the gold standard. But no provision has been made in our system of money for a currency which shall automatically expand and contract as business or tradings expand and contract. The expansion and contraction of trade is generally dealt with by the expansion and contraction of bank credit—that is to say, in the harvesting season of the autumn and in the planting season of the spring the great periodic movements of merchandise have been facilitated by the use of private tokens of credit instead of by universally recognized money. If there comes a time, as there did this autumn, when private credit, for whatsoever cause, begins to be looked upon with suspicion, the system of purchasing and selling merchandise by the use of bank checks, which are the private tokens of exchange, falls to the ground. As The Outlook has said several times during the last two or three months, the essential prosperity of the country is substantial. There is a rich supply of wheat, corn, cotton, poultry, cattle, hogs, fish, and other natural commodities on hand. But the producers of these commodities decline to sell them unless they receive money tokens which are stable in value, trustworthy on their face, capable of the widest possible circulation, and instantly redeemable in other commodities or labor. Bank checks do not have all these qualities. Government notes do have them; and for all practical purposes, because they bear the Government indorsement and guarantee, National bank notes are Government notes. Instinctively the people feel that there are not enough Government notes to "go round," and therefore each man tries to get and keep for his own necessities all he can. This creates the hoarding we hear talked about so much; and this, of course, aggravates the stringency in a universally circulating medium of exchange produced by the periodic increase in the volume of trade transactions. What is the country going to do about it?

It can do two things: first, it can provide an immediate temporary remedy for the acute suffering; and, second, it can slowly, carefully, and scientifically study the situation into which we have fallen, discover its causes, and work out and apply a permanent remedy later. These two methods of treatment are perfectly harmonious, and they may be carried on without interference one with the other.

For the second, or permanent remedy, The Outlook repeats its suggestion of a National Currency Commission which shall study the entire subject and report to Congress in, say, two years. This Commission would consider such questions as a Central National Bank; the abolition of bond-secured circulation and the substitution in its place of an asset currency; the cessation on the part of the Government from issuing notes, and granting the exclusive right of issue to the National banks; per contra, the taking away from the National banks of all right of issue, and making the issue of currency solely a Government function; the proper permanent proportion of "uncovered currency" to gold, etc., etc.

While a National Currency Commission is considering these things and studiously preparing its recommendations for ultimate and permanent legislation, Congress may properly and easily, and entirely on non-partisan lines, pass an act providing for a temporary emergency currency. The need of such a currency is still acute. The Outlook, in a recent mail, received three dollars in payment for a subscription, this money being in the form of two Clearing-House certificates from Portland, Oregon. One certificate was for two dollars, and one certificate was for one dollar. These certificates are, as they state on their face, "secured by wheat, grain, canned fish, lumber actually sold, and other marketable products and bonds approved by the committee." Some of the great packing-houses of Chicago are actually finding it impossible to get cattle because the graziers and drovers who have the cattle want currency in payment, not bank checks; and the packing companies, while they have ample balances at the bank, cannot obtain currency, but only certified checks for those balances. This stringency in a universal currency brings its suffering upon all men, women, and children alike, whether they be gold monometallists, bimetallists, silverites, believers in our National banking system, or believers in the establishment of a great Government bank. If, therefore, Congress can frame a measure which shall temporarily relieve the money starvation of the country, without interfering with the ultimate establishment of as perfect a monetary system as can be carefully and studiously framed by experts, it is its bounden duty to do so.

We think that Congress can frame such an act. Let it authorize the Secretary of the Treasury to print at once, and hold in readiness for issue, a certain number of millions of Government notes. Let it further authorize him to loan these notes to any National bank depositing with him as collateral approved savings banks securities to the amount of, say, sixty per cent of the collateral. Let these notes carry a tax sufficiently high—too high would be better than too low—to insure their return when the banks have no further need for them. Permit any bank, without regard to the amount of its capital, to borrow as large a sum of these Government notes as it chooses, provided it supplies the necessary amount of approved collateral. Permit the borrowing banks to repay their loans at their own option, being reimbursed for the unexpired term of the annual tax. Limit the operation of this act to a period of two years.

Some such simple legislation as this, which can almost be written on a sheet of note-paper, will simply apply to the whole country the principles of banking which are now employed by the individual who has a legitimate need of currency in his business and obtains that currency from his bank. Its advantage is that it makes an immediate use of the banking machinery already in existence for tiding over an emergency; it does not require the creation of a new system. In the meantime it will give Congress ample opportunity and leisure for a study of the whole monetary question through the agency of a National Currency Commission of experts. At the expiration of the proposed emergency period of two years, permanent and scientific legislative reforms of our monetary system can be put into force. By some such plan as we have thus outlined it appears to us that the volume of currency in the country can instantly be increased to meet the needs of the commerce of the country, and whatever danger there is in a permanent expansion of the currency will be avoided by the temporary character of the measure.

It ought not to be necessary for a citizen of Portland, Oregon, to pay his New York bills in canned fish!

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Lord Kelvin

Lord Kelvin, the great scientist, who died at the age of eighty-three in Glasgow last week, was born of Scotch parents in Belfast. His name was William Thomson. He studied at Glasgow, where his father was professor of mathematics, and was graduated from St. Peter's College, Cambridge, at the age of twenty-one. In 1846, a year later, he became professor of natural philosophy in the University of Glasgow, and occupied that chair until 1898. He maintained a connection with that institution, which he helped to make famous, until his death. The precocious undergraduate exhibited his remarkable originality in several publications on mathematical conceptions of certain observed physical facts. These were developed and applied in his later studies in electricity, geological time, and the constitution of matter.

Man has never created matter, nor has he destroyed it, although he has wrought many changes in the appearance of things. That is a fundamental concept of chemical science. Changes are brought about in matter through an agency called energy. In 1847 Joule, a brilliant son of a Manchester brewer, determined experimentally that no energy was lost in bringing about these changes. As British science had laughed at Galvani's "dancing frog" and declined to publish Franklin's communications, so again scant courtesy was granted Joule when, as a young man of thirty, he presented his results before the Association for the Advancement of Science. Another, a younger man, twenty-three years of age, arose at the meeting, however, and supported the thesis. That was William Thomson. A young German scholar presented Joule's results to his compatriots, though the leading journal of science in Germany declined to publish it. That was Helmholtz, destined to be Germany's greatest physicist. These three, up to the time of Joule's death in 1889, were the sole expounders of the principle which is now regarded as the fundamental concept of physical science.

In 1844 the Morse telegraph was established between large cities. Submarine telegraphy then presented itself as a problem for solution. Thomson investigated mathematically the retardation of signals, based upon the previous experiments of Faraday, and formulated the law of least squares, now familiar in telegraphy. He maintained that a conductor two thousand miles long, sufficient to cross the Atlantic Ocean, would have to be of unusually large cross-section, else prove a financial failure. The cable laid in 1858 allowed an exchange of congratulatory messages between Queen Victoria and President Buchanan, and then parted. Thomson was called in as assistant electrical engineer when the second cable was laid in 1866. It broke in midocean. Thomson devised methods of deep-sea sounding, using piano wire, which made the third cable successful the following year. The lost ends of the broken cable were found and spliced, thus giving two lines of submarine communication between Europe and America. Satisfactory methods for receiving cable messages were not at hand, however. Thomson set himself at the problem, and this is the way he solved it. A Danish physicist, Oersted, had found that if a wire were placed parallel to a movable magnet, and an electric current passed through the wire, the magnet would move upon its support, tending to assume a position at right angles to the wire. The direction of the movement depended upon the direction of the current, and the extent upon the intensity of the current. By attaching a small concave mirror to the center of the magnet, or a thread attached to it, and placing a candle opposite the mirror, the slightest movement could be detected in the change of locality of the candle's image, which was reflected upon a wall or chart. The feeblest currents passing through the cable were observed by means of this mirror-galvanometer, which in perfected forms has proved of surpassing importance in subsequent investigations of electrical phenomena. Later Thomson, now become Sir William as an evidence of Queen Victoria's appreciation of his financially successful completion of submarine communication, devised another instrument, known as the siphon-recorder, by which messages sent were registered and might be read at leisure. He also devised an electrometer which furnished a direct measure of electrical constants in absolute measure. He invented many other pieces of electrical apparatus, and devised an improved form of mariner's compass. He was present with Graham Bell at the Philadelphia Centennial, which marked the real beginning of electric invention, and there observed the first public demonstration of the telephone.

A further official recognition came in his elevation to the peerage in 1892 as Lord Kelvin. His work had been characterized by brilliant originality, and his imagination soared to stupendous heights. In fact, he was thought at times to go a little too far. Yet he had no tolerance for metaphysics alone. He thought in figures and dealt with figures, both great and small. As illustrations, attention may be called to his ideas on the temperature of the sun, the age of the earth, and the size of molecules. By elaborate processes of mathematics, he estimated the internal temperature of the sun as being 200,000,000° C. He held a theory as to the earth's structure. Oceanic and continental areas were attributed to a chemical segregation in the gaseous nebula which was the earth's parent. Utilizing our knowledge of the conduct of fused rocks in cooling, he asserted that this globe has been in a habitable condition for 24,000,000 years—figures in agreement with those of Clarence King. Many geologists did not agree with him.

He intimated that life was brought to our world by means of meteorites from otherwhere. He offered no explanation as to where that life came from, but did say, "Mathematics and dynamics fail us when we contemplate the earth, fitted for life but lifeless, and try to imagine the commencement of life upon it. This certainly did not take place by any action of chemistry, or electricity, or crystalline grouping of molecules under the influence of force, or by any possible kind of fortuitous concourse of atoms. We must pause, face to face, with the mystery and miracle of the creation of living creatures."

Naturally, such speculations could not be divorced from considerations as to the nature of matter. The tiny particles composing matter are called molecules and thought to be in constant motion. By mathematical methods he calculated that they must be smaller than one millionth of a millimeter in diameter, and that one cubic centimeter of air under normal conditions contains 21,000,000,000,000,000,000 molecules, which collide in their perpetual motion about five billion times every second. Imagine a drop of water magnified to the size of the earth, the molecules of water would then have the dimensions of a baseball. Chemists have practically proved that these molecules are composed of even smaller bodies called atoms. Newton visualized the atom as a hard, spherical body; Boscovitch and Faraday as a center of force; while Lord Kelvin put forth the vortex theory of atoms. Utilizing Helmholtz's mathematical demonstration of the indestructibility of a vortex ring when once formed in a medium possessing the properties generally attributed to the all-pervading ether, he sought to harmonize the Aristotelian theory of the continuity of matter with the accepted atomic theory.

The remarkable field of investigation opened up within the last decade by the wonders of radio-activity attracted him in his last days. Accepted ideas trembled on the verge of annihilation. Radium appears to produce enormous amounts of energy, of an order of magnitude far beyond that we are accustomed to. That energy, according to the most advanced workers in the subject, seems to come from a decomposition of the atom itself. The formerly daring pioneer held back. Time alone will tell whether his conservative notions must yield to the merciless march of progressive knowledge.

Although Lord Kelvin wrote classic works on mathematics and natural philosophy, and published over three hundred accounts of researches of his own in nearly every branch of physical science, he was a sympathetic listener, ever quick to acknowledge the efforts of the humblest scientific worker, and ready to encourage the most elementary student. Characterized by an extreme modesty amounting almost to diffidence, the first citizen of Glasgow, where he lived threescore years, the recipient of every honor his countrymen could bestow—half the universities of Europe and America conferred degrees upon him—he was the "most versatile, brilliant, and profound student of physical science the century has produced." He combined, in a degree so rare as to put him among the first men of his age, the patient and thorough method of the painstaking investigator, the daring imagination of the pioneer of science, and the practical sagacity of the large-minded man eager to make science the servant of human need and the efficient helper of man in the battle of life.

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Keep Up Your Charities

In a recent speech in New York City, Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, one of the leading financiers of the metropolis, whose interest in philanthropy and charitable work has been demonstrated by large generosity, called attention to the danger which confronts organized charities dependent on public generosity from the well-known tendency of many people, in times of stringency, to begin their economy by cutting down their gifts to charities. Reports from many such organizations indicate that this process has already begun; and it is quite clear that the charities are facing a difficult and trying season, and that their incomes are likely to be very seriously reduced. In some cases, organizations which are sorely needed may be very seriously embarrassed. This ought not to be. The Outlook commented editorially last week on the hoarding of which a great many people are guilty at the expense of those who supply them with the necessities of life. Another group of people will hoard—for that is what it amounts to—by either reducing or entirely cutting off their gifts to charities. Many others who are not hoarding, but who feel the necessity of reducing their expenditures, will begin with their charities. The gifts to charities ought to be the last to be touched. Those organizations which care in one way or another for the unfortunate in all the vicissitudes of life ought to be the very last to suffer from a temporary financial stringency. Those who hoard money by cutting off their charities, because they are in a panic and are the victims of fright, are in many ways as unthinkingly brutal as the men who tread down women and children to escape from fire or from a sinking boat. The last thing that a man ought to think of in such a crisis is his own safety. For such men there is no decent excuse. In cutting down their gifts for generous services to their fellows they are showing an ignoble nature. Those who must reduce their expenses ought to begin with themselves. Let them bear the burden of self-denial instead of shifting it to some one else. When a man reduces his charities, he takes something of the load on his own shoulders and puts it on the shoulders of the weak, the sick, the friendless, the unfortunate. Above all, he puts it, in many cases, on the shoulders of little children. The joy of life is in giving, for all service is a gift; and every man who cuts down the quantity or the quality of his service deprives himself of just so much pure happiness. If the door of hospitality is to be closed, it ought not to be closed on the Christ who comes to us every day in the need of some destitute woman, the unconscious cry of some neglected child, the plea for help from some man trampled in the mire. We may shut out our pleasures; we ought never to shut out the great world of suffering, or to turn a deaf ear to the need of the human brotherhood to which we belong.

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An Undenominational Church

Several incidents in recent American life illustrate the growing dissatisfaction with present denominational differences and the growing desire among Protestants of all denominations to find a way to Church unity.

Dr. James M. Whiton, in a notable address before an interdenominational ministers' meeting held in Fitchburg, Massachusetts, last November, urged the importance of "religious solidarity" for moral effect on the community. We do not greatly need unity in opinion, we need not merely unity of feeling, but we do need unity in purpose and in action. We need "not a common feeling, not a common thought, but a common will." And he illustrated his point by quoting the reputed saying of a prominent politician that the church vote could be ignored, but the saloon vote could not—it could be depended on to "go solid." The essay was warmly received by the meeting.

The Federation of Churches initiated a year ago has been completed. Twenty-one evangelical denominations have already officially accepted the proposed basis of federated action. Its common purpose as defined, it must be confessed, is somewhat vague: "To manifest the essential oneness of the Christian Churches of America in Jesus Christ as their divine Lord and Saviour, and to promote the spirit of fellowship, service, and co operation among them." But it may perhaps be hoped that the very vagueness of this definition may lend itself better to large and varied plans of co-operation than would a more specific definition.

Lyman Abbott, at the John Harvard celebration in Harvard University in November, suggested the desirability of organizing in that University an undenominational church. He cited the fact that Harvard University had achieved what had before been regarded as the impossible in organizing an undenominational Theological Seminary, and he suggested that, if theologians could unite in a common purpose to teach Christianity, lay students might unite in a common purpose to practice it.

Dr. Edwin P. Parker about the same time suggested to his people in Hartford, Connecticut, the desirability of converting their church, the Central Congregational, into an undenominational church, its members bound together not by a creed or a ritual but by a common purpose and spirit. He reminded his hearers that the covenant which Christ prescribed was "this New Covenant in my blood;" "not a document, nor a contract, nor anything of that sort, but a simple—though profoundly significant—table transaction; a holy supper in an upper chamber and partaking of bread and wine as the symbol of a fellowship between self-sacrificing love on the one hand and on the other hand weak, ignorant, but trustful affection."

King's Chapel in Boston was an Episcopal church before there was any Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. In the Unitarian movement it become theologically Unitarian, and modified its Episcopal liturgy by eliminating from it all references to the Trinity. It has an endowment; but its property belongs by law to its pew-owners, in accordance with the ancient New England Congregational system. The church is now in the center of the business part of the city, and its property has become very valuable. To prevent its ever in the future being seized for commercial purposes the property has been recently put into the hands of a Board of Trustees, and the selection of the Trustees by the Wardens and Vestry is subjected to the approval of the Faculty of Harvard Divinity School, which is an undenominational faculty. The object of this arrangement is not only to preserve the property for religious uses but also to secure for the church an undenominational basis. And this undenominational character is further secured by a provision in the deed of trust against any sectarian discrimination in the church.

No one of these incidents is in itself very significant. But in their contemporaneous occurrence there is considerable significance. First we have a call for a union of churches on the basis of a common purpose, quite heartily responded to by a Union of ministers of different denominations; next, a Federation of twenty one evangelical denominations with the purpose "to promote fellowship, service, and co-operation among them;" next, two proposals from entirely independent sources for an undenominational church founded, not on oneness of belief or ritual, but on a common Christian purpose; and, lastly, the placing of a church which has hitherto been regarded as distinctively Unitarian under the ultimate control of an undenominational body and with specific provision against the incursion into it of any sectarian discrimination.

There are in the United States about one hundred and fifty different Protestant denominations and about a hundred and fifty more separate and independent Protestant congregations that belong to no one of the denominations. The differences between them are in a few cases of some importance; but in most cases their present-day significance is nothing. They are kept alive by ecclesiastical machinery and traditional momentum. They are such as these:

Shall we pray to God with a book; or extemporaneously; or in silence?

Shall we consecrate our children to God by water baptism or by some other form?

In adult baptism "shall we apply the man to the water or water to the man?"

Shall we say that man is free but God is sovereign; or shall we say that God is sovereign but man is free?

In uniting local churches for co-operative national work shall the bond of union be a bishop, a legislative assembly, or a voluntary society?

The ministers no longer talk about these differences; the laity no longer think about them. It is true that there are differences of temperament and taste. But the Masonic Order, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Roman Catholic Church, have demonstrated that men of different tastes and temperaments can co-operate harmoniously in philanthropic and religious organizations. Why cannot those who worship God with a prayer-book and those who worship him without, worship at different hours in the same building? Why cannot those who believe in infant baptism and those who believe only in adult baptism co-operate in the same Christian organization and accord to each other the liberty in the one church which they now freely accord to each other in their different churches?

The position of the mediæval Christians that there is one standard of ritual and doctrine, and whoever does not conform to it is a heretic and a schismatic and is unworthy of fellowship, was uncharitable, but it was self-consistent. The position of modern sectarianism that there is no standard, that every one is at liberty to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, and that we will fellowship one another everywhere except in the Church of Christ, is neither charitable nor self-consistent. The illogicalness of this position has humorous illustration in Harvard University, where a Jewish, a Roman Catholic, an Evangelical, and a Unitarian Society all meet in the Phillips Brooks House, and its members unite in one Phillips Brooks Association, though they cannot unite in one Young Men's Christian Association—that is, Phillips Brooks is regarded as more catholic and less sectarian than Jesus Christ.

The denominational walls are crumbling; the denominational spirit is dying. Christians of all denominations now meet outside the church in common acts of worship and common acts of service. The day may be nearer than we think when they will be able to meet for work and worship in the same church—a church as Jewish as the Ten Commandments and as Christian as the Sermon on the Mount, as liturgical as Solomon's prayer in the Temple and as non-liturgical as Christ's prayer at the Last Supper, as Calvinistic as the first chapters of Genesis and as Arminian as the last chapter of Revelation; a church so catholic that all its members can come together under the same roof to sing in chorus Glory to God in the Highest, and can go out into the world to work together to promote peace on earth and good will among men.

The Spectator

The Spectator stepped out of the slow Italian train, with its queer little locomotive—as small as the Italian soldiers—and found himself in classic Pæstum—Pæstum of the Greeks who colonized here in southern Italy. They came by sea, not by train, or else they might have refused to get out and colonize; for the ramshackle station and the dusty road would not have been alluring even to the temperament of Ulysses. The Spectator's fellow-travelers, however, were mostly German, and had the steady Teutonic *flair* for antiquity. Undismayed, they plunged into the dust, and the Spectator followed their march down the flat, wide road, between the fields where the Pæstumites were digging potatoes, or what looked like them. The digging, however, was suspended with one accord while all the black-browed, soft-eyed women and all the cherub-faced boys and girls came flocking to the roadside, with the hoe in one hand and the other outstretched for alms. Beside the Spectator were two young women and a young man, unmistakably American, and unmistakably disappointed in their present environment. What they had come to see they evidently did not know much about, and a resentful bewilderment was apparent in their looks. Pursued by the population, the procession of travelers passed under the Sirens' Arch, where a half-effaced siren vainly sought to fascinate by a chipped smile, and reached at last the entrance to the temples, which still lay a field or two away toward the sea. The functionary at the entrance, a tiny brown Italian gendarme, stood ready to collect the two francs admission fee, and at this the three young Americans distinctly rebelled.

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"They don't look like anything to see, anyway!" said one girl, impatiently, regarding the distant Basilica and the Temple of Neptune. "I tell you what, Henry—you pay and go in, and call back to us if it's worth seeing."

"All right," said Henry, cheerfully, and paid his two francs. He moved on briskly up the long path, outstripping the German legions, and looked with a critical eye at the unkempt tangle of vegetation in which acanthus leaves rioted and in which the base of the mighty capitals was sunk. With one comprehensive glance he swept the temples, the plain, and the sea, and then, coming down the path, shouted confidently:

"It isn't worth any two francs, girls. You can see it just as well from the road!"

And so they could—from their point of view. Cheerful and typical Henry! He at least had the courage of his convictions. What he and the girls came to Pæstum for is a mystery. They came from some blind motive, but their perfect sincerity of attitude, when they got there, was a joy, and will always remain among the Spectator's remembrances of classic Pæstum.

❀

Akin to them was the man whom the Spectator met in Venice, in front of St. Mark's, later on. This man was nervous and hurried, with something evidently on his mind. He accosted the Spectator as a compatriot. "Can you tell me where the pictures are?" he inquired. "My wife wants to see the pictures." The Spectator was not certain, on that vague question, whether he wanted to go to the Accademia or the Doge's Palace, and asked him. "I don't know anything about it," said the man. "Pictures—the pictures—that's what my wife wants to see." He was so absolutely oblivious of St. Mark's that the Spectator ventured to speak of it, and ask if he had been inside it. But the suggestion met only the response: "No—haven't time. How can you get to that place where the pictures are, quickest?" The Spectator showed him the gondolas gathered at the water-steps by the Doge's Palace, and explained that any gondolier would take him and his wife to the Accademia. "Those boats?" was the contemptuous reply. "Look here, can't I get a cab?"

❀

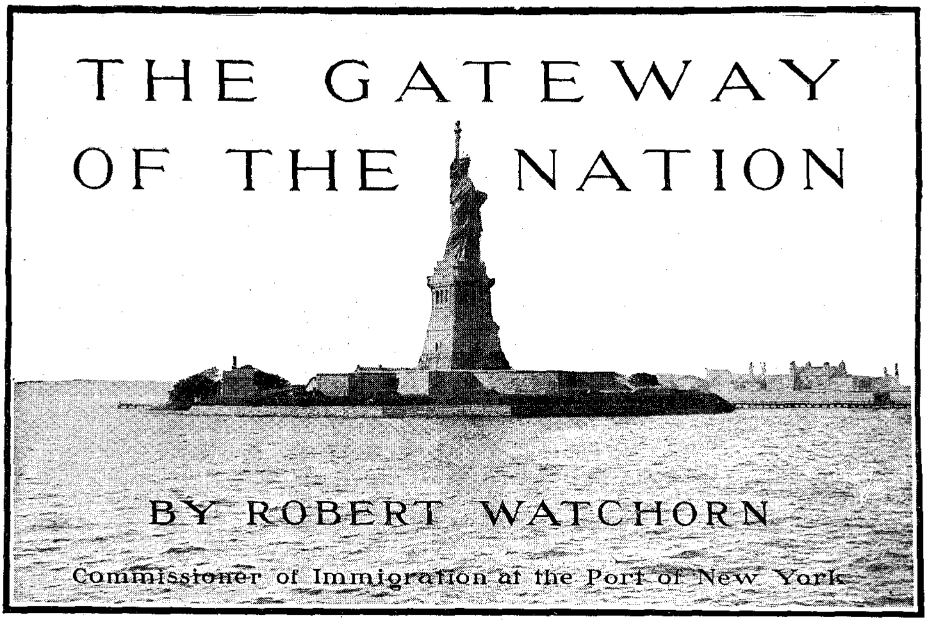
To ask for a cab in Venice does seem the last touch. But the Spectator remembers a fellow-countryman at York Cathedral who was quite as remarkable. He came in with a rush twenty minutes before a cathedral service and tackled the verger, a sedate and dignified specimen, with "Can I see the Cathedral at once, please?" The verger explained, slowly and courteously, that the service would begin in twenty minutes; that it took three times as long as that to show anybody round the Cathedral; that no one could be shown around during service; and that after the service the Cathedral would be closed for the day, as far as sightseeing went. "Oh, but I don't want to spend an hour, or even half an hour, in going around. I just want to hurry through," said the visitor. "Ten minutes is quite enough. My train leaves for London in twenty-seven minutes"—consulting his watch nervously—"and I must see the Cathedral and go. So please show me over in ten minutes, and be done with it."

The verger looked at him with a calm British amazement not to be forgotten. "Sir," he said, "running is not allowed in this Cathedral!"

❀

The trouble with the traveling American is that, in many cases, he or she is literally on the run, in cathedrals and out. The American temperament is ambitious and energetic, and for this reason the traveler's schedule is usually far too crowded. An hour is allowed for a spot that cannot be even superficially seen in less than half a day. The result is a truly dreadful habit, among some record-breaking Americans, of seeing things without wishing or caring about them at all—since that would mean lingering over them. In the Uffizi at Florence, once, the Spectator heard one American girl say to another: "Now, Elizabeth, we have just twenty minutes for this room, and you just mustn't get interested in any of the pictures!" It was a forcible way of putting it, but it expressed the situation with revealing candor. Some may wonder how any American can travel abroad half a dozen times, and return, as some do, without a trace of culture. A few such true incidents as these may throw a little light on the question in other minds besides the Spectator's.

THE GATEWAY OF THE NATION



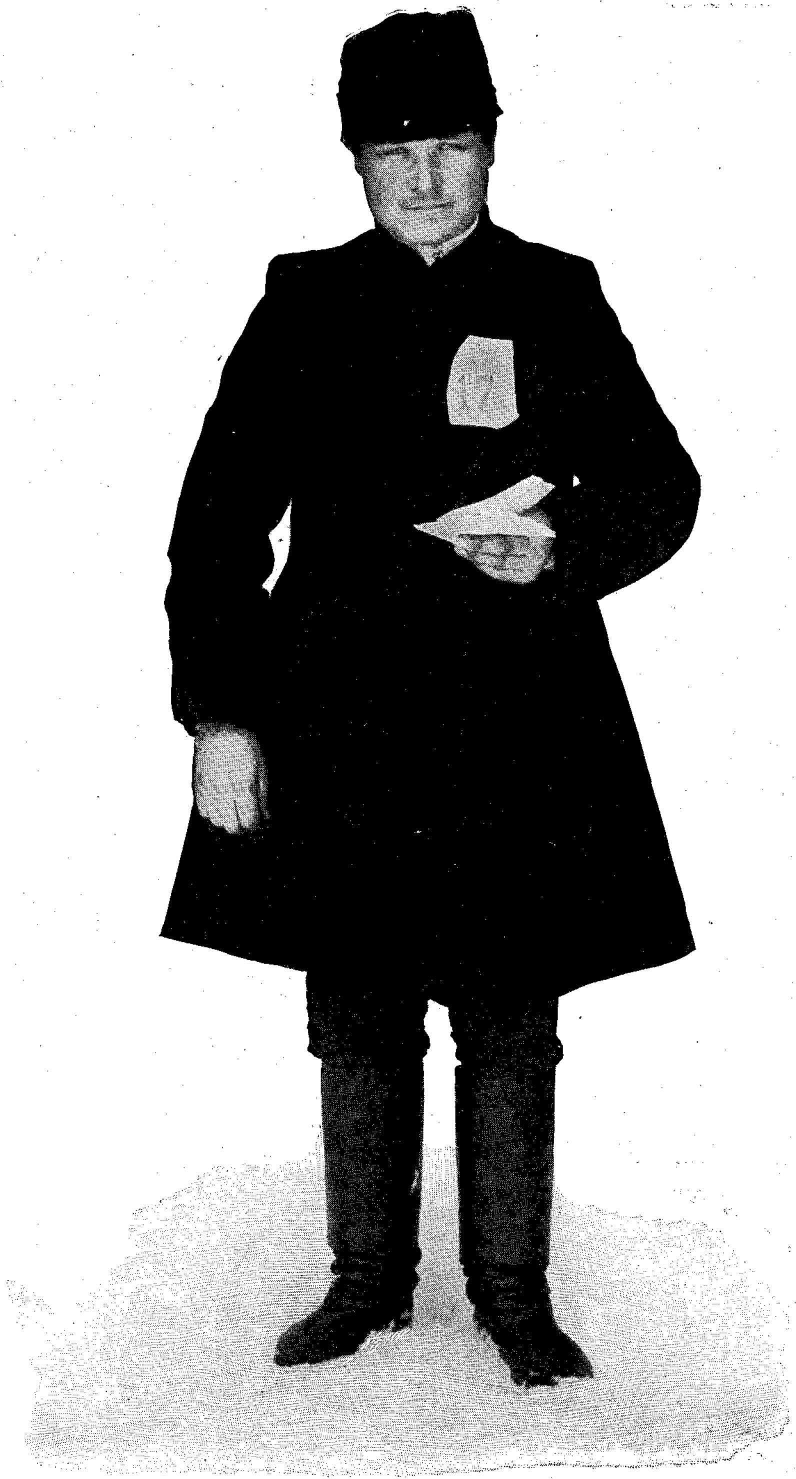
BY ROBERT WATCHORN

Commissioner of Immigration at the Port of New York

ILLUSTRATED WITH STUDIES OF IMMIGRANT TYPES BY
JULIAN A. DIMOCK AND UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

A FEW weeks ago a rather large company of young ladies (college students), accompanied by the professor of the institution with which they were identified, visited Ellis Island. They hailed from almost every State in the Union, but they were almost a unit in outspoken opposition to our present immigration policy, urging that far stricter laws and regulations were an apparent necessity. An employee familiar with the Ellis Island station was explaining to them the nature of the various channels through which immigrants have to pass—the landing; the medical examination; the grouping; the examination made by immigrant inspectors; the scrutiny and attention of the matrons; their distribution to the different railway stations by which they were to be forwarded to their final destination, etc., etc. This employee asked the young ladies to indicate the immigrants to which they particularly referred as being so undesirable and objectionable. An elderly-looking Italian was pointed out as one who evidently ought not to be admitted. They almost in chorus suggested that he was too advanced in years to bear profitable transplantation. Whereupon they were advised that this particular alien had been ordered deported because the inspectors were of the same opinion as they, but that he had exercised his right of appeal to the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, and his deportation had been temporarily canceled awaiting a decision by the Secretary. They asked if they might speak to the old gentleman, and they were permitted to do so. A conversation which ran about as follows ensued:

How old are you?
Sixty-six.
Have you ever been in America before?
Never.
What is your occupation?
Shoemaker.
Where are you going?
To Lynchburg, Virginia.
Have you any relatives or friends there?
Yes, I have a son.
How long have you been at Ellis Island?
One week.
Have you communicated with your son?
I have sent him two letters and three telegrams.
Has he replied to any of them?
No.



FROM STEREOGRAPH, COPYRIGHT 1907, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

RUSSIAN MUJIK

Do you think he has forgotten you or intends to neglect you?

At this the old gentleman's eyes showed increased luster, as he replied:

> No, no, no; he is one of the best boys that ever lived. I have been married for forty years. Neither my wife nor I ever lived in any other place than the town in which we were born in Italy. We have only one child; he never lived anywhere else than in the town in which he was born, until a year ago, when he left for America. Fifteen months ago his mother died, and he said that he could not endure the loneliness of the place; he would go out to the New World and send for me as soon as he could. Three months ago I received a letter from him telling me to come on to Lynchburg. He had decided to settle there, and we could make a nice home together.
>
> But why does he not answer your letters and telegrams?
>
> I take it for granted that he is employed in some way that keeps him away from the post-office during the week, and that as soon as he returns to town and gets his mail I shall hear from him. He is one of the best boys that ever lived, and I know that I shall hear from him. I do not want to be sent back to Italy.

Strange as it may appear, at that very time the son arrived at Ellis Island in breathless haste to call for his father, having come from Lynchburg for that purpose. He was brought into the room where his father was and where the questions were still being addressed to him; and although standing close to his father's elbow, the latter did not see him, and continued to answer questions and to defend his son just as he had previously done. When the old man was asked if he could recognize his son if he were to see him on the public street, "Yes," he replied, "I would recognize him if he were one in a million." Then he was brought face to face with his son, and for a moment seemed to lose his power of speech. He took his son by both hands and lifted them up as though he were still playing with him as a baby, and when he had found voice he simply said: "My boy, my boy, why didn't you let me know you were here?" And for a few moments they had a scene to themselves. The young ladies were asked what fault they could find with him, and if they would still be inclined to send him back on account of his advanced years, and with unanimous voice they said: "No, no, no, certainly not. There is absolutely no reason why he should go back. By all means let him go to Lynchburg."

This incident well illustrates the difference often apparent between an opinion formed from study of the immigrant question in the abstract and the opinion which results from observation of a concrete instance.

No one knows better than the writer that it is an absolute necessity to examine each alien with due care, with a view to admitting none except those who are obviously likely to be of use to the communities in which they settle, and rigorously and unflinchingly to send back all who give evidence of their likelihood of becoming a detriment to the community; but the incident above related contains more than a germ of the truth. There are those who vehemently protest against the landing of aliens on these shores *en masse*, so long as their protests are made in abstract form, but who, Pilate-like, say, on being brought face to face with the units of the mass, "I find no fault in him." Prejudice and bigotry anathematize; love and consideration sympathize; and one can sympathize with and be considerate of aliens without sacrificing one jot or tittle of his love for the Republic.

It has been seriously proposed by many people that an age limit should be established by law, and that no one over fifty years of age should be permitted to enter the United States. As an abstract proposition it does not seem unreasonable to limit the admission of aliens to these shores to those who can take active part in the industrial pursuits of the Nation; but the proposition does not look so practical on closer inspection and careful investigation. Such a law would have prevented the old Italian above named from going on to Lynchburg, Virginia, although there does not seem to be the remotest doubt that his son will take ample care of him, and that the taxpayers of Lynchburg will never have to contribute in whole or in part to his support or maintenance.

Only fifty thousand persons were admitted last year who were over forty-five years of age. This is a very small proportion of the total immigration, and when it is realized that ninety per cent of these are parents destined to their children who have provided homes for them, it will at once be perceived that the advantage to be gained by closing the doors against them would be altogether out of proportion to the amount of anguish it would cause both such parents and the children to whom they are destined.

"A million aliens a year" is a phrase which is frequently heard in these latter days, but which would have been laughed at as an absurdly extravagant prediction had it been used as a forecast half a decade ago. During the fiscal year ended June 30, 1907, the total alien peaceful invasion not only justified the use of the "million a year" phrase, but added a quarter of a million to that stupendous total. A million and a quarter of extraneous accessions to our population in a single year is apt to intensify rather than to diminish the zest with which the very live topic of immigration has been discussed during recent years.

This paper is written, not with a view to arguing for or against any proposition to relax existing laws, nor for the enactment of still more restrictive measures, but rather to indicate how the present laws are administered and the difficulties incident thereto.

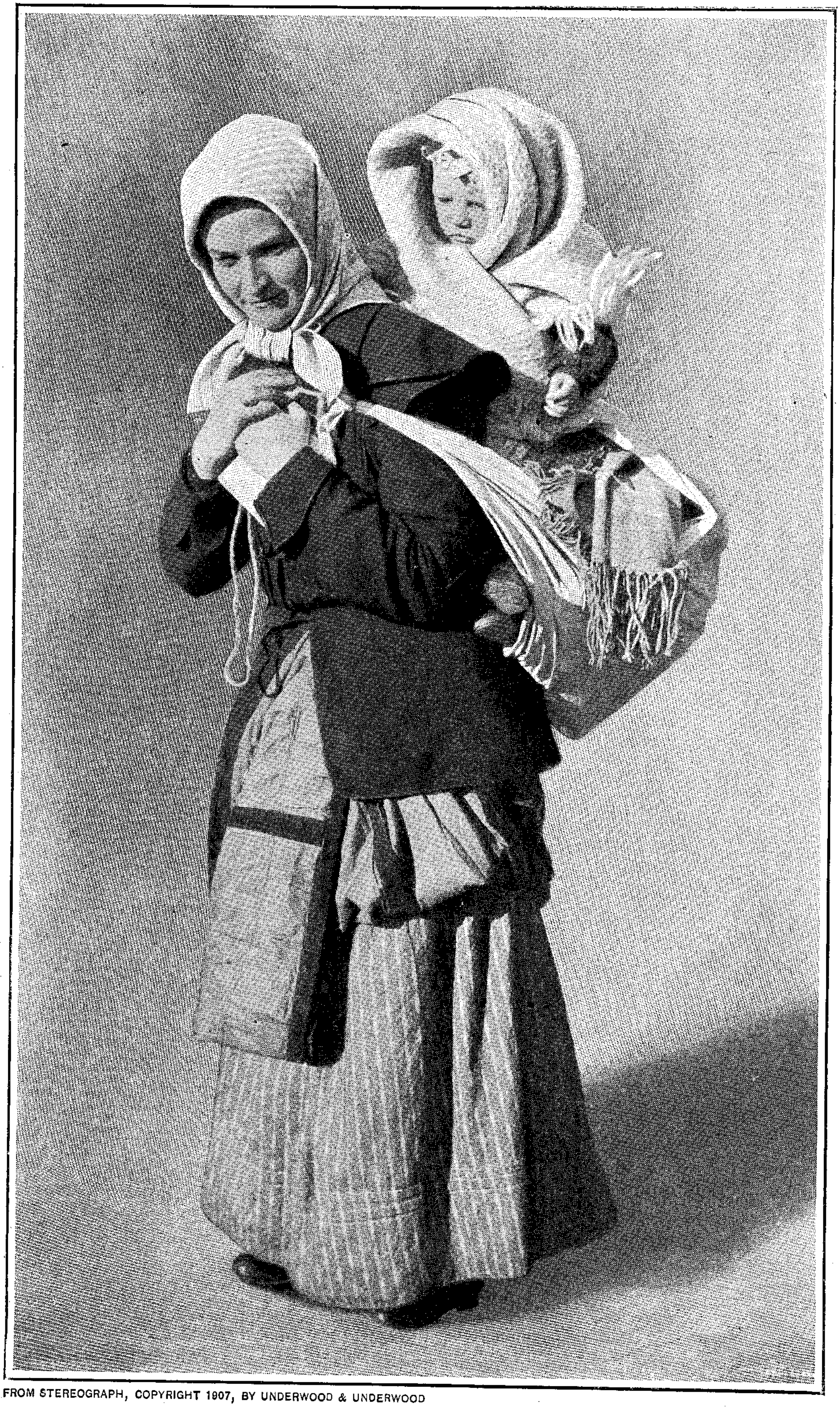
It was in April, 1890, that the State of New York relinquished its official scrutiny of arriving aliens to the Federal Government, the latter having taken legislative action during the decade commencing 1880, in deference to a growing public sentiment which reached the white heat of resolution coincident with the flood tide of arriving aliens of that period. The apprehensions of those who contributed most effectively to the securing of these Federal enactments were infinitely more justified, both as to the volume and quality of the stream they sought to check and control, than were the expressed fears of their prototypes.

A splendid array of illustrious names might readily be cited of those who have despaired of their country's welfare "because of the increasing flood of immigrants." Governor Thomas Dongan in 1685 made a report to the King of England full of dreadful forebodings as to the future of the "Royal Province" of New England unless the tendency to overcrowding were promptly checked. His report obtained for him the desired financial assistance, and he removed part of the surplus population to the Mohawk Valley, which, though falling short of his wishes, gave much needed relief, reducing, as it did, the total population of New Netherlands and New Amsterdam to less than 25,000 souls.

George Washington and Thomas Jefferson are both recorded as opponents of an unrestricted policy of immigration, and it may be safely asserted that no considerable period has elapsed since their day without producing eloquent and forceful advocates of a rigid restrictive immigration policy. This undoubtedly accounts for the progressive tendency towards further restriction as reflected in the successive laws enacted by Congress.

Innumerable speeches on immigration have been delivered; countless books, pamphlets, and treatises have been written and are still being augmented; notwithstanding which there is much misconception and misinformation current on the subject. It is a serious subject; if unchecked and uncontrolled, it may be fraught with consequences which would be difficult for any one to foretell adequately; and this thought, no doubt, together with the fact that more people alien to our tongue, customs, and life than there are in any city in this hemisphere (New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago excepted) crossed the threshold of our gateways during the last fiscal year—more than two aliens per minute during the entire year, day and night—has quickened the currency and deepened the gloom of the tales that are told concerning it. That it is less black than unreasoning pessimism paints it is clearly demonstrated by the efficacy of existing laws, and no student of the practical phases of the subject can fail to find consolation in the unquestioned progress towards the realization of the country's desire as reflected by the enactments above cited.

Many compilations of figures purporting to be statistically correct are calculated to make it difficult for one placing



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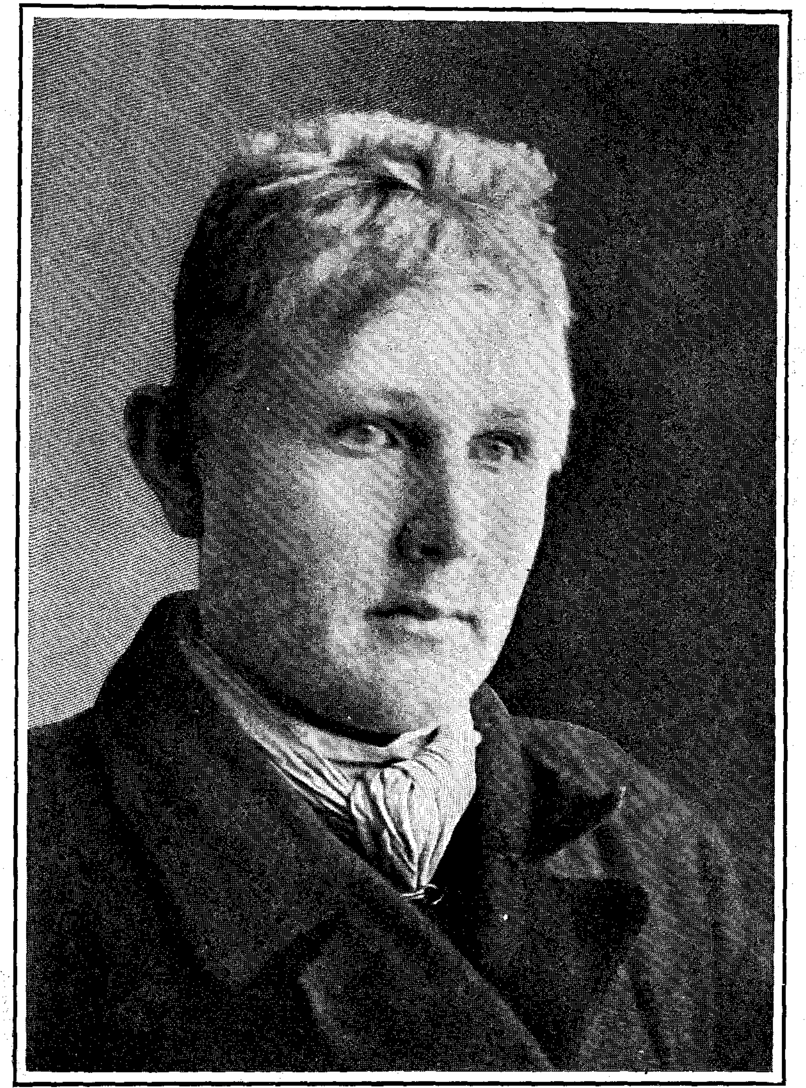
HUNGARIAN

faith in them to realize the efficacy of existing laws; but it is the figures, or rather the sifting and rearranging of them, and not the effectiveness of the laws, that are open to question. The ineffectiveness of our laws is pointed out sharply by those disposed to criticise them adversely, by quoting the number of alien dependents in our charitable, penal, and corrective institutions; and there is great force in their contention that many of them ought not to be allowed to remain—at least not in the charitable institutions; but, after having given due and just weight to this view of the matter, it is not nearly so bad as it has been at times made to appear. It is a well-established fact that ninety-five per cent of all the adult male immigrants, and a large per cent of adult females (unmarried) find employment in the most hazardous of occupations—mining, quarrying, railroading—and in manufacturing pursuits, and such of them as are admitted to charitable institutions require hospital treatment in no small measure because of the exposure to which they were subjected. No provision of law exists to



RUSSIAN FARM LABORER

expel any alien who is a public charge from causes arising *subsequent* to landing, but arbitrary power is conferred on the Secretary of Commerce and Labor to expel any alien within three years after landing, who secured unlawful admission or who has become a public charge from causes existing *prior* to landing, and his decisions are not reviewable.

There is undoubtedly much difficulty in fully executing this power of expulsion, the principal obstacle to be overcome being the verification of landing, without which expulsion is not possible; for how can a person be legally ejected on the ground that he is a public charge within three years of landing, unless it can be legally shown when and where he did land? Failure on the part of the average immigrant to remember the name of the ship by which he arrived, the port of embarkation, the port of arrival, and the date of landing, together with the facility with which immigrants vary their names, constitutes an almost insuperable barrier to their expulsion. It is really very remarkable that these difficulties are overcome and expulsion is effected in so many cases; an average month's expulsion by way of the port of New York ranges from fifty to seventy-five persons.

These cases usually follow this course: A Commissioner of Charities or an official holding similar powers informs the Commissioner of Immigration that a certain alien has been admitted to such and such an institution, suffering from insanity, epilepsy, tuberculosis, or other malady, the cause of which was existent prior to the time of his arrival in the United States. The name, age, and nationality are usually given as a clue to his identification by the immigration records. An exhaustive search is then made, with a view to verifying the landing. That being done, an experienced immigrant inspector or inspectress, as the case may be, is detailed to interview the alien personally, and to investigate thoroughly the cause of his dependence. His report and the local medical certificate, plus a certificate by the United States Marine Hospital surgeon, are forwarded to the Commissioner-General of Immigration, who reports all the facts to the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, whose warrant is usually issued, on which expulsion is made. Thanks to the Act of February 20, 1907, the Secretary of Commerce and Labor is now clothed with power (which he freely exercises) to detail attendants to accompany direct to their homes, wherever they may be, such expelled aliens as are helpless from physical or mental disability.

Three highly improved conditions, due to recent legislation, cannot fail to reduce to an acceptable minimum—and to maintain such minimum—the number of dependent aliens from causes existing prior to landing:

(*a*) The imposition of a fine on all steamship lines, or other carriers, of one hundred dollars for every case of dangerous contagious disease brought to a port of the United States—a provision which has led to a thorough system of examination at ports of embarkation by the steamship lines, to avoid the infliction of fines, said examinations having resulted in the rejection of an average of six thousand passengers per month.

(*b*) Enlargement of the class of inadmissible aliens. It is now as follows: idiots, imbeciles, feeble-minded persons, epileptics, insane persons, and persons who have been insane within five years previous; persons who have had two or more attacks of insanity at any time previously; paupers; persons likely to become a public charge; professional beggars; persons afflicted with tuberculosis or with a loathsome or dangerous contagious disease; persons not comprehended within any of the foregoing excluded classes who are found to be, and are certified by the examining surgeon as being, mentally or physically defective, such mental or physical defect being of a nature which may affect ability of such alien to earn a living; persons who have been convicted of or admit having committed a felony or other crime or misdemeanor involving moral turpitude; polygamists, or persons who admit their belief in the practice of polygamy; anarchists, or persons who believe in or advocate the overthrow by force or violence of the Government of the United States, or of all government, or of all forms of law, or the assassination of public officials; prostitutes, or women or girls coming into the United States for the purpose of prostitution or for any other immoral purpose; persons who procure or attempt to bring in prostitutes or women or girls for the purpose of prostitution or for any other immoral purpose; and contract laborers.

(*c*) The prompt investigation of all aliens who are reported to be inmates of charitable institutions, and the prompt expulsion of those who are found to be unlawfully in the United States.

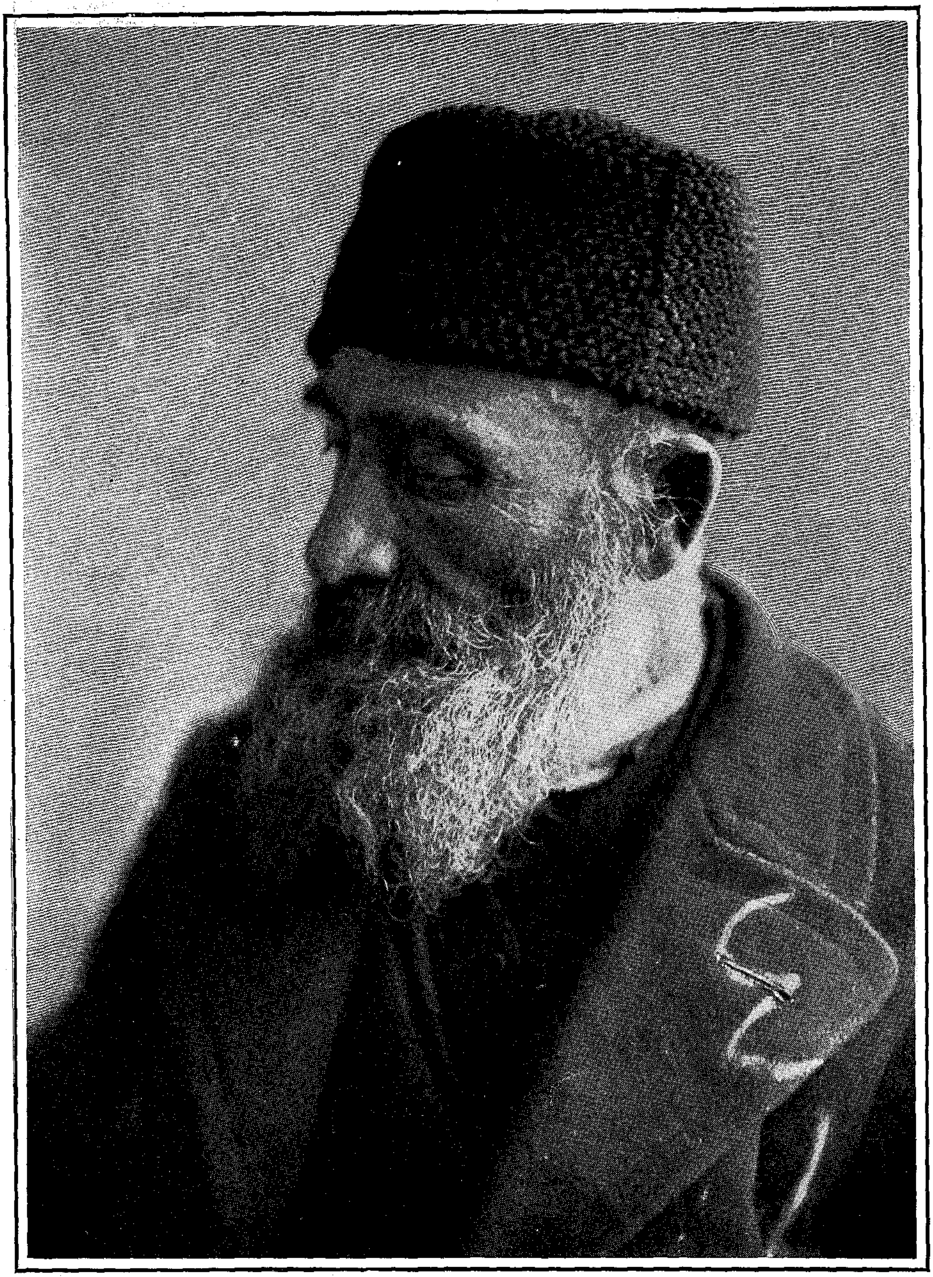
As above stated, failure properly to identify and to verify the landing of some of these dependents will, as a matter of course, tend to prevent the deportation of many who clearly ought to be deported within the meaning of the law. But, notwithstanding this, much adverse criticism is made of the Federal Government, very unjustly. A concrete case, quite typical of a great number of such cases, may be cited.

A Russian widow arrived at Ellis Island during the summer of 1906. She was accompanied by four small children. Early in the year 1907 she committed her children to an institution supported by public taxation in a town in the State of New York. Whereupon the officials of that institution immediately wrote the authorities at Ellis Island, complaining severely of what they termed the lax enforcement of the immigration laws, stating in part: "It is palpably evident that the law never contemplated the admission of such helpless people, and their admission to this institution at this early date after their arrival amply attests laxity in administration of the law." The case was immediately investigated, with the following result: A few weeks before the widow in question sailed from Russia a strong plea was filed with the immigration authorities from a far Western town, signed by two sons of this widow, setting forth all the circumstances incident to her emigration, praying that her landing might be expedited, and that she and the children be sent on to these petitioners, who were conducting a thriving business and were not only in self-supporting circumstances, but were very prosperous, the statement to this effect being verified by the Mayor's certificate of the town in which they lived. In reply to the local institution in New York State which had made the complaint, this record was forwarded; to which a reply was received stating that under the circumstances they would withdraw their complaint and acknowledge that they would also have admitted the aliens in view of such testimony. It appears that after the widow reached her destination the sons disagreed between themselves as to the proportionate share of the burden of support which each should bear, and, heartsick over the controversy, the mother returned to New York in the hope of eking out a living for herself and her children, and, finding that difficult, she sought what she claimed to be temporary shelter for them in a State institution.

The administration of the immigration laws is one of the most delicate undertakings to which an official of the Government can devote his attention. The harsh criticism of those who complain about the unnecessary rigor in enforcement of the law is not one whit more reasonable than many of the complaints of those who assert that the law is too laxly enforced. It is a very easy matter for persons at remote distances from the actual scene of operations not only to criticise present methods, but to suggest a very wide range of improved methods.

The *modus operandi* at all Government stations is to place every individual applicant for admission to these shores on the defensive, and to make it incumbent upon him or her, as the case may be, to show cause why they should be admitted; but to do it all in a humane spirit, and to treat each applicant with becoming consideration without for a moment losing sight of the object that Congress had in view in limiting admissions to these shores to those who are sound in body and mind, and who are without question likely to find support without depending in whole or in part upon public or private charity.

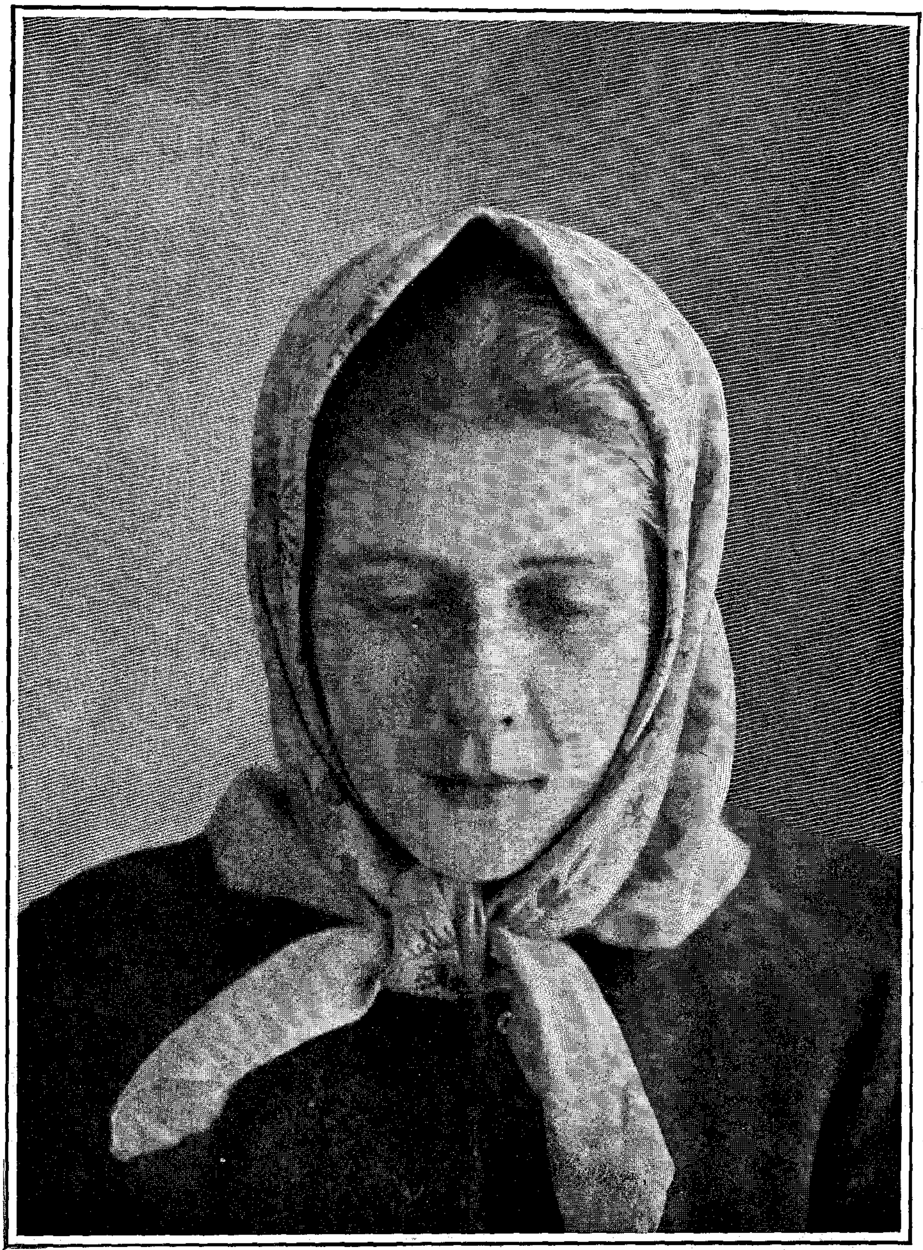
Notwithstanding the progressive improvement made in the laws, there is still room for further improvement, and no doubt when the Commission which is now diligently and intelligently investigating the whole subject matter has concluded its labors, these proposed im-



RUSSIAN BOOKBINDER

provements will receive the attention of Congress, and ultimately be made effective.

Two of these desired improvements may be cited here. One is in relation to the criminal classes. The Government is almost entirely dependent upon the *ex parte* testimony of those who apply for admission to these shores as to whether they have ever been in prison, and undoubtedly persons are frequently admitted on denying that they have ever been in prison who would fail of admission if the truth were ascertainable and ascertained. Aliens who are natives of countries issuing penal certificates might



HUNGARIAN

be refused admission unless they could show a certificate to the effect that they had never served a term or terms of imprisonment. Such a provision would either prevent the embarkation of numbers of ex-convicts or would lead to their being refused landing and their deportation; and in either event the desire of this Nation would be met.

The second improvement relates to the admission of aliens afflicted with any form of mental deficiency. All such aliens are now mandatorily prohibited from landing in the United States, and they have no right of appeal from the excluding decision. This, as a matter of course, greatly increases the powers of the marine hospital surgeons, who are also constituted the sole authority to diagnose the mental and physical condition of each and every alien entering the United States; but it is power wisely conferred, especially so when the universally acknowledged ability and fidelity of that branch of the Government service is considered.

The Act of March 3, 1903, was a much superior act to any former law, but it was woefully inferior to the Act of February 20, 1907. The former made possible the admission of imbeciles and feeble-minded persons on appeal, and many were thus admitted; sometimes a bond in the sum of $1,000 to $2,000 was exacted as a guarantee that such alien should not become a public charge. But the danger is not that such unfortunate immigrant may become a public charge, but rather that he may become a deplorable progenitor. No bond, however valid, is an assurance against these possible consequences, hence the importance of the latter act.

A perusal of the foregoing list of inadmissible aliens will amply suffice to indicate that the aim and object of Congress is to limit the admission of aliens to these shores to those who are obviously of the self-supporting class, and to make possible the admission of minors and aged persons under such conditions as will insure their maintenance by those legally and morally bound to support them, and to avoid the expense of their maintenance falling upon the public.

It does not appear to close observers that the aim and object of Congress is not being adequately met, and the more closely the matter is inquired into the more certain is the conclusion to be reached that the laws, on the whole, have accomplished their desired end.

Another excellent feature of the law of 1907, that is worthy of mention, is that which provides for an official count of aliens leaving the United States, which will henceforth enable the Commissioner-General of Immigration to report the actual numbers arriving and departing; this will, for the first time, give an official accounting of the net gains to our population through immigration. Only the gross gain has been reported heretofore, which has been very misleading.

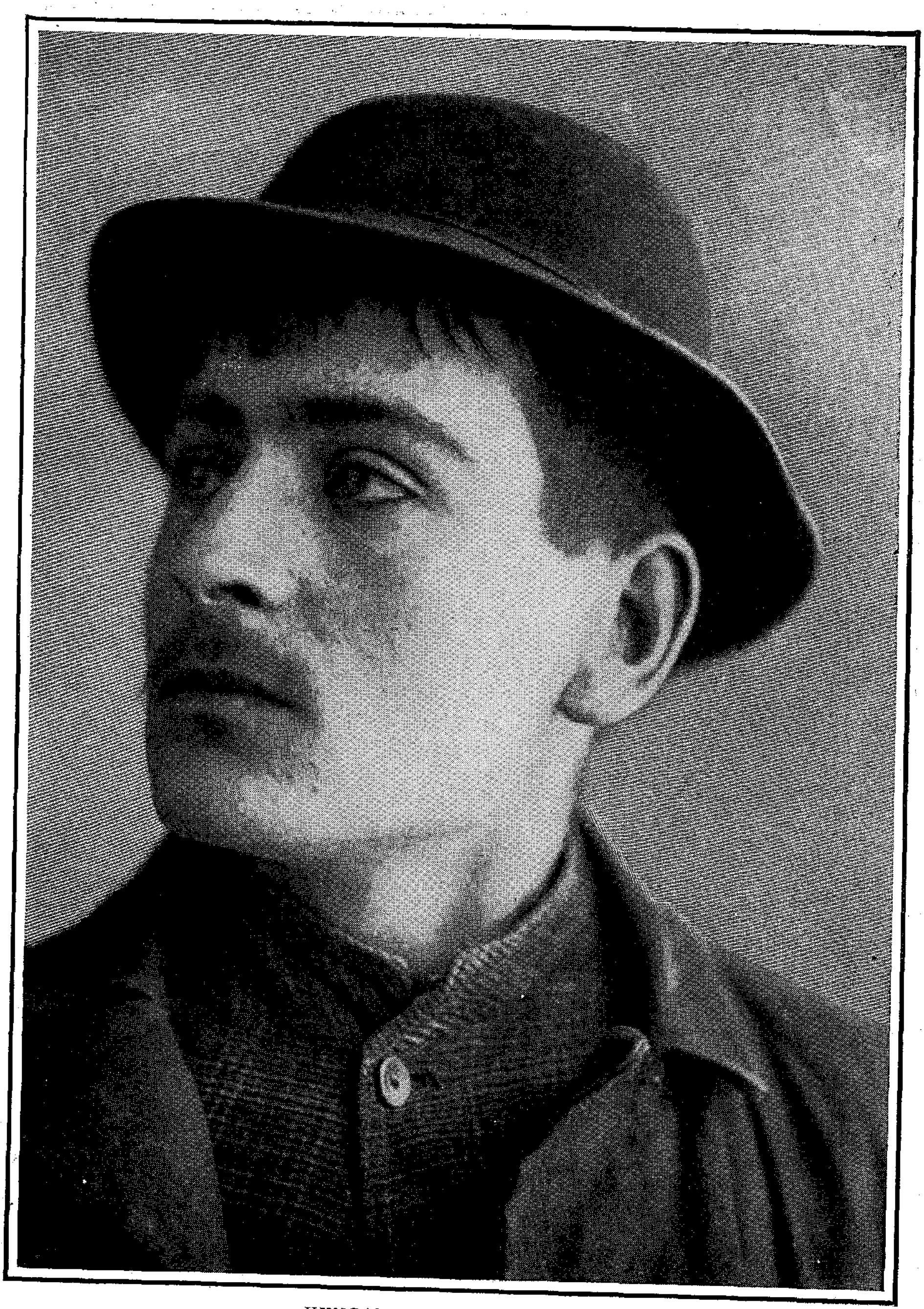
Since 1890 the Conference of Steamship Lines has voluntarily furnished certain figures showing the number of passengers who have departed from the United States for foreign countries during the year. While these figures are undoubtedly approximately accurate, they are not official, and do not give anything like so satisfactory a basis for comparison as the figures which will be obtained under the new law. It is interesting to note, however, that the records of the Conference show that in the seventeen years since 1890 nearly three and a quarter million steerage passengers have sailed from America for foreign countries. The number of immigrants entering the United States during the same period was a little over nine million.

The human interest manifested at a great immigrant station can never be adequately realized by any except those who are brought face to face with the never-ending and ever-increasing incidents of this nature as they occur. A few such incidents may bear narration.

A Scotch family arrived here in the month of August of last year, consisting of father, mother, and seven children. One of the children, a boy of twelve, was afflicted with infantile paralysis of the right leg, it having never developed from infancy. This boy walked with the use of a crutch, and was otherwise well and strong. They were destined to Colorado, and possessed some eight hundred dollars. The boy was ordered deported, and the father was requested to designate some member of the family to accompany the child back to Scotland, as required by the regulations. He conferred with his wife for five or ten minutes, during which it was very evident that the greatest anxiety had overtaken them. With tear-stained faces they decided that they could not separate, and would not permit the boy to go back unless they accompanied him. They had evidently disposed of a small plot of land, and it would be extremely difficult for them to acquire another holding on which they might support the family in the place whence they had come. Just at this interesting moment the Secretary of

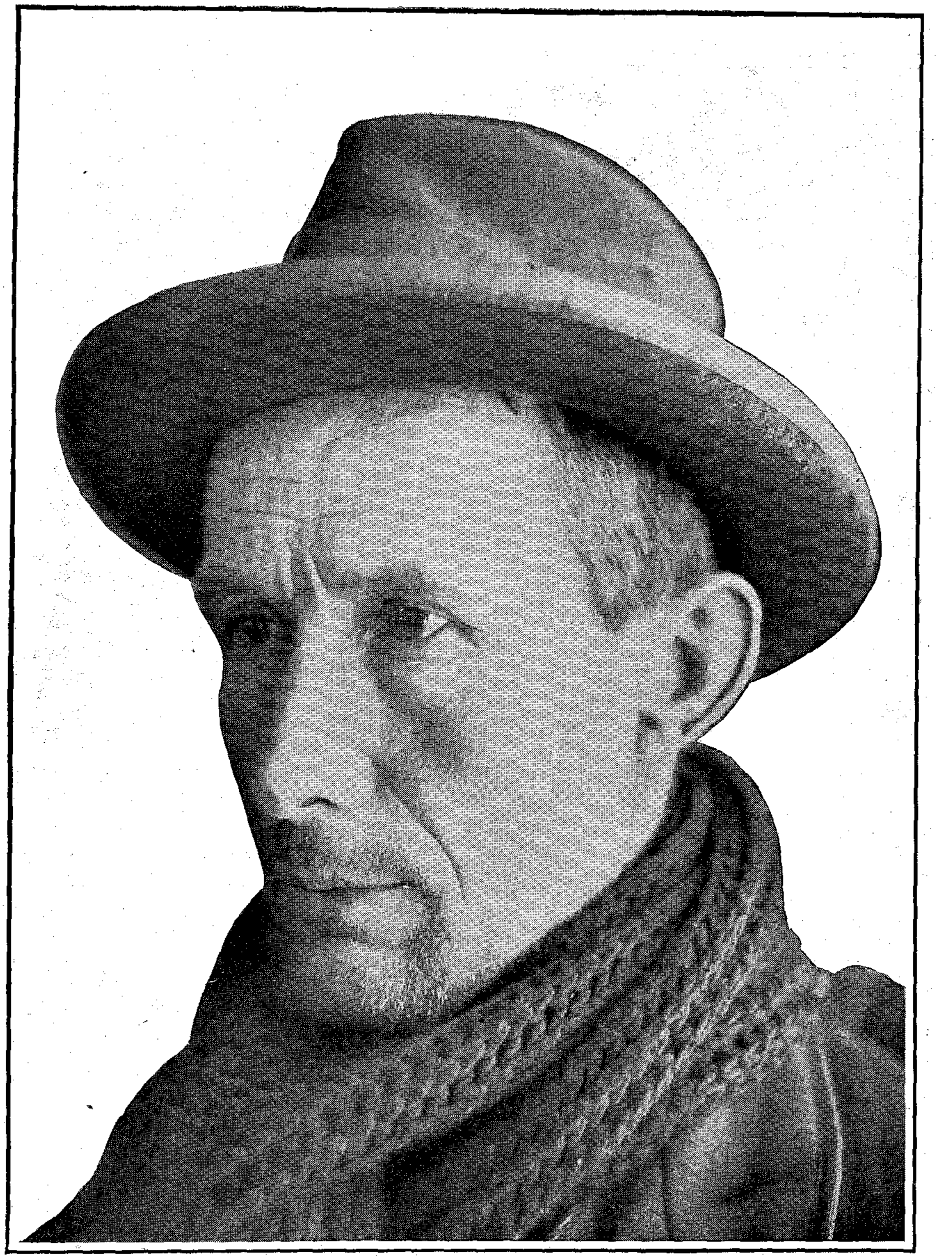
MAGYAR

Commerce and Labor, two members of Congress (one of whom was a member of the Committee on Immigration), and the Chief Surgeon of the Marine Hospital Service at this port were inspecting the physical conditions at Ellis Island. On learning that the Secretary of Commerce and Labor was the highest official in the United States Government having to do with immigration matters, the Scotchman made request that he be permitted to speak personally with the



HUNGARIAN FARM LABORER

Secretary, which request was promptly granted, and they were brought face to face. The Secretary asked the member of Congress how he thought the law affected a case of this kind, and the latter replied that while it was undoubtedly the intention of Congress to prevent the landing on these shores of persons afflicted as this boy was, he did not think it applied in a case just like this, where the father was an expert agriculturist, having spent his whole life at farming;



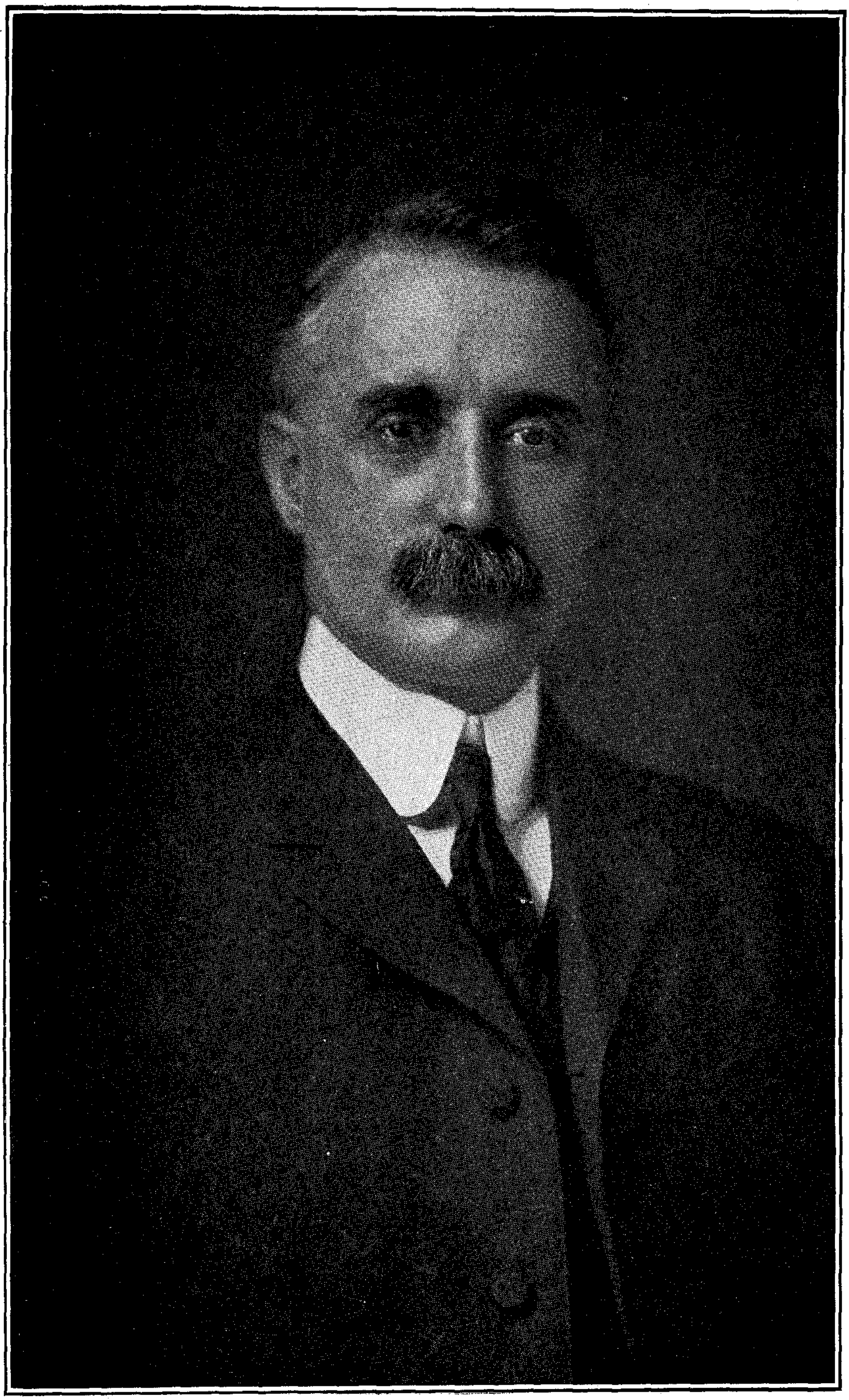
HOLLANDER

destined to a thriving agricultural State like Colorado; possessed of enough money to give him a modest start, etc., etc.; and that in his opinion the chances of the boy becoming a charge on the taxpayers was entirely too remote to justify either the breaking up of the family or the deportation of it as a whole. The Secretary agreed with him, and decided the matter instantly; the family proceeded to Colorado, where, from all I know to the contrary, they are now prospering. Verily, theory and practice are difficult of reconciliation.

Another great difficulty may be indicated by citing an incident which is by no means uncommon. A Hungarian woman accompanied by three children, the oldest of whom is eight years, arrived at this port. The woman was certified to be afflicted with a dangerous contagious disease which precluded the possibility of her admission to the United States. Her youngest child (two years of age) was certified to be similarly afflicted, presumably from close contact with the mother. Both were ordered deported. The father resides in Michigan, and on being notified that his wife and child are to be deported for the above-named reason, he comes in hot haste to Ellis Island. He produces his citizenship papers (which confer citizenship on his wife), and she, thus being an acknowledged citizen and no longer an alien, is no longer deportable because of the existence of the dangerous contagious disease, and the Commissioner of Immigration no longer has jurisdiction over her. But the father's citizenship does not extend to his children, and herein arises another difficulty. The law requires deportation of the child, but it does not apply to the mother. She, motherlike, refuses to be separated from her child. Theoretically, the child must be placed on board a vessel and sent back to Hungary. Practically, that is difficult of accomplishment. Hence the necessity for hospital space in which to deal with exceptional cases. Happily, the child in this instance was allowed to remain until cured, which required three or four months' treatment, at the end of which time the mother and child were permitted to proceed to Michigan.

I have already stated that the enforcement of the laws is a most delicate and difficult task. I hope I have made that clear. I also hope that this important fact will not be lost sight of—that the laws are accomplishing, in the main, the object which Congress had in view in their enactment.

It may interest the readers of The Outlook to know how the expense incident to the enforcement of these difficult laws is met. A head tax of four dollars is collected on account of every alien who enters the United States, except Canadians, Mexicans, Cubans, etc., which constitutes an "Immigrant Fund," out of which all expenses incident to the enforcement of the immigration laws are defrayed, including the cost of buildings, their maintenance and repair, the salaries and expenses of all officers engaged in the enforcement of these laws, etc., etc. All expenses incident to the treatment of aliens temporarily disabled either from sickness or accident are paid for additionally by the steamship lines. All bills for maintenance of aliens detained at Ellis Island pending investigation into their rights, etc., are also defrayed by the steamship lines. All aliens who are rejected and are deported are returned to the countries whence they came, at the expense of the steamship lines that bring them. All aliens who are expelled from the United States within three years after their arrival are deported to the countries whence they came at the expense of the steamship lines, plus one-half the expense of bringing them to the port of embarkation from the institutions in which they may be lodged. The object of the Government, manifested by this administration, is to make the immigrant stations as suitable as engineering skill and sanitary provisions can make them, and to treat all arriving aliens with that degree of consideration which becomes a great and enlightened nation. Should experience demonstrate the necessity for further and more rigorous legislation, undoubtedly the Immigration Commission, which is now conducting a very thorough and efficient investigation, will indicate to Congress the required legislation to meet the situation.



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ROBERT WATCHORN

Commissioner of Immigration at the Port of New York

THE KEEPERS OF THE GATE

BY MARY B. SAYLES

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR HEWITT

The port of New York is pre-eminently the Gateway of the Nation, for more than three-fourths of the million and a quarter immigrants who entered the United States last year landed at Ellis Island. With our present policy of rigid exclusion of those who fail to meet certain requirements of bodily health, moral worthiness, and ability for self-support, the duties of those who guard the gateway are of the highest importance. On the spirit with which the battalion of inspectors, surgeons, and matrons at Ellis Island approach their work, and the thoroughness with which they carry it out, depend, on the one hand, the protection of our country from an influx of undesirable individuals, and, on the other, the maintenance toward this vast throng of "Americans in the rough" of American principles of justice and fair play.

For nearly three years the country has been fortunate in having in command of the sentinel forces at Ellis Island a man who combines with the force of character and the executive ability necessary for a rigid administration of the immigration laws, a broad human sympathy which insures to the incoming alien not only justice but kindliness, not only a stern protection of his rights but a warm-hearted care for his comfort.

Commissioner Watchorn was an immigrant himself, coming, as a youth, from the coal-pits of Derbyshire to seek his fortune in the mines of Pennsylvania. From the ranks of the laboring men he rose to a position of leadership in the trades-union movement, and, by way of certain executive positions in the State of Pennsylvania, he came, twelve years ago, into the Immigrant Service.

In his administration of Ellis Island the two sides of his character have been strikingly displayed, uniting to produce many improvements in equipment and procedure. The contractors who, for their own profit, violated the terms of their contracts by transferring immigrants to the railway stations in an unsatisfactory manner; the young and bumptious lawyer who truculently maintained his right not only to stay on the Island against the will of the Commissioner, but to have an immediate interview with his client, a young woman detained pending the decision of a board of special inquiry; the doorkeeper who, suspected on almost overwhelming evidence of a theft from an aged immigrant, steadfastly refused to be searched; and the waiter who had cleaned the dining-room floor but carelessly, all found themselves brought into unpleasantly definite contact with the stern, inflexible side of the Commissioner's character. The first faced not only a canceled contract but a possible prosecution; the second had the option of taking the next boat for New York voluntarily or under escort of two sturdy inspectors; the third found himself searched before he knew it; while the waiter received a terse order to clean the floor, with the significant addition, "I shall be back here in ten minutes." It might be said in parenthesis that the Commissioner *did* return and that he found the floor clean.

The more human side of the man is illustrated by the roof garden, with awnings, easy chairs, and tables for luncheon, which he arranged for the young women of his force. The parapet surrounding it was decorated with boxes of flowering geraniums. When the bill for the plants was received, it was found that there was no appropriation to cover flowers. The Commissioner's comment was characteristic. "*I* know of an appropriation for just such purposes. The bill has been paid, and the incident is closed." The source of the appropriation would not be hard to guess.

When the Commissioner took office, the main inspection-room was divided, as it is now, into long aisles down which the groups of immigrants passed, and in which they waited their turn of inspection. Many times the exigencies of the case kept them standing for several hours until their opportunity came. The human side of the Commissioner was outraged day after day by the sight of those standing lines of old and young, waiting patiently but wearily for a chance to learn their fate. Roused by the heart, the brain evolved the simple expedient of placing benches in each aisle. But, unfortunately, the aisles were not wide enough, and it seemed as if they could not be widened without decreasing their number, owing to the fact that there must be a desk at the head of each one for the use of the inspector. Again the brain, incited now as much by the apparent difficulty of the problem as by the urgings of the heart, went to work. A plan as ingenious as it was simple (when it had once been demonstrated) was speedily evolved. The Island's own force of workmen made the changes with expedition, and the waiting lines had their seats. In her article Miss Sayles describes other improvements already made and projected. Each is a lasting evidence of the Commissioner's passion for efficiency and his generous thoughtfulness for the comfort of those intrusted to his care.

The Outlook is glad to present a first-hand study of the experiences of the incoming alien with those who keep the gate, as well as an article by the Commissioner himself dealing in a more general way with the immigration question.—THE EDITORS.

THERE is probably hardly a member of the great reading public of America to whose mind the words "Ellis Island" do not call up some more or less shadowy impression of an instreaming immigrant horde at our greatest port of entry; while for that branch of the vast fraternity which inhabits the port itself, can there be one who is not reminded at frequent intervals of the watch-dog at the gates? There are so many points of contact—for the eye at least: the kerchiefed heads and curious eyes thronging the windows of the big immigrant barge that your ferryboat passes; the group of buildings off there at your right, as you steam toward Staten Island; the eager, gesticulating, embracing throng, with its mountainous piles of bundles and boxes, that obstructs your way as you are hurrying to catch your boat at South Ferry; then the item in the daily paper—picturesque, pathetic, critical; indeed, if you have imagination, no more than a glimpse of the average lower East Side crowd—the average contents of a downtown cross-town car—is needed to stir it; and an interest in the immigrant, however roused, can hardly fail to involve an interest in his reception by our Government.

So we return to the watch-dog—a figure chosen not wholly at random, for it is to be feared that our band of door-keepers are sometimes, in the popular imagination, credited with qualities hardly more humane and manners scarcely more engaging than those of their canine prototypes; nor have these same guardians always enjoyed a reputation for housekeeping that is much more enviable. The watch-dog and his kennel, in short, might very well express the conception prevalent throughout a long term of years in regard to the interior and the official occupants of a certain great building down the bay. That this conception was wholly without foundation in fact, no one who has stood in one of the hideous, gloomy barracks which are only to-day yielding place to sanitation and white tiling will ever deny. But why—whether it be on a question of housekeeping, of morals and manners, or of business method—should any one of us continue to be at the mercy of popular impressions and newspaper squibs? Passes are easily obtainable, and a boat leaves the Barge Office every hour from nine to four, seven days in the week. Let us step aboard, and presently we shall have a set of impressions of our own, worth more than any patchwork that can be put together from press comment and the stereopticon slides of the popular lecturer.

From the deck, as you swing out into the bay, two other boats may be seen, each of which is no less intimately connected with the service whose workings you are bent on exploring than is this one which bears you, with a throng of welcoming friends and relations, to the main scene of operations. Here is the revenue cutter, tethered to the dock close under the Barge Office; and there is a crowded barge being tugged down the Hudson toward the same point you are aiming for. Why *down* the river?—you may wonder. The steamer must have but just gone *up*. So you are led to realize that, after all, the encounter at Ellis Island cannot be quite the first contact of the Old World with the guardians of the New. Shall we glance back to the beginning, and use our time of passage for a little running sketch of what has been happening to the barge-load there, and their fellow-passengers on the steamer just quitted, since early morning?

Very early morning—from the point of view of the immigrant inspector; for it is at seven sharp that, having met his companions the medical inspector and the matron at the Barge Office, he goes on board the waiting cutter. On the immigrant's side, the first glimpse of American officialdom may come from fifteen minutes to an hour later, according to the number of steamers that have passed quarantine this morning, and whether his was first or second or fourth or fifth of that number. In any case, the experience will be much the same; here on the lower deck, in the early morning light, a constantly augmented throng of steerage passengers—fathers standing guard over the family luggage, mothers nursing the baby and keeping an eye on the other children, and less occupied individuals clustered about some former resident returning from a visit to the "old country" and not indisposed to prepare his compatriots' minds for coming events; there, breaking through the mist and slipping quickly up alongside, the revenue cutter; a ladder lifted from its upper deck and set against the ship's rail; and, one by one, uniformed figures that mount under scores of curious eyes, jump down to the deck, and, pushing their way through the crowd, disappear in the direction of the second cabin. A mere flitting moment of contact, you see, for the steerage passenger, who is now free, till the dock is reached, to listen, look, talk, and wonder to his heart's content.

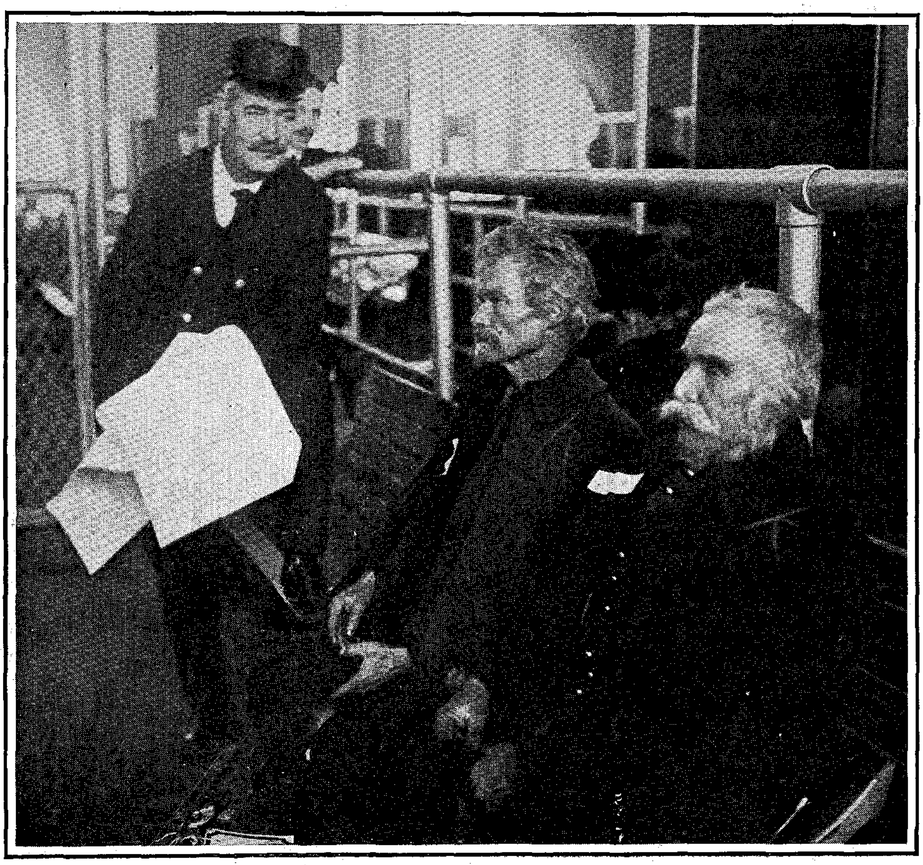
Not so the alien of the second cabin; for him it is a crowded and exciting hour—an Ellis Island in miniature—there in his own familiar saloon. The room is nearly emptied by the time the inspectors reach it, and the deck space outside correspondingly full. Entering, they make rapid preparations. The medical inspector washes and dries his hands and takes his stand at the end of the table nearest the door to the deck; the immigration inspectors go to their accustomed places, as far apart and as far from the physician as possible—places marked, to the casual eye, by numbers pinned upon the wall behind them—where, at the corner of a long table, lie the documents about which the whole immigration service may be said to center—the manifests.

So important is the manifest that we must pause to look it over somewhat carefully, or much of what follows here in the saloon and later at the Island will be meaningless.

It does not furnish light and entertaining reading—this big sheet with its twenty-nine numbered headings. What it *does* do is to offer, in condensed form, pretty much all the information concerning the incoming alien which the law requires shall be provided to aid its officers in its enforcement. Down the left-hand column run the names of the passengers listed, preceded by numbers from one to thirty—the maximum per sheet. Then, if you read straight across the sheet after each name, you will find answers to the questions asked in the headings—all told, a veritable history of the individual in question. Let us take an example (typical, if not actual). Here he is: "Litch sky, Samuel;" age, "32;" "male;" "single;" occupation, "watchmaker;" nationality (that is, country of which citizen or subject), "Polish;" race, "Hebrew;" last permanent residence, "Warsaw, Poland;" name and complete address of nearest relative or friend in country from which he comes (we will not attempt to decipher!); final destination, "New York;" whether having ticket through to such destination, "Yes;" by whom was passage paid, "Self;" whether in possession of fifty dollars, and if less, how much, "Forty-five;" whether ever before in the United States, and if so, when and where, "No;" whether going to join relative or friend, and if so, what, and name and address, "Brother, Isaak L—, 59 Rivington Street, New York;" whether ever in prison, insane asylum, almshouse, or supported by charity, "No;" polygamist, "No;" Anarchist, "No;" contract for labor, "No;" health, "Good;" deformity or crippled, "Not;" height, "5 ft. 8 in.;" complexion, "Dark;" color—hair, "Black;" eyes, "Black;" marks of identification, "Scar, left cheek;" place of birth, "Poland, Warsaw."

Don't you feel intimately acquainted with Samuel Litch-sky?

This manifest—to touch upon its history—has been prepared, as the law requires, "at the time and place of embarkation," under the direction of the "master or commanding officer of the steamer," and is also verified as to the correctness of its contents by the "signature and oath or affirmation" of both the master and the ship's surgeon. Its immediate utility in the handling of the incoming alien stream will be apparent in the sketch which follows. The fate of all the persons listed upon it once decided, it is transferred to the Division of Statistics, where are drawn from its columns nearly all the data which go to make up the monthly and yearly reports of the Bureau of Immigration; and its ultimate destination is the permanent manifest file, where for ages to come it may always be referred to for information as to any alien listed—his name, the steamer which brought him, and the date of arrival being all the information needed to aid in the finding of his record.



THE INSPECTOR

So much for the manifest—its contents, history, and destiny. Now, all being ready for their reception, the second-cabin passengers are admitted in single file, each armed with a ticket bearing his name and—if he is an alien—the number of the manifest list on which his name appears, and his number on the list. First of all he comes under the quick eye of the surgeon, who asks the one preliminary question, "Are you an American citizen?" Citizens pass without further attention; but the cards of aliens are taken by the doctor, who, after a rapid survey, either passes the alien immediately—handing his card to a cabin-boy to be punched before returned to him—or, keeping the card, has the passenger step out of the line and sit down till the rush is past and a fuller examination can be made—this, naturally, where the physician is not satisfied that the alien's health is up to the required standard. If the passenger is accompanied by a family, the card he holds receives not only one punch for himself, but one for each of the others whom he represents. In any case, the card returned to him, he is ready for the immigration inspection proper, and, guided by the numbers posted against the wall, one of which corresponds to the manifest number on his card, he makes his way, as rapidly as the crowd of his fellow-travelers will permit, to the inspector who holds the sheet so numbered.

Here you have the simple elements of the situation: the passenger with his card; the inspector, who, taking the card and noting the numbers on it, quickly finds the passenger's name on the list. For the rest, the questions which the inspector asks to test the accuracy of the answers to the more important queries on the list are largely left to his own discretion. The correctness of the name, as listed, is put to the test of the alien's own statement; and he is generally questioned as to his destination, whether he has a through ticket to that point, whether he is going to join friends or relatives, and how much money he has with him. Not that the possession of a fixed sum is required; but the inspector must satisfy himself, so far as possible, that the immigrant has definite plans and knows how to take care of himself. Certain other questions—as in regard to nationality, previous residence, etc.—the inspector is naturally not concerned with, except in so far as they are involved in the need of finding a common language for communication. As to yet others—that in regard to contract labor, for example, or polygamy, or anarchism—the inspector will be likely to press inquiry only when there seems to him ground for suspicion.

Certain classes of immigrants, however, are uniformly, though generally only temporarily, held. Here, for instance, is a young woman traveling alone. She will be detained till friends or relatives, of evident respectability, call for her—or she may be delivered to the agents of some national or religious society, or home, whose business it is to care for and protect such girls. Perhaps she has crossed the ocean to fulfill an engagement of marriage; in which case, should no woman relative or friend appear to chaperon her, she will be detained till the marriage ceremony can be performed. There are also questions which naturally present themselves in regard to old people past their working years and children traveling without either parent; for the Government must be assured that some one is prepared to provide properly for those who are not able to provide for themselves.

So, as the dock is neared and the great mass of second-class passengers, their cards stamped by the immigration inspector to show that they have passed his examination, are preparing to disembark, there will be, seated about the saloon, a little group of people whose cards the inspector is holding. These are not likely to include any very dramatic or striking cases; for among those who have been able to pay second-cabin rates one naturally does not find many persons who "threaten to become public charges," nor yet—especially on the higher-grade steamers, and those from northern European ports—many persons afflicted with "loathsome or dangerous contagious diseases" such as are most prevalent among the poorer occupants of the steerage. Most of the detained passengers, as already indicated, will be women or children waiting for proper protectors to appear.

It is such cases that furnish the matron's *raison d'être*. As each woman or child was detained by the inspector, she had marked the name on the passenger list, and, the dock once reached, she goes ashore, where she encounters friends and relatives, questions them, and passes them on down to the saloon, where they are examined by the inspector before the passenger is delivered into their charge. If—to anticipate our history—by the time the last load of steerage passengers is re-embarked for Ellis Island, there still remain detained passengers of the second cabin who have not been called for by responsible persons, or other aliens whom the inspector finds he must detain for reference to a board of special inquiry, such passengers go, in company with the inspector in charge—and, if any of them are women, chaperoned by the matron—aboard the barge; and their period of detention continues at the Island till each case is properly decided.

Meanwhile, his duties in regard to the bulk of the second cabin finished, the medical inspector has gone over a list furnished him by the ship's doctor of all alien passengers who have come to his attention as ill or injured during the voyage. In each case the disease or injury is specified, and the condition—whether cured or not—at the end of the voyage; and it is stated whether the patient is able to travel. In case there is need of hospital treatment, the medical inspector, after investigation, states the case to the immigration inspector, who thereupon fills out, on an appropriate blank, a notice to the ship's captain to deliver the alien in question to the proper authorities for treatment till able to travel. Such treatment, in cases of contagious disease, will be given in some one of the city hospitals; in all other save quarantine cases, in one of the special hospitals at Ellis Island.

At the dock, while he waits the coming of claimants for detained aliens, another class of passengers is brought to the immigration inspector's attention—the United States citizens who have come over in the steerage. For these no medical inspection is required—a citizen traveling in whatever class being entitled to land regardless of his health. But each must present himself before the inspector and furnish such proofs of citizenship as may be required before he is permitted to disembark.

Meanwhile—for the ship has now been for some time at the dock—what has been happening to the great mass of immigrants down there in the steerage?

While we have been following the fortunes of a relatively small body of their fellow-passengers, they have been by no means inactive. Ever since the gangplank was put in place, a steady stream of immigrants, each wearing in a conspicuous place a tag with his name and—in large figures—his manifest number, and each laden with a mass of hand luggage, has been pouring across it to the large space reserved at the end of the dock. Here you will find them now, grouped by the numbers of the manifests on which they are listed, sitting among their household effects—some brought by hand, some landed from the baggage hold of the steamer—while the customs officials finish their cursory examination (how different from that to which the belongings of the first-cabin passengers are at the same time being subjected!).

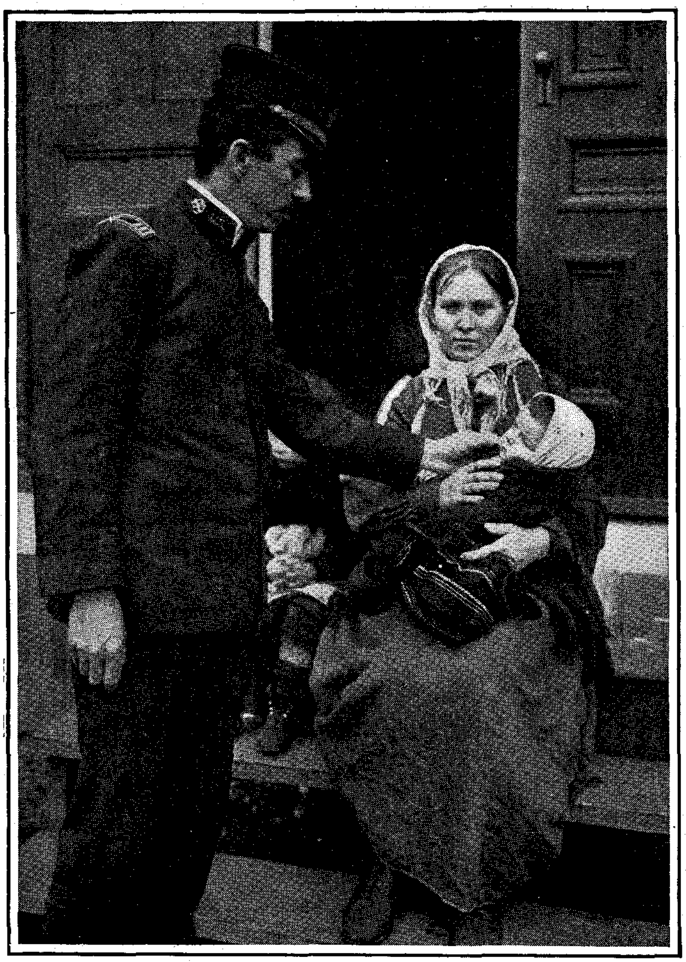
Presently the re-embarkation for Ellis Island begins; and in a surprisingly short space of time the larger luggage has been transferred to the barge, together with the maximum number of passengers that can be carried, such as may remain over waiting on the dock for a second barge.

With this first load, also, are sent to Ellis Island certain documents—notably the manifests of all steerage aliens, and the landing-tags given up by citizens who came over in the steerage. There is also a sealed list of would-be passengers rejected by the steamship company's agents at the place of embarkation—to be kept by the Commissioner for reference in case the same persons succeed in reaching our shores by some other line.

It has been rather a long history, has it not, for one that was to be merely a preliminary sketch to a study of the vast mechanism at Ellis Island?

Yet now, at least, as you leave your boat there, cross the open space in front of the immigration station, and mount by a side stairway to the gallery above the main, or second, floor, you are in a position to understand readily the scene to be enacted under your eyes.

Directly in front of you, if you have been guided to the best position in the gallery, a stairway rises in the middle of the immense room which occupies the entire width of the building, with a length about twice as great. Up this stairway come streaming the latest barge-load of immigrants, still carrying, in hands or on head or shoulders, their mountains of baggage. A little way from the head of the stairs stands a single uniformed official, who watches each immigrant in turn as he passes, every now and then arresting one for a longer look, and then, perhaps, marking his coat with a bit of chalk. This is the medical inspector for mental diseases; and the immigrants he marks are those who exhibit to his trained eye signs of insanity or of mental deficiency in any of its degrees or forms. Once safely past him, the immigrant is fairly launched on his way through Ellis Island.



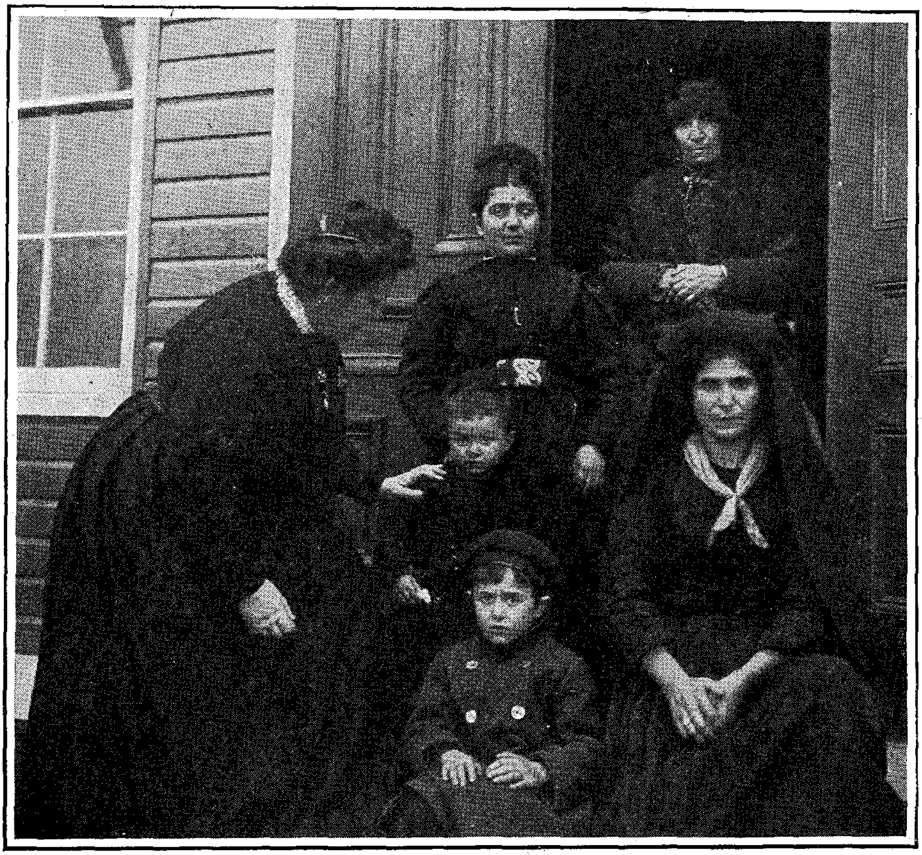
THE MEDICAL INSPECTOR

Only a few steps, however, bring him to his second test. He has been turned aside by attendants into one of two parallel passages, which, bounded by openwork metal screens, lead him off at right angles from his former course. Here, in each passage, stands another medical inspector—his specialty, this time, internal diseases, including, of course, tuberculosis. Again the immigrant is subjected to a quick, searching survey which takes in the crucial points—hands, face, throat—where signs of the diseases sought may be expected; and again he is passed on, either unmarked or with the conventional symbol of a suspected malady chalked on arm or shoulder.

Again, a few steps further on, at the end of the short cross-passages, stand two other medical inspectors whose special province it is to detect diseases of the eye, certain of which, practically incurable, rank among the grounds for exclusion. It is rather a startling moment for the immigrant when he feels his eyelids seized and turned back—and passes on blinking, to be set by the attendants on his proper route;—to the left, if any one of the inspectors has set the seal of doubt upon him; for here, beyond a waiting-room, are the rooms where a thorough examination of all suspicious cases is made.

The great bulk of immigrants, however, having been passed by the medical inspectors, are moving down toward the other end of the hall, past a succession of waiting-rooms divided off by openwork metal screens, to where a long series of similarly partitioned-off aisles, with benches down the sides, lead to desks where are seated the inspectors with their manifests.

Down these aisles, among which they have been distributed so that those whose tags bear certain manifest numbers shall arrive at the desks where their particular sheets lie, moves, this time very slowly, the many-colored throng. The interview at the desk—often conducted through an interpreter, though many of the inspectors speak one or more of the prevalent tongues—is not essentially different from the one already described as having taken place on board ship; but the inspector here enters somewhat more into detail, and whereas



THE MATRON

among the second-cabin passengers a mere statement in regard to money or the possession of tickets was generally accepted, here all such proofs of a safe economic basis must be produced. Sometimes, indeed, money is expected from friends or relatives on this side of the water, and the alien is detained till it arrives, or, if it is awaiting him, till it can be duly claimed and placed in his hands. Again the same sorts of detentions of women and children as among the second cabin are repeated, but in vastly greater numbers. And—far more interesting and various than these temporary detentions—there are the cases held to be brought before one of the boards of special inquiry, of which we shall have more to say later on.

Yet, in spite of the many detentions, it is still an overwhelming majority that moves on past the inspectors and is turned, according to its destination, down one or another of the flights of stairs which lead to the outer world. The official tests have all been applied—the official stamp of permission to enter the New World has been set upon the incoming alien, and all that remains for him is to be transferred, with his luggage, to his destination.

This is a simple enough matter for the great proportion of immigrants, who are aiming for New York City itself; for, such luggage as may have been brought in addition to hand-luggage once claimed, and the eager friends met in the long waiting-room, there remains nothing but to take the boat for the Barge Office, close by South Ferry. For travelers with a longer journey to perform there is a more complicated mechanism. At the foot of one of the flights of stairs leading from the great general hall is a large railway room where money is exchanged and where tickets may be bought by any line to any part of the country. His transportation arranged for, the immigrant passes by way of the baggage-room, where he may present his checks and arrange for the transfer of his effects, to a railway waiting-room. Assigned to a compartment marked with the name of the road for which his ticket reads, he here awaits the summons to go aboard the barge which will carry him and his belongings to the station of the road in question—or, if that station be inland, to a point where he can connect with other conveyances which will carry him thither.

So much for what may be called the direct route through Ellis Island. But, as has been indicated at several points along the line, a number of immigrants—absolutely very great, if relatively small—has been drawn from the main stream into various side channels, there to be detained for longer or shorter periods. It would be impossible, within the limits of the present article, to trace the course of any considerable number of these side currents; but since all except the simplest and shortest-time detention cases must in the end come before the same tribunal—the Board of Special Inquiry—it will perhaps be most profitable for us to consider at some length the methods of procedure of such a board, and some few typical cases among the infinite variety of those that come before it.

If you enter one of the Board rooms, of which there are four at Ellis Island, you will find always much the same scene. One of the three inspectors who compose the Board is actively conducting the examination of an alien who sits or stands before a desk separated from the rest of the room by a wooden railing. Behind the desk sit the two other members of the Board, listening to the testimony, from time to time advising, suggesting, or putting a motion, and noting, each, some part of the daily record of the Board. At the end of the table nearest the alien sits the Board stenographer, who keeps a full shorthand record of all proceedings. Close behind him is the chair for the interpreter, or interpreters, who come when needed, summoned by the messenger who is in constant attendance for the conduct of detained aliens between the Board rooms and the waiting-rooms, the calling of witnesses, etc. Outside the rail, nearer the door, are benches occupied by immigrants awaiting examination.

Perhaps, as you slip into an empty seat at one corner of the table, you will find yourself a spectator of one of the every-day simple cases which make up a very large share of those which come before the Board; for it must be remembered that, as the law specifically states, "Every alien who shall not appear to the examining inspector to be *clearly* and *beyond a doubt* entitled to land, shall be detained for examination in relation thereto by a board of special inquiry." An elderly Irish widow, with her little five-year-old granddaughter beside her, is being questioned. It appears that she has seven grown children in the United States, one of whom, a married daughter, she is going to join. A son, called in as witness and separately examined, confirms all these statements and assures the Board that his mother and little niece will be well cared for. The case is promptly dismissed, after a two hours' detention only.

The next case, almost precisely similar, may have involved a longer detention by reason of a purely accidental difference. The son to whom his old French mother and his two small children are going happens to be at work in Pennsylvania, so that several days have been required to communicate with him and to secure his affidavit of ability and willingness to care for the three newcomers.

Here is a case of a totally different character—that of a stowaway, who, under the law, is to be treated like any other immigrant alien, yet is naturally the object of some suspicion. This one, however, is admitted, partly because he appears both able and eager to work and is judged "above the average state of stowaways," partly because a well-to-do brother "in the ice-cream business" appears, with assurances that he will be responsible for the young man.

Again, two children are summoned to the rail—a boy of fifteen and a girl of twelve. It is a curious case. Both born in New York City, they were taken back to Austria by their mother after their father's death ten years ago, and are now being returned to their native land, of whose language they can speak scarcely a word. An uncle is called as witness, who confirms all these statements, and further says that, although he knew nothing of the children's coming till his sister wrote him that they were on their way, he is prepared to take them into his home and treat them like his own. He has the air of a prosperous man, and testifies that he is a wholesale grocer with "eight or ten thousand in the bank." The children are given into his care.

More striking is the next case. A man suspected for his shifty manners and degenerate look has been sent in, and, under the sharp questioning of the inspector, lets slip the information that his passage was paid by a foreign government. Then the whole story—yet, after all, one suspects it to be a very small part of the whole—comes out. A criminal, just out from his second term for swindling and bribery, his passage was paid to get him out of the country. As a result he has had a pleasant trip at his government's expense, and will now have another at the expense of the deporting steamship company. His cheerful grin leads the inspector to ask, "So you are not at all displeased at the action of this board in excluding you?" and he admits the allegation, explaining that his "clothes are all in Germany!"

So we might go on with our record of cases indefinitely, were it not for limits of space. Two points must, however, be noted in regard to these boards. In all such cases as have been presented an action of the Board, if adverse to the admission of an alien, may, on appeal of a dissenting member of the Board or of the alien himself, be carried for final decision, through the Commissioner of the Port and the Commissioner-General of Immigration, to the Secretary of Commerce and Labor. But in another class of cases, those in which the certificate of a medical inspector, after full and careful examination, states the unfitness, for physical or mental reasons, of the alien, there is no such appeal. On such cases, indeed, the action of the Board is purely formal—the necessary legal recognition of the medical officers' decision.

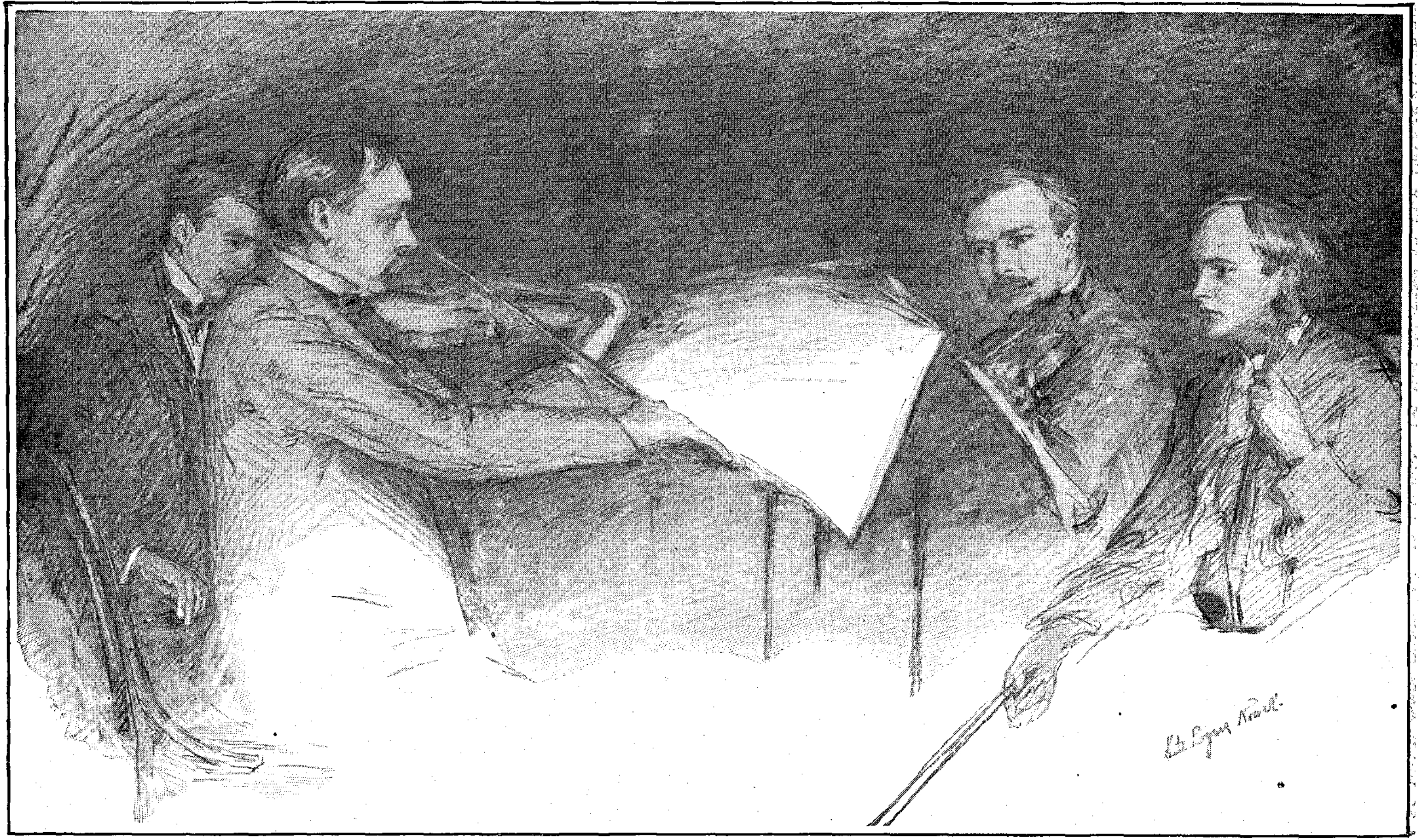
One whole phase of the work at Ellis Island still remains untouched. What becomes of the detained and the excluded alien? How is he housed and fed and cared for? And at whose expense?

The question is a large one and can be touched upon only lightly, in closing;

yet at the present moment it is a question of peculiar interest, for Ellis Island is undergoing most radical and striking transformation. If you had ever stood in one of the great, gloomy, ill-smelling barracks where hundreds of immigrants used to be housed together, you would appreciate the significance of the wonderful immaculate white-tiled rooms which are taking their places. No detail has been too small to be considered—even to the steam heaters elevated above the floor to admit of ready flushing, and the corners, so curved that there shall be no crevices for the lodgment of dirt. Above all, the beds—an invention of the present Commissioner, Mr. Watchorn—make for cleanliness and convenience. They are of canvas, stretched on iron frames, and so arranged that all three tiers of them can be hoisted nearly to the ceiling between the iron posts, thus leaving the floor space available for use during the daytime. Each bed, moreover, is furnished with two blankets, which are cleaned between their use by every two persons. So the old Ellis Island of evil repute is vanishing, as was intimated in an early paragraph, before the advance of sanitation. In a few months, if the work progresses steadily, all immigrants who are kept over a night at Ellis Island should spend it amid such surroundings; and ere long it is to be anticipated that dining-rooms and day detention-rooms as well will undergo similar transformations. It is interesting to note, in this connection, that several of the great steamship lines, inspired by the Commissioner's example, are planning similar sweeping changes in their steerage accommodations.

Another most important change is to be the building of new baggage-rooms, and the letting down of the great second story hall to the first floor, now occupied by the baggage-rooms. The center of the second floor is to be cut out, leaving a second gallery, to be surrounded, like the present one above it, by sleeping-rooms in the new style. So additional accommodations will be provided, and a radical fault of the present arrangement corrected; for the mounting of the long flight of stairs to the second story is a heavy additional burden for the laden immigrant.

The question of expenses, raised above, leads, naturally, to reflection on the underlying philosophy of a large part of the present immigration law. Not only are excluded passengers to be deported by the steamship companies which brought them over, but their expenses while detained on the Island are to be met by those companies. It may be imagined that under such conditions a well-managed company will take every precaution to prevent the embarkation of aliens likely to be excluded. As to the effectiveness of the law in keeping undesirable immigrants from our shores, it is at once evident how imperfect a measure is furnished by the mere numbers turned back at the gates (for the last fiscal year 6,752, or about $\frac{66}{100}$ of one per cent of all arrivals). To determine accurately the influence exerted, there should be added to that number, not only the numbers rejected by the steamship companies, but—could we know them!—the numbers of those who would have emigrated but for discouraging reports and the more striking evidence of debarred aliens forced to return to their old haunts.



THE KNEISEL QUARTET

WILLEM WILLEKE
Violoncello

FRANZ KNEISEL
First Violin

LOUIS SVECENSKI
Viola

JULIUS ROENTGEN
Second Violin

Drawn from life by Kate Rogers Nowell while the quartet were rehearsing, unconscious that their portraits were being made

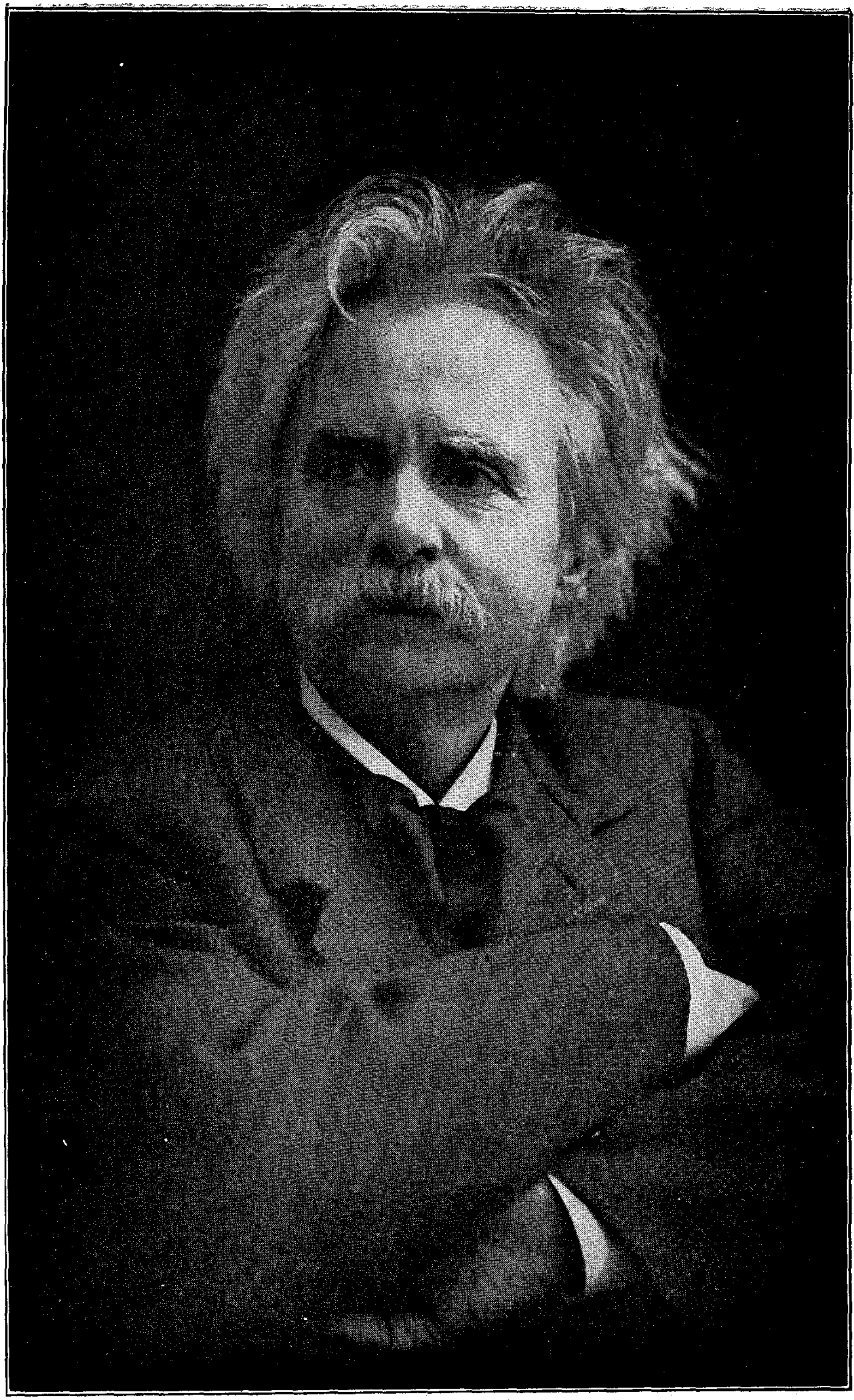
THE KNEISEL QUARTET

SIR Charles Hubert Parry, of Oxford, has said that Beethoven "seemed in his later years to regard the quartet of strings as one of the most perfect means of expressing his deepest musical thought, and left some of the greatest treasures of all music in that form." Chamber music, of course, includes works not merely for the string quartet but for stringed instruments with the addition of the piano or a wind instrument, such as a clarinet or French horn. Thus, what Sir Hubert Parry has said of Beethoven may also be said of Bach, Mozart, Haydn, Brahms, Dvořák, and the contemporary composers. No organization has done more to cultivate and promote an understanding of chamber music by the American public than the Kneisel Quartet. Franz Kneisel and his associates have been, without in the least professing it, educators and missionaries in behalf of noble standards and high ideals in the æsthetic life of the country.

The quartet consists to-day of Mr. Kneisel, its founder and leader, first violin; Julius Roentgen, second violin; Louis Svecenski, viola; and Willem Willeke, violoncello. Mr. Kneisel, a Rumanian by birth, educated at the Vienna Conservatory, came to this country twenty-two years ago to take the place of concert master or first violinist of the famous Boston Symphony Orchestra. He almost immediately formed the quartet which bears not only his name but the impress of his personal genius. Mr. Svecenski has been Mr. Kneisel's associate from the beginning, while Mr. Roentgen and Mr. Willeke are new members this season, the latter taking the chair of Mr. Schroeder, who has returned to his native land after many years of service in the quartet, during which he greatly endeared himself to the frequenters of the Kneisel concerts. Mr. Svecenski is a Croatian, while Mr. Roentgen and Mr. Willeke are Hollanders. In experience, natural gifts, singleness of purpose, and technical achievements the Kneisel Quartet is not surpassed by any string quartet in the world. While its members are all of foreign birth, Mr. Kneisel and Mr. Svecenski are Americans by adoption; and it is to be hoped that the two new and younger associates will deserve and receive so cordial and sympathetic a welcome that they will find it agreeable and natural eventually to become Americans also. Mr. Kneisel, we believe, would be among the first to say that Americans may justly be proud that this country, by its sympathy, appreciation, and support, has enabled these four artists to devote their entire public professional life to the exposition of composition of chamber music.

It must not be supposed that because Mr. Kneisel is a past master in interpreting Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms, his tastes are cold and severe. On the contrary, he believes that the emotions as well as the intellect, the imagination as well as the mind, sparkling gayety as well as quiet reverie, are to be inspired by music. The writer of these lines has heard him, at a social gathering of intimate friends, after an evening of quartets, play a jig for an uproarious Virginia reel with all the sympathetic abandon of an Irish fiddler, to the piano accompaniment of two untrained but highly enthusiastic amateurs who "banged the box" in the most approved Harvard Union style.

The Kneisel Quartet is just beginning its twenty-third season. Its concerts in various parts of the country will be attended by music lovers who have learned to appreciate the delights of pure music in its highest form; they ought to be attended by those who have heard of these delights, who do not yet understand all their hidden meaning, but who desire to possess this understanding. Practice is as essential to the acquirement of appreciation of an art as it is to the acquirement of skill in expressing it.



EDVARD GRIEG

A PILGRIMAGE TO GRIEG

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

HEEDLESS of the march of events, I had been drifting down the Rhine in a golden dream, alone save for a march-melody of Grieg that had come suddenly to bear me company at Mayence and, with a strange insistence, had claimed an equal place in consciousness with the Mouse Tower of Bingen, the Lorelei, and the Rheinstein with its hundreds of crumbling mediæval companions.

But as I left the river and my train drew beyond range of the modern splendors of Cologne Cathedral and of the glamourous old tower of St. Martin's, I turned to a newspaper that had been abandoned by a fat priest, content now to come again into touch with the world of living men. I read:

> NORWAY
>
> W. BERGEN, 5 Sept. (Telegram). The widow of the composer Grieg received from the German Emperor the following telegram:
>
> "I express to you on the event of your husband's death my heartiest sympathy. He and his art will never be forgotten by me, nor by his countrymen, nor by us Germans. May God comfort you in your pain. I have ordered my ambassador to represent me at the funeral ceremonies and to lay down a wreath in my name. WILHELM."

In a flash I understood now the haunting power of that melody. It had been as if it were a wireless message from the death-bed of one whom I loved and revered; and the sudden, cruel shock of realization brought back only too vividly the details of my pilgrimage to the Master a few weeks before.

I had long cherished the plan. Years ago, in the first heat of enthusiasm over the 'cello sonata, I had proposed to interrupt my Berlin studies and dash up to Christiania, on the chance that Grieg might play it with me. And, though the fragility of an American bank frowned on that exploit, it did not cool my desire to shake the hand that had written the concerto, the sonatas, the quartet, *Landerkennung*, the dances, the songs, and Olav Trygvason.

Writers propose, editorial gods dispose; and not until their ambrosial locks had rolled in my direction did I forward my letter of introduction to Christiania and follow in its wake.

Everything on that northern route spoke of Grieg.

The Hebrides were eloquent of how he abhorred Mendelssohn and all his ways. The northern lights were reflected within when a musician played on the saloon piano that great, luminous trio of the minuet from the E minor sonata. The sunrise on approaching land was a sheer materialization of the *Morgenstimmung* in "Peer Gynt;" and one could almost hear the opening bars of the concerto amid the rugged beauties of Christiansand harbor.

It takes twelve hours to sail up one of the loveliest of all Norwegian fjords to Christiania, and that evening the sun, as it hovered rather than sank over the purple mountains, seemed to sum up whatever is most romantic and tender and exquisite in the work of Norway's greatest living artist.

It was almost midnight when we docked at Christiania, and, as the steamer sailed for Copenhagen at seven in the morning, I sallied forth to learn whether Grieg were really in town before deciding where to land.

Under the scowling height of the fortifications I rode—walls doubly impressive in the dusk of the water-front—looking in that uncertain light as though they might have been built by the ancestors of Leif the Lucky.

But the city was commonplace in comparison, and we threaded a good part of it before pulling up at an iron wicket between two shops. Persistent ringing brought a young lady, who responded only in fluent Norwegian to questions in English, German, Italian, and a very little French. I was about to summon to my aid the shades of the classics when she unlocked the wicket, and beckoned me up three flights and into a dark, bare hall.

She thundered at the door, and carried on a conversation with some sleepy inmate.

I was horror-stricken. Was this monolinguist arousing the illustrious Grieg after midnight, and for an interview with me?

There was a great shuffling, bumping, and rustling inside, and I was just exclaiming, "*Ne eripe Grieg a somno!*" when the door opened and a form glided out bearing a candle-end which illumined an Englishwoman in a carnelian flannel wrapper and curl-papers—a garrulous Englishwoman, who wished to know whether I hadn't heard that Dr. Grieg had been for some weeks in Germany, where he had played for the Emperor and talked with him on the deepest subjects for hours, and had been invited aboard the yacht Hohenzollern, where, as it was a cold day, the Emperor had lent him his cloak, and, the Doctor being little, the cloak had trailed on the deck, and an officer had reproved the Doctor, saying, 'Look out, Majesty's cloak trails,' and the Emperor, coming up just then, had laughed and said, 'The great thing is that our Master doesn't catch cold.' And wasn't it surely well known that the Doctor had been conducting all the German orchestras, and was now living at the Hotel Bristol in Copenhagen?

I breathed a sigh of infinite relief, and departed thankfully to see Christiania by northern light.

All the way down to Copenhagen I tried to impress Grieg's nationality on my mind, for one easily confuses the different Scandinavians, and our mutual friend had told me that patriotism was his weak point. The French, said my friend, once sent Grieg the cross of the Legion of Honor, addressed Dr. Edward Grieg, Stockholm. But the great Norwegian returned the envelope unopened, with the characteristically brief annotation, "I am no Swede." The incident, when it became known, made Stockholm impossible to him for some years after.

I took the room over Grieg's, sent him a note, and was ushered to his door.

A tiny old gentleman sat writing by the window in the same position and with the same effect of stooping shoulders as is portrayed in Liszt's last Weimar picture, and with the same flat back-head covered with a shock of luxuriant silvery hair—hair as fine and silky and poetic as Mark Twain's.

He rose at once, and greeted me with a charming courtesy. In spite of the heat, he kept closely drawn about his shoulders a blanket, whose vivid plaid reminded me that he descended on his father's side from Scotch pirates.

He carried one shoulder higher than the other, for he had been a great sufferer, and his sufferings had left him with only one lung. His features were exquisitely modeled; the forehead of a noble height; the eyes bright and friendly, with something of a childish wonder and freshness in their depths; the white, bristling mustache, cut like an American business man's, half concealing the humorous mouth. He wore a pepper-and-salt suit; a scarlet waistcoat, on which dangled a large, curious, three-sided jade seal, his constant plaything; and his shoes were as unique as his music—small, almost seamless, of very delicate leather, and with metal clasps like those on arctics.

His cousin-wife, the famous singer Nina, a little woman with beautiful eyes and short gray hair, seemed like the Master's feminine duplicate, and it was pitiful to see how absolutely these two childlike, childless old people depended on each other and responded sensitively to each other's unexpressed thoughts.

We three carried on a lively catch-as-catch-can conversation in English—broken English and slightly less broken German, often changing back and forth several times in the same sentence.

"But why did you not write beforehand?" asked Grieg; and I suddenly realized that neither my letter nor my Christiansand telegram had reached him.

He laughed until he shook over my night scare in the Christiania hotel.

"You Yankees are so enterprising!" he exclaimed. "Yet I will tell you this." He grew suddenly serious and old. "While I much appreciate American art and am very fond of certain of your countrymen, I should be happier if America did not exist! American publishers have pirated forty-one editions of my works, thereby robbing me of a fortune. Otherwise I should be a rich man to-day."

I was dumb with shame, and the memory of that cheap little hotel above shops in Christiania came poignantly back to me—the frugal winter home of Norway's greatest man, with its bare floors and its three flights of stairs.

"For a while," he continued, "my publisher, Peters, was protected against America. Then, because I was a Norwegian and Peters was a German, they seized that flimsy pretext to deny me the rights of civilization. Why, one American publisher even went so far as to write and say that he was going to pirate my piano works, and on top of that he asked me to finger them for him. He had heard that I was sickly, and so, as compensation, would be willing to give me a winter in the South. Of course I had to laugh and write him back that I sold not myself to pirates."

Though he spoke in a worn voice, with the irritability of an invalid, the large eyes never lost their sweet, gentle, adolescent look.

"Then, too," he continued, "the Americans deluge me by every mail with requests for autographs, and pictures to be signed and returned at my expense."

I sent up a silent thanksgiving that he had not been awakened by an American visitor two nights ago.

"What is the worst of all, every parlor miss plays my works. *But how?* It is a scandal that they should do so!"

I thought of the countless "parlor misses" who were, at that very moment, weakening the spring of the Spring Song, impaling the Papillons, and maltreating the Lyrische Stücke on all manner of mechanical and fatally unmechanical instruments. I thought of all the scrannel Ich Liebe Dichs that were rising to an outraged heaven, there to be entered in the Book of Judgment; of all the Aases that were being lynched in the land of the free, and yet, I could not agree that musical America was responsible to Grieg for more parlor "misses" than England or France or even Germany.

"You must come over to us," I said, "and give us a chance to atone."

"Of course I should like to go," he answered, quickly. "All the time I receive the most flattering invitations to cross over to your country. But I should never survive that terrible ocean."

I assured him that its terrors, like the reports of Mark Twain's death, had been grossly exaggerated, and mentioned the steadiness of the new turbines.

He seemed for a moment to waver in his determination, walking feebly to the window, sunk deep in thought.

"No," he said, finally; "not until I can go over Bering Straits."

He spoke of Edward MacDowell with deep affection, calling him "a most talented man," and mentioning with much feeling the sonata that MacDowell had dedicated to him. He inquired very solicitously whether there were any hope of his recovery, the sensitive face going deadly sad as he mentioned his name. And for the second time I hung my American head in humiliation.

Grieg had heard of only one other American composer, Edwin Grasse. He took the liveliest interest in the blind genius, inquiring particularly about his violin playing, his method of memorizing music, and of dictating his compositions; and he seemed pleased at my opinion that Grasse composed much as Brahms would have if he had been born blind in New York twenty-two years ago and had lived a dozen years in Norway. He asked for Grasse's address, and took it down as if intending to write to him.

At first the Master had not been willing to talk about himself or his European contemporaries, but he soon lost himself in conversation like the kind of talker Stevenson loved, and drifted away from his American philippic toward German music.

"Strauss and Reger?" he echoed. "The great period in Germany from Beethoven on used up the springs of German folk-melody, so that there is now nothing left for such men as Strauss and Reger—men who are quite worthy to unloose the shoe-latchets of Wagner. But, for all their *Unvolksthümlichkeit*, they are real Germans. No other nation could have produced them.

"Ah, they have such a stomach—those Germans!"

He laid his small, fragile hand with an inimitable gesture on the slimness of his scarlet waistcoat.

"They can digest things which other nations cannot. They have such an appetite for the abstruse and the thick, for technical subtleties and philosophy.

"Strauss and Reger have a superb technical equipment—a little too superb, I think, for it hampers the expression of their meaning. Their technique mutes their souls."

He coughed, and his alert little wife flew for a box of pellets and popped one of them into his mouth between words.

"But Norway"—it was beautiful to see how his face lit with pride as he spoke the name of his country—"but Norway has such a wealth of folk-songs and folk-dances as scarcely any other nation; and the storehouse has hardly been broached. There is enough material left to last for generations."

He stopped, gasping, and Mrs. Grieg explained that he suffered from shortness of breath, and was taking the arc light treatment for it in a local sanitarium. The idea flashed across my consciousness that perhaps, if the beating of Beethoven's heart had influenced his tempi, Grieg's shortness of breath might help to explain the brevity of his melodic phrases and his preference for the smaller musical forms.

"No," he said decidedly in answer to my question, "I have had no pupils in composition, and I soon found piano teaching too exhausting work. If I had been obliged to teach for a livelihood, I would long ago have been where your poor, dear MacDowell is now. I have never wished to found a school. My music is too individual, too thoroughly Norwegian."

"Do you play a great deal in public?" I asked.

"No," was the answer. "I hate to play in public. It makes me nervous. But I love to conduct. I have just had a jolly time conducting the great German orchestras, and I am eager to go back to them next winter."

"Into which of your compositions have you put most of your real self? The sonatas, perhaps, or the choral works, or the concerto?"

"I lay no stress on names," he answered quickly. "The name is nothing. Chopin called some of his most divine compositions waltzes and mazurkas. But I consider chamber music the most refined and spiritual of all, and the string quartet is the finest medium; for it is purer spirit and is less hampered by the material than the orchestra. A composer once told me that he was going to orchestrate one of my violin sonatas, as it was orchestral. I think not. It would be a pity. It would be changing its spirit and making it vulgar. However, we must remember that chamber music is for the elect few, as the masses are not sufficiently spirit-rich." (*Geistreich.*)

I spoke of his great and growing popularity and influence and of the splendid vitality of his music.

"Ah, young man," said he, with a faraway look in his sweet, childlike eyes, "I am already dead."

I took my leave with a sinking at the heart, his words rang so true.

The old man tottered to the door and held it open, cordially inviting me for the following day. A firm hand-clasp, a friendly smile, a hearty *Auf Wiedersehen*, and the door closed.

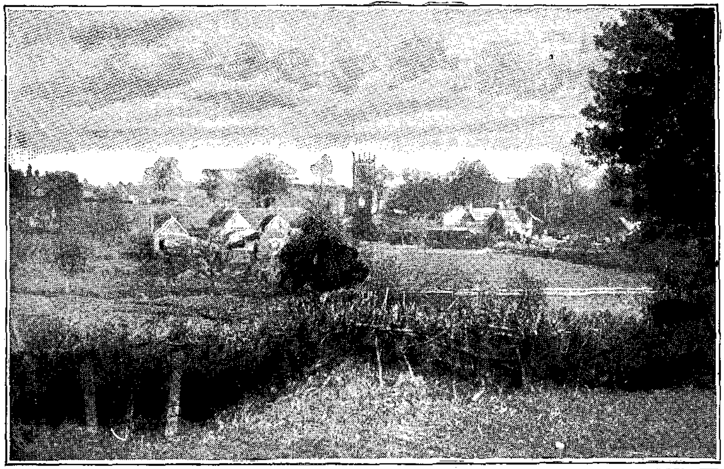
On the following day Edward Grieg fell dangerously ill. It was the beginning of the end.

Thale am Harz.

REAL LIFE IN GEORGE ELIOT'S NOVELS

II

BY CHARLES S. OLCOTT



THE VILLAGE OF ELLASTONE, IN STAFFORDSHIRE
THE HAYSLOPE OF "ADAM BEDE"
Here Robert Evans lived in early life

IN the second chapter of "Adam Bede" a traveler on his way to Rosseter is seen to stop at the door of the Donnithorne Arms in the little village of Hayslope and ask a few questions of the rotund landlord, who for some minutes has been watching the crowd upon the village green and wondering whether he could mingle with them without compromising his dignity. The visitor to the country of Adam Bede may readily begin his inquiries at the same spot, for the Donnithorne Arms still exists, though the present proprietor is not rotund and makes no pretensions to dignity incompatible with his regular occupation as the village butcher. The old weather-beaten sign leaves the traveler in ignorance as to the present name of the inn, which is known, however, as the Bromley-Davenport Arms. It stands at the entrance to the village of Ellastone, in Staffordshire, which still numbers not more than two hundred souls. The oldest inhabitant does not recall that it ever looked materially different from its present appearance, although the village green, where Dinah Morris preached, is no longer a green, but is occupied by two or three small houses, among them the butcher-shop of the landlord of to-day.

"The green lay at the extremity of the village, and from it the road branched off in two directions—one leading farther up the hill by the church, and the other winding gently down toward the valley." This is an exact description of the fork in the road just beyond the Bromley-Davenport Arms, and is of itself sufficient to fix upon the village of Ellastone as the correct prototype of Hayslope.

Following the first of these roads, the traveler of to-day passes a neatly kept cottage, now the residence of a village physician, but commonly known as the Bede Cottage. Here Robert Evans lived when he first came to Staffordshire, and one room in the present house was once a workshop and another a paint-shop. These two rooms, together with the old part of the house in the rear, may have been in the author's mind in describing the home of the Bedes, although its geographical location does not in any way fit the story.

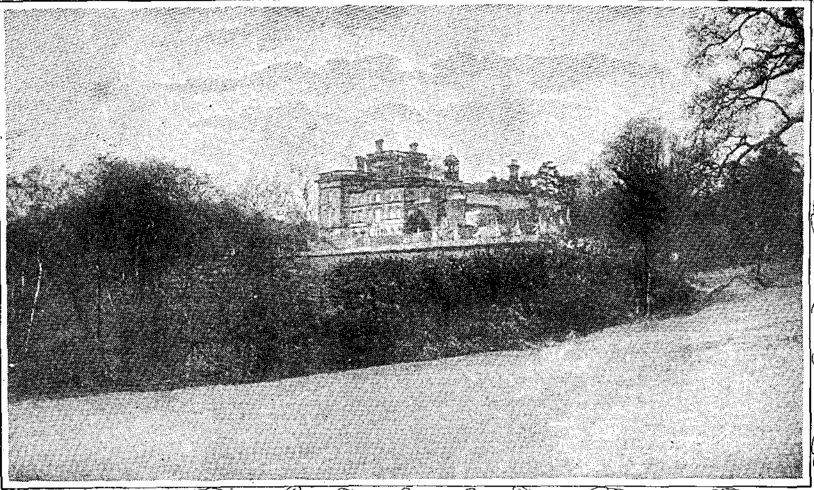
A winding road to the northwest leads to Wootton Hall, a large and very beautiful estate not far from the village. Something over a hundred years ago it was occupied by Mr. Francis Newdigate. The son of this gentleman introduced Robert Evans to "the old squire" and induced the latter to make him his bailiff. This was the beginning of the successful career of Robert Evans, who afterward became the agent not only of the Newdigates, but also of many other great proprietors, among them Lord Aylesford of Packington, Lord Lifford, and Mr. Bromley-Davenport. This fact corresponds closely with the story, where young Arthur Donnithorne finally prevails upon the old squire to give Adam Bede the management of his lands. This beautiful estate is without doubt the original of Donnithorne Chase. The loquacious landlord, speaking of it to the traveler, says, "Fine hoaks there, isn't there, sir?" The visitor of to-day would be immediately impressed with the beauty of the oaks to be found in this spacious park. The house itself as it exists to-day corresponds very closely with the description in the novel. "The house would have been nothing but a plain square mansion of Queen Anne's time but for the remnant of an old abbey to which it was united at one end in much the same way as one may sometimes see a new farm-house high and prim at the end of older and lower farm offices."

Returning through the village and driving a mile toward the east, the visitor crosses a little bridge over the River Dove into the village of Norbury. The Dove divides the counties of Derby and Stafford. The former is Stonyshire in the novel, and the latter is Loamshire. Some twenty or thirty miles up the river toward the north is a picturesque locality known as Dovedale, where there is a well-known inn much frequented by fishermen, and once the favorite resort of Izaak Walton and his boon companions. This is the locality to which Arthur Donnithorne proposed to go for a few days' fishing. Hetty asks Adam, "'Have you ever been to Eagledale?' 'Yes,' said Adam; 'ten years ago, when I was a lad, I went with father to see about some work there. It's a wonderful sight—rocks and caves such as you never saw in your life. I never had a right notion o' rocks till I went there.'" Further along in the conversation Adam suggests that the Captain will not stay long, for it's a lonely place, and "there's nothing but a bit of a inn i' that part where he's gone to fish."

The church at Norbury was attended regularly by Robert Evans, and here, like Adam Bede, he sang in the village choir. In the churchyard are the graves of his father, George Evans, and of his mother, Mary. The burial of Thias Bede is described, and no doubt the author obtained the facts from her father. Beyond the fact that they were the parents of Robert Evans, there is little, if anything, to suggest that this couple were in any way the originals of Thias and Lisbeth Bede.

Norbury appears in the novel as Norburne; and Rosseter, toward which the horseman before mentioned was traveling, is the town of Rocester. Oakbourne, where Adam went in search of Hetty, is the market town of Ashbourne. Broxton, where Parson Irwine lived, is the straggling hamlet of Roston, a short distance up the hill from Norbury. Here the author's father, Robert Evans, was born in a little cottage on the left side of the road, to which a small workshop is attached. It may readily be found by the tourist of to-day if he will ask any one in the neighborhood to show him the birthplace of Adam Bede.

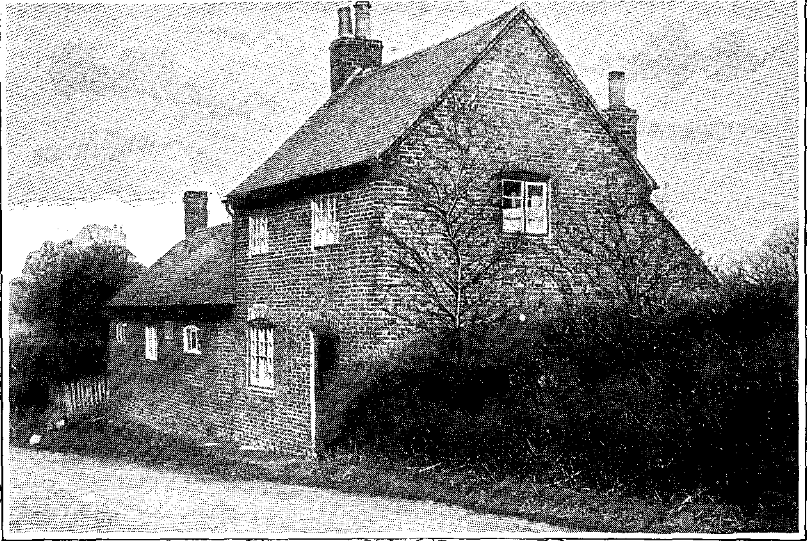
Between this house and the village of



WOOTTON HALL

THE DONNITHORNE CHASE OF "ADAM BEDE"

"The house would have been nothing but a plain square mansion of Queen Anne's time, but for the remnant of an old abbey to which it was united at one end"



BARTLE MASSEY'S SCHOOL

THE TWO-STORY COTTAGE IS THE ORIGINAL SCHOOL-HOUSE WHERE BARTLE MASSEY (WHOSE NAME APPEARS IN "ADAM BEDE" WITHOUT CHANGE) TAUGHT AND ROBERT EVANS ATTENDED SCHOOL

Norbury is a little brick cottage where Robert Evans went to school. It was kept by Bartle Massey, whose name appears in the novel without change. The school of to-day is in a smaller adjoining building, but in Robert Evans's time the cottage itself was the schoolroom. The quaint and eccentric but kindly schoolmaster kept night school in those days, and no doubt George Eliot heard from her own father some of the descriptions which enabled her to write that charming account of a country night school which appears in "Adam Bede."

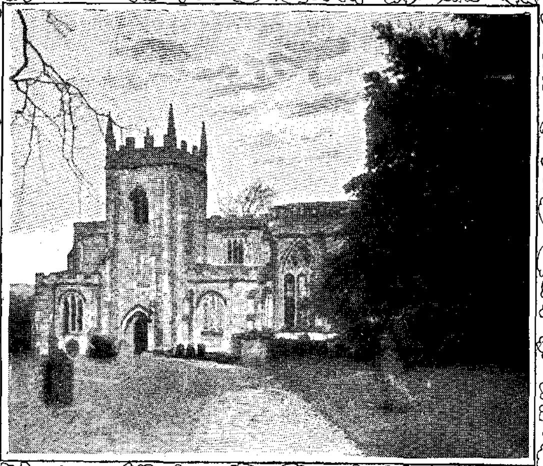
The visitor to the country of "Adam Bede" can scarcely escape the conviction that the story is, after all, a work of history. Bartle Massey, Maskery, Poyser, etc., are real names. So many real places are accurately described, and so many geographical names only faintly disguised, that the whole country seems strangely familiar. So much of evident truth is mingled with the fiction that one feels like believing it all.

Three miles south of Nuneaton, at the turn of the road which leads to Arbury Park, is Griff House, the home of George Eliot for the first twenty-one years of her life. It is a fine old red brick farmhouse, thickly covered with ivy, and almost hidden by a wide-spreading yew of splendid proportions. The lawn is well set off by a background of trees of many varieties, and in the rear are farm buildings and a spacious garden. A path through the garden leads to an old rustic summer-house, in which was formerly a stone table. The latter has now been removed for safe keeping to the home of the Rev. Frederick Evans, of Bedworth, the son of Isaac Evans and the nephew of George Eliot. When "Middlemarch" was written, the author had abandoned the habit of describing real scenery, but she could not refrain from introducing the old summer-house and its stone table, which had somehow escaped previous attention. Here at the end of the yew-tree walk Dorothea finds Mr. Casaubon, resting his head upon the table, apparently asleep. But it was the sleep from which he could not awake. This reference to a spot with which George Eliot had not been familiar for nearly thirty years illustrates the strong hold upon her fancy which the surroundings of the old home must have possessed. For a perfect picture of those scenes and the impressions which they made upon her peculiarly sensitive nature we must turn to the pages of the "Mill on the Floss."

It is one of the principal charms of George Eliot's earlier novels that she wrote of life as she saw it. The "Scenes of Clerical Life" are thought by many to be the most attractive of all her writings. The stories are simple and entertaining, and there is a freshness of atmosphere that is quite delightful. Nearly every character is in a sense real, and the setting is the neighborhood of her girlhood. In "Adam Bede," taking the home of her father's youth as the background, she idealized and at the same time immortalized her father, her mother, and her aunt. With the publication of the "Mill on the Floss" one great charm henceforth disappears from her work, for this is the last of the novels in which the memories of early life are a vital factor. But although it is the last of its class, it excels all the others in its strong personal attractiveness. Hitherto she has dealt with her neighbors and with her family. Now she gives us a glimpse of herself.

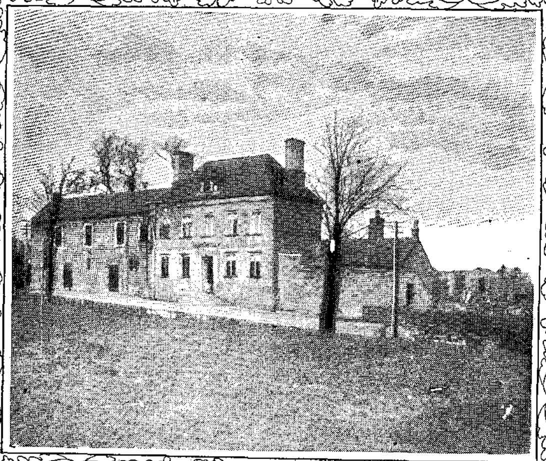
The scene is the village of St. Oggs on the River Floss. For the first time the novelist leaves the surroundings which early memories have impressed upon her mind, and journeys, note-book in hand, to a distant town, where she may find a new setting for her story. But in those passages which we value most the old haunts of her childhood reappear. It is necessary to find a tidal river for the tragedy in which the story culminates. The River Trent, flowing into the Humber, answers the purpose, and the town of Gainsborough, in Lincolnshire, has the right location. But the old mill of her childhood, the little round pool, the hollow along the canal, and the attic in her home at Griff must be transplanted thither, for without these Maggie would be unreal and impossible.

We are introduced to the village of St. Oggs and to "the broadening Floss" rushing to meet the tides of the sea, without previous ceremony. "On this



NORBURY CHURCH

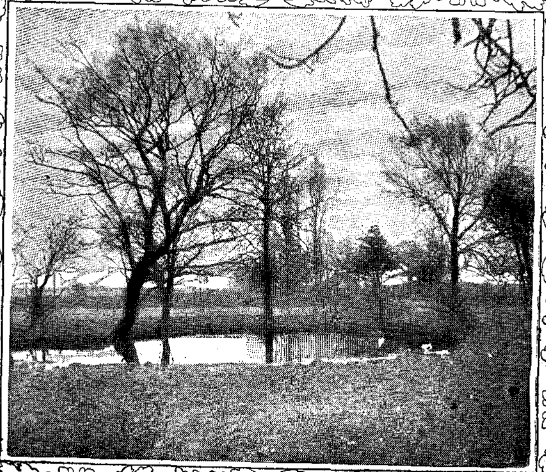
HERE ADAM BEDE (ROBERT EVANS) SANG IN THE CHOIR



BROMLEY DAVENPORT ARMS

"ADAM BEDE"

"The Donnithorne Arms stood at the entrance to the village."



THE ROUND POOL

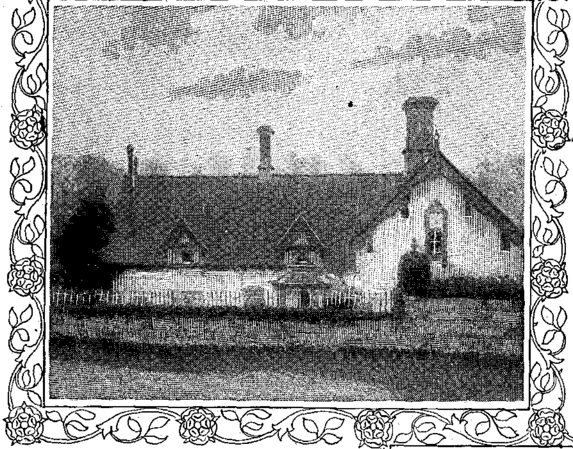
"MILL ON THE FLOSS"

"They were on their way to the Round Pool—that wonderful pool, which the floods had made a long while ago."

mighty tide the black ships—laden with the fresh-scented fir-planks, with rounded sacks of oil-bearing seed, or with the dark glitter of coal—are borne along to the town of St. Oggs, which shows its aged, fluted red roofs and the broad gables of its wharves between the low wooded hill and the river brink, tinging the water with a soft purple hue under the transient glance of this February sun."

THE OAKS, WOOTTON HALL

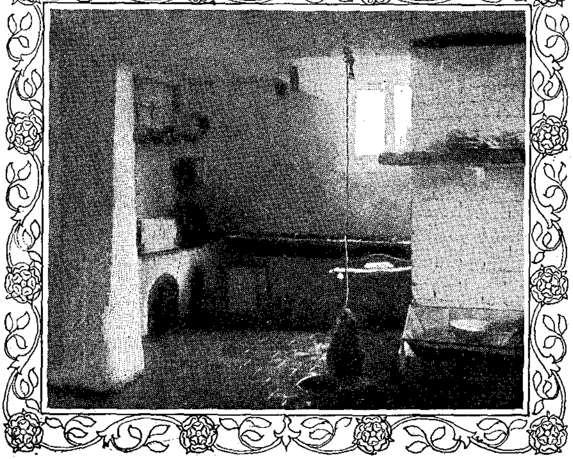
"Yes, sir, that's Donnithorne Chase, that is. Fine hoaks there, isn't there, sir?"



THE "BEDE" COTTAGE

HOME OF ROBERT EVANS

The visitor to Gainsborough, having just read this opening paragraph of the novel, may stroll a few hundred yards from the inn toward the river, when, lo! the picture is spread before him in all its colors, with startling reality. The black ships, the fluted red roofs, and the wharves are all there. He instinctively looks about for the author, and wonders if the book were not really written yesterday instead of half a century ago. But then, recalling the title, he looks for Dorlcote Mill. The "little river" with its "dark changing wavelets;" the "large dipping willows;" the "stone bridge;" the "trimly kept, comfortable dwelling-house as old as the elms and chestnuts;" the "huge covered wagon coming home with sacks of grain . . . the strong, submissive, meek-eyed beasts now stretching their shoulders up the slope toward the bridge, now on it, and now away again at a swifter pace, disappearing at the turning behind the trees"—where are they? Not at St. Oggs. Ah, no! The



THE DAIRY

"ADAM BEDE"

"The dairy was certainly worth looking at . . . such coolness, such purity, such fresh fragrance of new-pressed cheese, of firm butter, of wooden vessels perpetually bathed in pure water."

author has fallen asleep in her arm-chair, and in reverie has gone back to the scenes of her childhood, to the little red mill near Arbury, where she was born. There the visitor may see, if he will, another picture made real—the stone bridge, the dwelling-house, the little river, the willows, the elms, and the chestnuts—all are there. This is the real "Mill on the Floss" which the author brought in imagination from far-away Warwickshire to the banks of the River Trent.

If our visitor drive through the town of Gainsborough, a mile or two north of the place where he caught his first glimpse of the wharves and black ships, he may see a large brick building on the right bank of the river, with a conspicuous sign, "The Mill on the Floss." The owner is certain that it is the very mill that George Eliot describes. It was once a grist-mill, and two arches, now walled up, show where the mill-race formerly ran. Near by is a cottage prettily situated in a little garden, where half a century ago there lived a gentleman whose ruling passion was an eager desire to "go to law." He built the house and owned considerable property, but finally lost it all through litigation. Among other troubles was a lawsuit about a certain road, which he contested bitterly and finally lost. This is strikingly like the experience of Mr. Tulliver, one of whose grudges against Lawyer Wakem was that the latter had caused him to "lose the suit about the right of road." It is not impossible that the author may have learned the history of this unfortunate man in one of her visits to the locality.

The visitor to Gainsborough will always stop to take a look at the old hall, the strikingly characteristic central feature of the venerable old town, which "carried the traces of its long growth and history like a millennial tree" from the time when "the long-haired sea-kings came up the river and looked with fierce eager eyes at the fatness of the land." "It was the Normans who began to build that fine old hall. . . . It is all so old that we look with loving pardon at its inconsistencies, and are well content that they who built the stone oriel, and they who built the Gothic façade and towers of finest small brickwork with the trefoil ornament, and the windows and battlements defined with stone, did not sacrilegiously pull down the ancient half-timbered body with its oak-roofed banqueting-hall."

The old hall is now an auction-room, and the interior is very much altered. It is a pity one cannot see it as it was when Maggie reached the culmination of her career as "an admired member of society" on the day of the bazaar. The "broad faded stripes painted on the walls" and the "heraldic animals of a bristly, long-snouted character" have disappeared forever, together with the "great arch over the orchestra" near which Maggie sat, causing the gentlemen's dressing-gowns in her stall to assume an unexpected importance as "objects of general attention and inquiry," exciting much troublesome "curiosity as to their lining and comparative merits, together with a determination to test them by trying on."

In that delightful chapter where "Aunt Glegg learns the breadth of Bob's thumb," and the shrewd packman gives a lesson in practical salesmanship which would make successful imitators wealthy, a certain individual named Salt, "the shupercargo o' the bit of a vessel," must be consulted, and is finally located at the "Anchor Tavern," a place which may still be seen in one of the quaint old streets of Gainsborough. The owner dispenses his ale and beer in peaceful ignorance of the fact that his place is advertised throughout the world in one of the greatest of English novels. Unlike the Red Horse at Stratford and the Cheshire Cheese in London, he has not yet learned to turn a profit from its literary fame.

Maggie Tulliver, the central figure in the "Mill on the Floss," is the most interesting of all George Eliot's heroines, and one of the most attractive in all literature. That the novelist intended to weave some of her own experiences and emotions into the character of Maggie there can be no doubt. There are many proofs of this, but the best is her autobiographical sonnet "Brother and Sister." Isaac Evans, the brother of Mary Ann, was three years her senior. The elder sister, Christiana, was fully five years older, a gap which in childhood might be sufficient to prevent a close companionship, even if there were no serious differences of temperament. The result was that Mary Ann's playmate was her brother Isaac, who, being older, and masculine at that, did not fail to assert his superiority.

"He was the elder, and a little man
Of forty inches, bound to show no dread,
And I the girl that puppy-like now ran,
Now lagged behind my brother's larger tread.

I held him wise, and when he talked to me
Of snakes and birds, and which God loved the best,
I thought his knowledge marked the boundary
Where men grew blind, though angels knew the rest.

If he said 'Hush!' I tried to hold my breath.
Wherever he said 'Come!' I stepped in faith."

This was the portrait of Isaac and Mary Ann. Turn now to Tom and Maggie:

"Maggie," said Tom, confidentially . . . "you don't know what I've got in *my* pocket," nodding his head up and down as a means of rousing her sense of mystery.

"No," said Maggie. "How stodgy they look, Tom. Is it marls (marbles) or cobnuts?" Maggie's heart sank a little, because Tom always said it was "no good" playing with *her* at those games—she played so badly.

"Marls! no; I've swopped all my marls with the little fellows, and cobnuts are no fun, you silly, only when the nuts are green. But see here!" He drew something half out of his right-hand pocket.

"What is it?" said Maggie in a whisper. "I can see nothing but a bit of yellow."

"Why, it's—a—new—guess, Maggie!"

"Oh, I can't guess, Tom," said Maggie, impatiently.

"Don't be a spitfire, else I won't tell you," said Tom, thrusting his hand back into his pocket and looking determined.

"No, Tom," said Maggie, imploringly, laying hold of the arm that was held stiffly in the pocket. "I'm not cross, Tom; it was only because I can't bear guessing. *Please* be good to me."

Tom's arm slowly relaxed and he said, "Well, then, it's a new fish-line—two new uns—one for you, Maggie, all to yourself. I wouldn't go halves in the toffee and gingerbread on purpose to save the money; and Gibson and Spouncer fought with me because I wouldn't." . . .

"Oh dear! I wish they wouldn't fight at your school, Tom. Didn't it hurt you?"

"Hurt me? No. . . . I gave Spouncer a black eye, I know—that's what he got by wanting to leather me; I wasn't going to go halves because anybody leathered me."

"Oh, how brave you are, Tom! I think you're like Samson. If there came a lion roaring at me, I think you'd fight him—wouldn't you, Tom?"

"How can a lion come roaring at you, you silly thing? There's no lions only in the shows."

The opportunity to use the fish-line soon came, and Tom and Maggie were on their way to the Round Pool, which may still be seen "framed in with willows and tall reeds" not far from Griff House. "Maggie thought it probable that the small fish would come to her hook and the large ones to Tom's. But she had forgotten all about the fish, and was looking dreamily at the glassy water, when Tom said in a loud whisper, 'Look, look, Maggie!' and came running to prevent her snatching her line away. Maggie was frightened lest she had been doing something wrong, as usual, but presently Tom drew out her line and brought out a large tench bouncing on the grass. Tom was excited. 'Oh, Magsie, you little duck! Empty the basket.' Maggie was not conscious of unusual merit, but it was enough that Tom called her Magsie and was pleased with her. . . . She never knew she had a bite till Tom told her; but she liked fishing very much."

Here is the story as told of Isaac and herself in "Brother and Sister:"

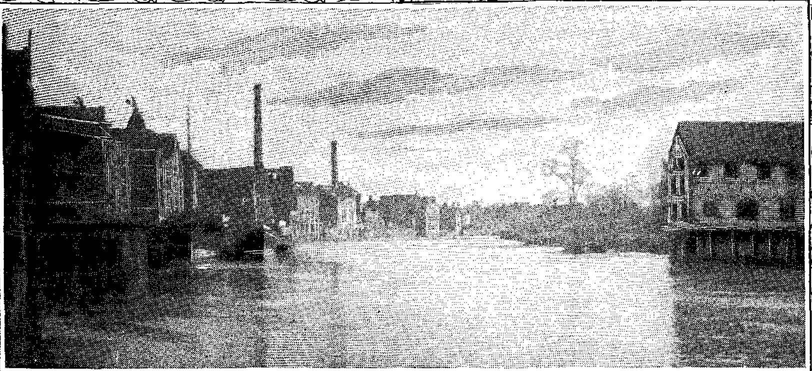
"One day my brother left me in high charge,
To mind the rod, while he went seeking bait,
And bade me, when I saw a nearing barge,
Snatch out the line, lest he should come too late.

Proud of the task, I watched with all my might
For one whole minute, till my eyes grew wide,
Till sky and earth took on a strange, new light
And seemed a dream-world floating on some tide—

A fair pavilioned boat for me alone,
Bearing me onward through the vast unknown.

But sudden came the barge's pitch-black prow,
Nearer and angrier came my brother's cry,
And all my soul was quivering fear, when lo!
Upon the imperiled line, suspended high,

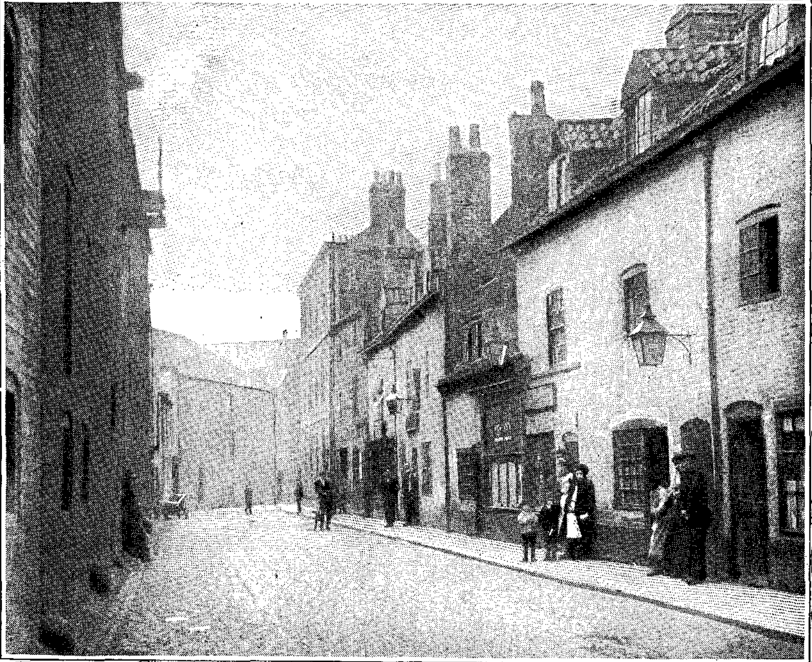
A silver perch! My guilt that won the prey,
Now turned to merit, had a guerdon rich



GAINSBOROUGH

THE ST. OGGS OF "THE MILL ON THE FLOSS"

"The black ships are borne along to the town of St. Oggs, which shows its aged, fluted red roofs and the broad gables of its wharves between the low wooded hill and the river brink"



THE ANCHOR TAVERN

"Salt—that eminently 'briny chap'—having been discovered in a cloud of tobacco smoke at the Anchor Tavern . . . "

Of hugs and praises, and made merry play,
Until my triumph reached its highest pitch.

When all at home were told the wondrous feat,
And how the little sister had fished well,
In secret, though my fortune tasted sweet,
I wondered why this happiness befell.

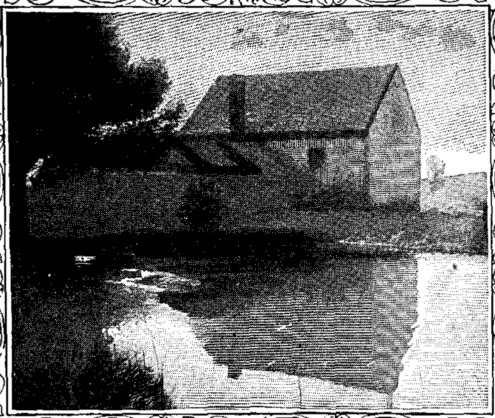
'The little lass had luck,' the gardener said:
And so I learned, luck was with glory wed."

Maggie is a precocious child and very fond of books. "'She understands what one's talking about so as never was,' said Mr. Tulliver, 'and you should hear her read—straight off, as if she knowed it all beforehand. And allays at her book! She'll read the books and understand 'em better than half the folks as are growed up.'" One may readily believe that such an author as George Eliot was fond of books when quite young, but it is somewhat startling to find one of Maggie Tulliver's favorites still preserved in the family of George Eliot. This volume is Daniel Defoe's "History of the Devil." It is a highly prized memento of the great author, now owned by her nephew, the Rev. Frederick Evans, M.A., of Bedworth. Such connecting links inevitably suggest that many other incidents of Maggie's life may be not so much the product of the author's imagination as a pleasurable indulgence in the fond recollections of childhood. The thick crop of troublesome black hair which we know the author to have possessed is made the basis of more than one incident, the naughtiness of Maggie being so delightfully real that no one but a genuine child of flesh and blood could ever have been guilty of it. Exasperated by the comments, criticisms, and recommendations of three aunts, and their unfavorable comparisons of herself with the prim and dainty Cousin Lucy, Maggie rushes to her mother's room, seizes a large pair of scissors, and with one snip cuts off the great rebellious front locks, which were always falling down into her face. Then, excited by her own daring, she hands the scissors to Tom to complete the job, and off come the long, thick hinder-locks, falling heavily to the floor. The hasty act is instantly repented, but too late, and poor Maggie has to endure the ridicule of Tom in addition to a chorus of reproach and derision from the assembled aunts and uncles.

Maggie's favorite retreat, when the scolding of her mother or the harshness of Tom drove her to despair, was "the great attic that ran under the old high-pitched roof." This was a very real place, and "Maggie's garret" in Griff House has been known to visitors for half a century. It was here that Maggie "fretted out all her ill-humors, and talked aloud to the worm-eaten floors and the worm-eaten shelves, and the dark rafters festooned with cobwebs." Here she kept an old wooden doll, which she punished for all her misfortunes by driving nails into its head. One can imagine the delight with which the author recalled driving the last nail with a fiercer stroke than usual because it represented Aunt Glegg!

The strong affection of Mr. Tulliver is but a reflection of her father's love. Mr. Evans often held his "little wench" between his knees, while she turned over the pages of a book, explaining to him the pictures in which she took great delight. She was his favorite, and he was already very proud of the remarkable intelligence of his little girl. The elder sister, always prim and tidy, faithful in her household duties, and not given to the indulgence of a too active imagination, furnished a sharp contrast to the eager, impressible, story-loving, but not very practical Mary Ann. Chrissy was naturally the favorite of the aunts, while the boy was his mother's pet. It seemed necessary, in painting this charming picture of her own childhood, that Chrissy should not be omitted, and we find her in little Lucy Deane, a model of deportment for whom the aunts never have a word of complaint.

A few years pass and we see Maggie at the age of thirteen, "strangely old for her years." At about the same age Mary Ann Evans was sent to school at Coventry, and at once took rank far in advance of the other pupils. She was the most proficient in English composition and in music, and she had an eager yearning for more knowledge, which remained throughout her life. Maggie "often wished for books with more in them; everything she learned (at school)



THE OLD RED MILL, NEAR ARBURY

THE REAL PROTOTYPE OF "THE MILL ON THE FLOSS"

GAINSBOROUGH ("ST. OGGS")

"That venerable town with the red-fluted roofs and the broad warehouse gables where the black ships unlade themselves."

JOHN PAGDEN'S HOUSE, GAINSBOROUGH

THE BUILDER AND OWNER OF THIS HOUSE PASSED THROUGH MUCH LITIGATION, AND, LIKE MR. TULLIVER, WAS RUINED BY IT

seemed like the ends of long threads that snapped immediately." Her home life seemed so narrow and unpromising that she sometimes indulged in wild dreams of running away. "She would go to some great man—Walter Scott, perhaps—and tell him how wretched and how clever she was, and he would surely do something for her."

Above all these yearnings for knowledge was a still greater craving for love. Maggie's heart went out in all its fullness to Tom, but his heart was colder than hers, his nature more practical and less romantic. She felt the need of a stronger nature than her own upon which to lean, of a sympathetic companion who could see life as she saw it. At about this time Bob Jakin appears with a little bundle of books tied with a string. It is an epoch in the lite of Maggie, for she finds one book among them which for a time seems to bring contentment. It is Thomas à Kempis's "Imitation of Christ." The pages devoted to this "voice out of the far-off middle ages" show what a deep impression it made upon the author's mind.

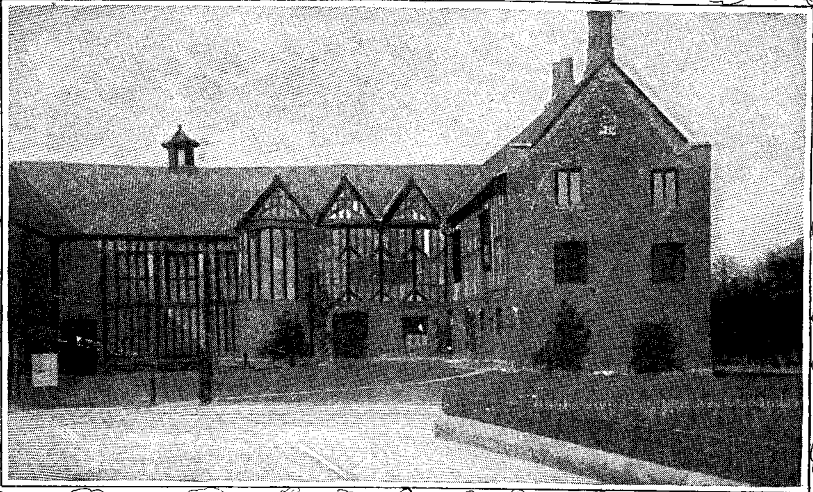
So far we have an impressionist portrait of the author's early life—her needs, her hopes, her doubts, her fears. A few incidents of real experience are interwoven with a vivid presentation of the thoughts and yearnings of her woman's soul. The subsequent chapters, in which the character of Maggie is developed with consummate skill from the impulsive, anxious-to-be-loved little girl into the beautiful woman, yielding for a moment to a great temptation, but finally summoning all her strength of will to resist, and conquering in the end, are among the most attractive in all fiction. But they are not autobiographical, although the love scene with Philip Wakem is placed in the Red Deeps, a spot very familiar to the girlhood of George Eliot. This is a place, not far from Griff, where there is a hollow made by an old quarry, and now very much overgrown. "The brown canal" of the Brother and Sister sonnet runs through this depression, transforming it into a romantic spot, admirably suited for a pair of lovers.

Although the "Mill on the Floss" has a sad ending, its pages are brightened with a humor that is quite delightful. Robert Evans's second wife (George Eliot's mother) was a "Pearson," and three of her sisters were married and living in the neighborhood. The virtues of the Pearson family were doubtless often exalted in that household. They are made the butt of the keenest satire and ridicule. The weakest of the family is Mrs. Tulliver. Although the mother of Maggie, she is far from a prototype of the mother of George Eliot. The latter had too much respect and love for her mother to picture her in such colors. But as a convenient vehicle for humor Mrs. Tulliver is irresistibly ludicrous. Her mind never rises above the ordinary thoughts of housekeeping. When Tulliver consults his wife on the all-important question of Tom's education, her reply is, "Well, Mr. Tulliver, you know best: I've no objections. But hadn't I better kill a couple of fowl and have th' aunts and uncles to dinner next week? . . . There's a couple o' fowl *wants* killing." When it is proposed to call Mr. Riley into consultation, she remarks, cheerfully, "Well, Mr. Tulliver, I've put the sheets out for the best bed, and Kezia's got 'em hanging at the fire. They aren't the best sheets, but they're good enough for anybody to sleep in, be he who he will: for as for them best Holland sheets, I should repent buying 'em, only they'll do to lay us out in. An' if you was to die tomorrow, Mr. Tulliver, they're mangled beautiful, an' all ready, an' smell o' lavender as it 'ud be a pleasure to lay 'em out."

When Maggie brings Tom home after the failure and mental collapse of their father, they find the unconscious Tulliver in his bed, attended only by the servant. The mother is seated despondently in the storeroom where her linen and "best things" were kept, weeping over the silver teapot, the spoons, the best china, and the tablecloths with her full name on them. The certainty that they must all be "sold up," and the fear lest the aunts might not buy them and thereby save the things with the family name from being used by strangers, were quite too much for the poor woman. "I know they'll none of 'em take my chany, for they all found fault with 'em when I bought 'em, 'cause o' the small gold sprig all over 'em, between the flowers." The aunts and uncles meet in solemn conference the next day, and Mrs. Tulliver makes a final tearful plea to save her teapot with her initials on it, even if it has a straight spout. "'Ah, dear, dear!' said Aunt Pullet, 'it's very bad—to think o' the family initials going about everywhere—it niver was so before, . . . but what's the use o' buying the teapot when there's the linen and spoons and everything to go, and some of 'em with your full name—and when it's got that straight spout, too.'"

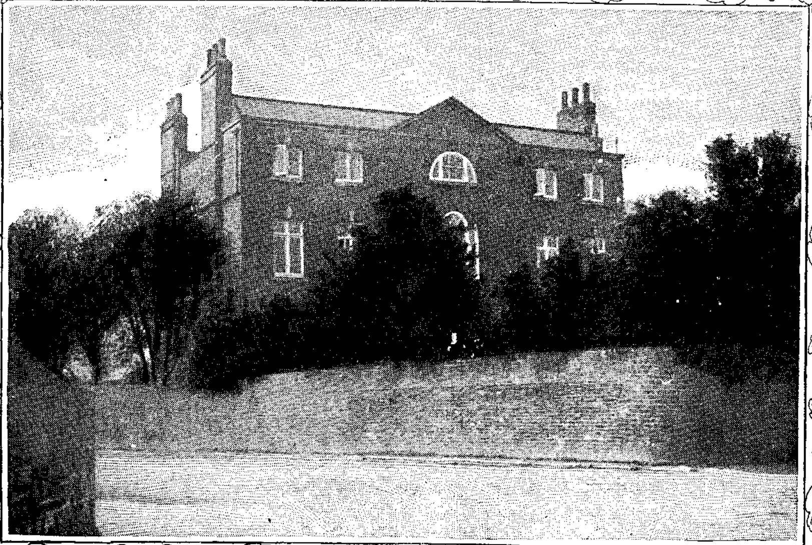
"'As to disgrace o' the family,' said Mrs. Glegg, 'that can't be helped wi' buying teapots. The disgrace is for one of the family to ha' married a man as has brought her to beggary. The disgrace is that they're to be sold up." Tom then throws a bomb into the camp by suggesting that if they don't want the family to be disgraced they buy all the things themselves, a proposition which nearly leads to a riot. Maggie then hurls defiance at her aunts, and Aunt Glegg delivers the final judgment—"Mark my words: that child 'ull come to no good; there isn't a bit of *our* family in her." For which Maggie was no doubt truly thankful.

Mathilde Blind, the author of one of the most important biographies of George Eliot, says: "'The Mill on the Floss' is



THE OLD HALL, GAINSBOROUGH

"We look with loving pardon at its inconsistencies, and are well content that they who built the Gothic façade and towers . . . did not sacrilegiously pull down the ancient half-timbered body with its oak-roofed banqueting hall"



MORTON HALL

THIS HOUSE, IN GAINSBOROUGH, IS WHERE GEORGE ELIOT WAS A GUEST WHILE SECURING MATERIAL FOR "THE MILL ON THE FLOSS." IT OVERLOOKS THE TRENT AND THE VIEW OF THE GARDEN SUGGESTS THE DESCRIPTION OF AUNT GLEGG'S HOUSE the most poetical of George Eliot's novels. The great Floss, hurrying between green pastures to the sea, gives a unity of its own to this story, which opens to the roar of waters, the weltering waters which accompany it at the close. It forms the elemental background which rounds the little lives of the ill-starred family group nurtured on its banks. The childhood of Tom and Maggie Tulliver is inextricably blended with this swift river, the traditions of which have been to them as fairy tales; its haunting presence is more or less with them throughout their chequered existence; and when pride and passion, when shame and sorrow, have divided the brother and sister, pursued as by some tragic fate, the Floss seems to rise in sympathy, and submerges them in its mighty waters to unite them once more 'in an embrace never to be parted.'"

The love affairs of Maggie, although she finally obeys the dictates of her conscience, cause a separation from her beloved brother, who is unable to understand her broad views of life and the yearnings of her woman's nature. But when the flood comes and Maggie goes to the rescue of Tom, they have a brief moment of the old childish happiness, "living through again in one supreme moment the days when they had clasped their little hands in love, and roamed the daisied fields together." On their tomb was written, "In their death they were not divided."

George Eliot's union with Mr. Lewes caused an estrangement with her brother Isaac, although her own affection toward him remained through it all, in spite of their silence. After the death of Mr. Lewes and the marriage with Mr. Cross there was a reconciliation, and arrangements were made for a family reunion. Unfortunately, George Eliot's last illness immediately followed, and the visit to her brother's home was never made; but in death they were not divided, for Isaac Evans was among those who stood by her grave, on that cold, wet day in December when she was laid to rest in Highgate Cemetery. Thus the prophecy of the "Mill on the Floss" was singularly fulfilled, more than a score of years after the book was written.

FAIRY GOLD

A DIVINATION FOR 1908

BY CHARLOTTE PORTER

Life shall be richer in you more and more,
And each New Year, far surer than before,
The Soul in you shall find,
Responsive to her sight,
Resource of Heart and Mind—
Her Treasure-trove of might
That each Day's need had sought,
With each new Sun divined,
Full ready to be wrought!
Her mystic rod of light
Shall tremble and dip down to your pure ore,
And show it waiting secretly and true,
A mine of unsuspected gold in you!
The sensitive witch-hazel of each sun,
Sparkling the darkling mood,
Shall find your Fairy Gold, and make it one
With all your life holds good!

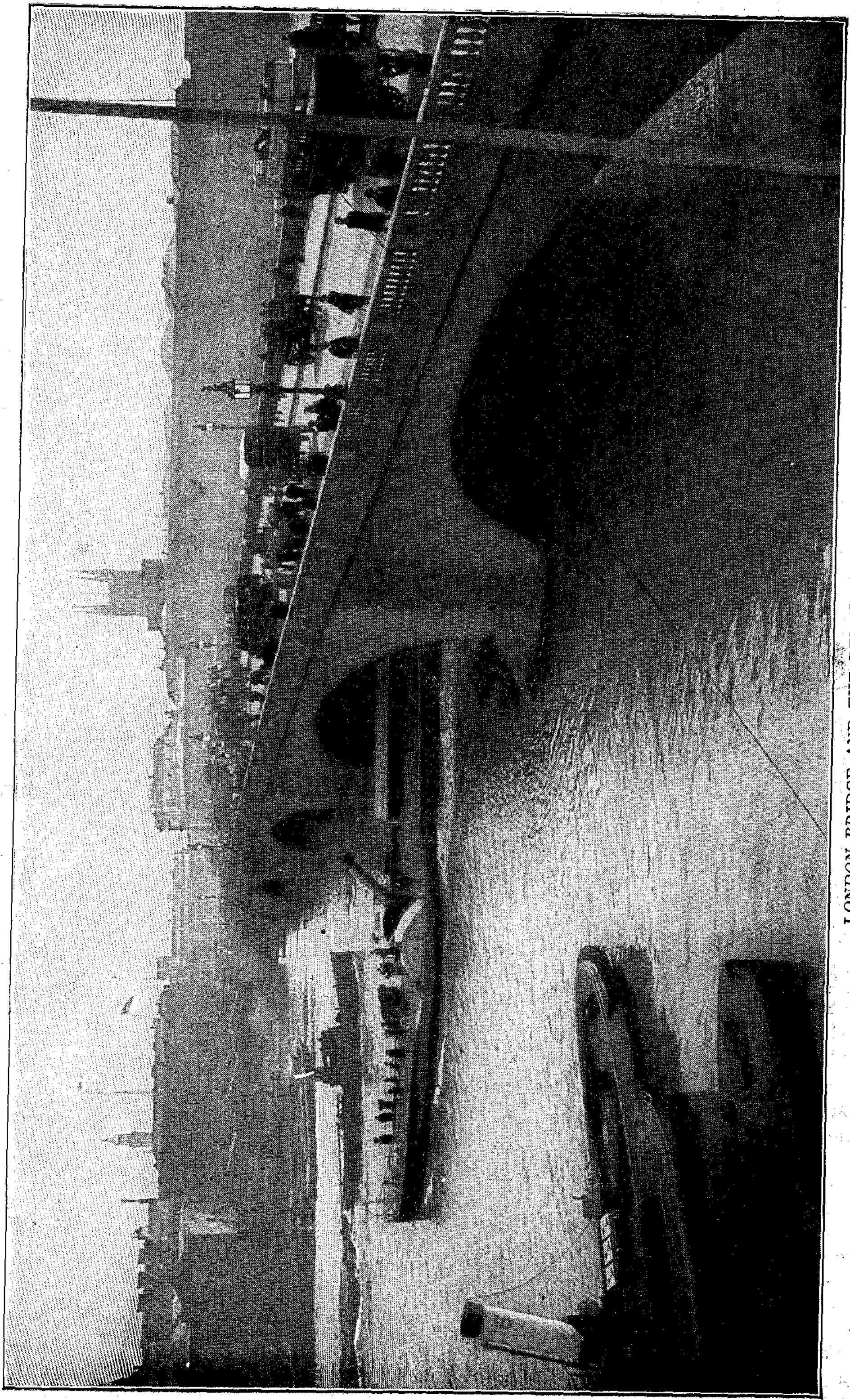
THE STREETS OF LONDON

BY RALPH D. BLUMENFELD

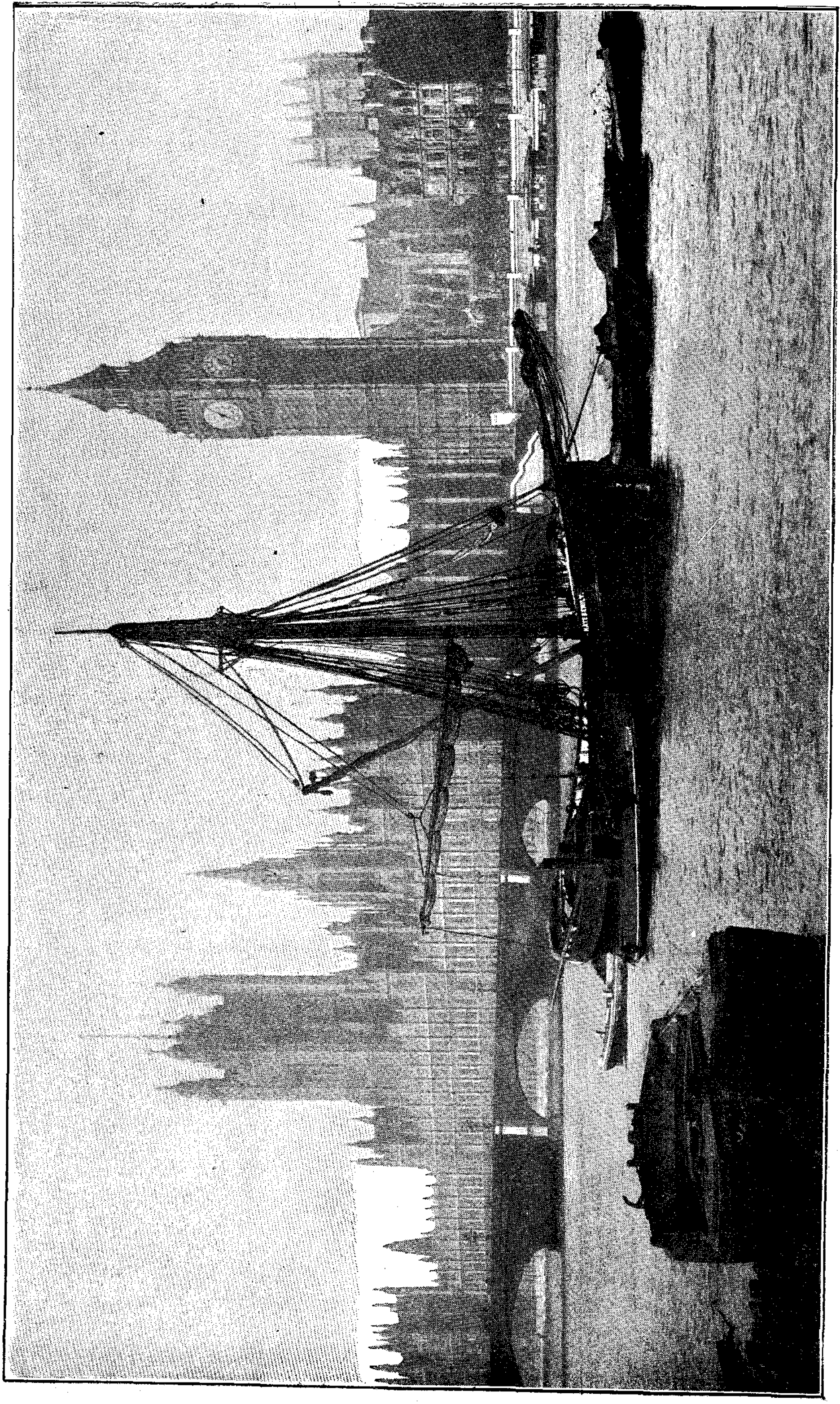
ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR HEWITT

AT THE GATES OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE

IT is difficult to think of London as one does of other great cities, for it does not focus readily. There are too many Londons, too many glaring contrasts, to bring the whole into a single mind picture. Twenty Londons, all distinct, separate, contradictions one of the other, would hardly suffice. Every man has his own particular mental view of London. To one, the mere mention of the name conjures up a scene of Piccadilly with its crush of well-dressed, prosperous people, and of Regent Street and its splendid shops; to another comes at once a vision of cool, shady Pall Mall, walled in with massive clubs and evidences of unostentatious wealth and solidity; to a third comes a glimpse of St. James's Street, whose Georgian bow-windowed clubs seem still to echo the revelries of Charles James Fox and his fellows who gambled until daylight and slept only to gather strength for another day's carousings; to a fourth appears a picture of London at night, thoroughfares crowded with carriages laden with the most wonderfully gowned and bejeweled women, or a view of the restaurants gleaming with light and filled with diners in evening dress; a fifth will think of his London as representing the Strand or Fleet Street, busy, breathless, unheeding, seeming ever anxious to get on or off one or the other of the screeching motor omnibuses that will take you anywhere you like to think of for a few pence; a homesick expatriate, far from his beloved metropolis, will cast his thoughts back to lines of suburban streets, dark with the shade of great elms, dotted with peaceful villas in gardens where the turf is green and carpetlike and flowers abound, and London itself seems con-

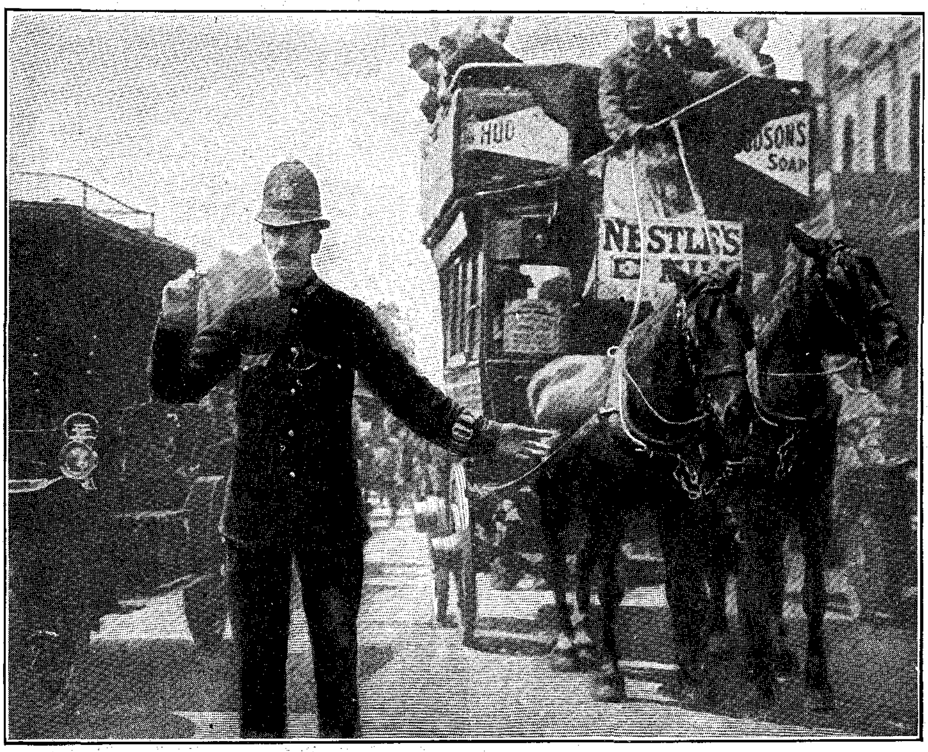


LONDON BRIDGE AND THE PENNY STEAMERS



THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

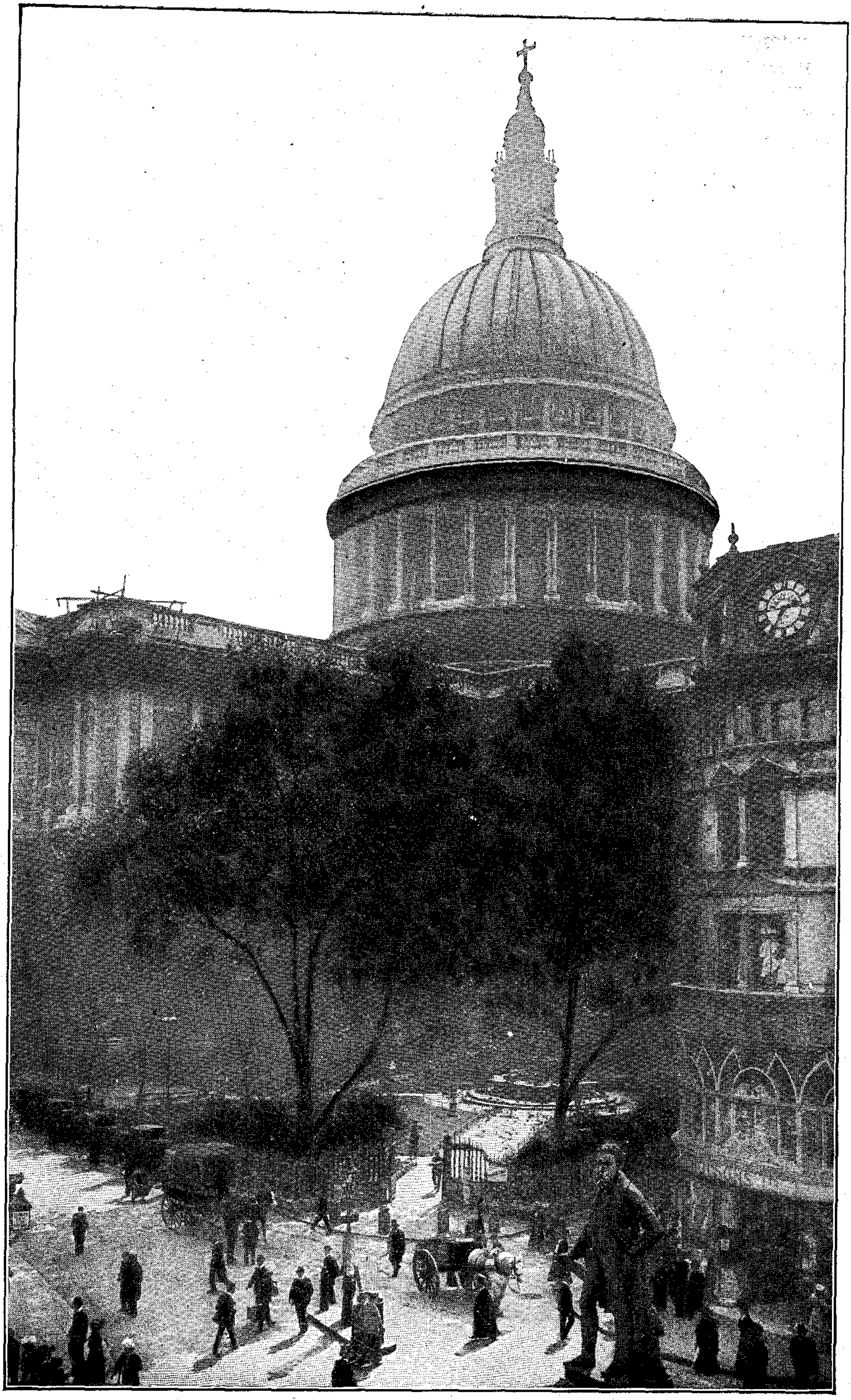
tinents away, though it be only round the corner in the guise of a dirty, grimy, crime-laden street of the submerged tenth; or another still will think of the City where meet Threadneedle Street, Lombard Street, Cheapside, Princes Street, Queen Victoria Street, and King William Street, the busiest corner in the world, with the Bank, the Royal Exchange, and the Mansion House staring everlastingly down on the vast crowds, millionaires and paupers, lords and commoners, magnates and clerks, motor omnibuses and grocers' vans, all held in check by the simple uplifting of a single hand, the hand of the most efficient policeman in Europe.



A MEMBER OF THE MOST EFFICIENT POLICE FORCE IN EUROPE

All these scenes, and many more, represent London truly, and yet London goes beyond them. A nation of six millions of people elects to call itself a town, but there are many towns. You walk for hours through great business thoroughfares, thinking at last that as you proceed the houses take on a more and more suburban appearance, and that you have at last reached the end of it all, when, lo! before you appears another equally great business thoroughfare with vast shops, busy pavements, crashing motor omnibuses, and strange two-decked trams, all bearing evidence of metropolitan activity—streets perhaps unknown to the majority of Londoners, but which in other towns would be dignified by the adjective "principal." And so you pass on until you reach the suburban villas again, only to stumble half an hour later into another "principal" street with its own particular theaters, its "town hall," its local newspaper offices, and its own self-contained mode of existence. East, west, north, and south it is the same. We who only live in Piccadilly and the Strand, or who imagine that we live in London merely because we take the underground train at South Kensington to the Temple, know nothing of the real London, because we never see it. The tourist only cracks the shell of the egg. He never reaches the yolk. I have lived in London for twenty years, and I am always discovering new towns with new people, who in their turn are just as much Londoners as those of us who live nearer the heart of things. This is particularly true of the East End, where the foreigner from eastern Europe has chosen to thrive; where English is seldom heard, and even the policemen are required to arrest miscreants in strange tongues, the railway companies issue notices in a gibberish called Yiddish, and even the theaters and newspapers are conducted in foreign languages. There are several millions of people on the south side of the Thames, on the Surrey side of the river, a vast congeries of towns, with great business streets, miles upon miles of fine residential districts and miles upon miles of slums, to which London proper never turns and to whose local affairs it pays no attention. Yet it is all a part of London, for now and then it comes across the river in its leisure moments and transacts its affairs on the Middlesex side of the river, without betraying those signs of strangeness that invariably stamp the provincial or the foreigner. The Surrey side sends to London great army corps of men and women every morning to work in the shops and warehouses. They come by Tube and tram, load upon load, trooping to their appointed tasks, turning never out of the beaten path, and going back at night to their particular local haunts, leaving London to the Londoner in his evening clothes or the mass of rags that pass for habiliment—for at night London's class lines are more than ever marked out. The great majority of wage-earners who live in semi-detached houses in the suburbs play but a small part in the revelries of the metropolis, for they have their own places of amusement at their doors; and so Lazarus and Dives keep watch within the walls, Lazarus in the streets, selling matches, opening cab doors, cadging for pennies, fighting in the murky courts that have not all been swept away, lurking in the narrow by-streets, hungry, greedy-eyed, vicious; Dives lolling in a carriage or in a theater stall, or dining like Lucullus at the restaurants which have made London famous throughout the world in ten short years as the most brilliant night city in

SCOTCH PIPER AND SWORD DANCERS



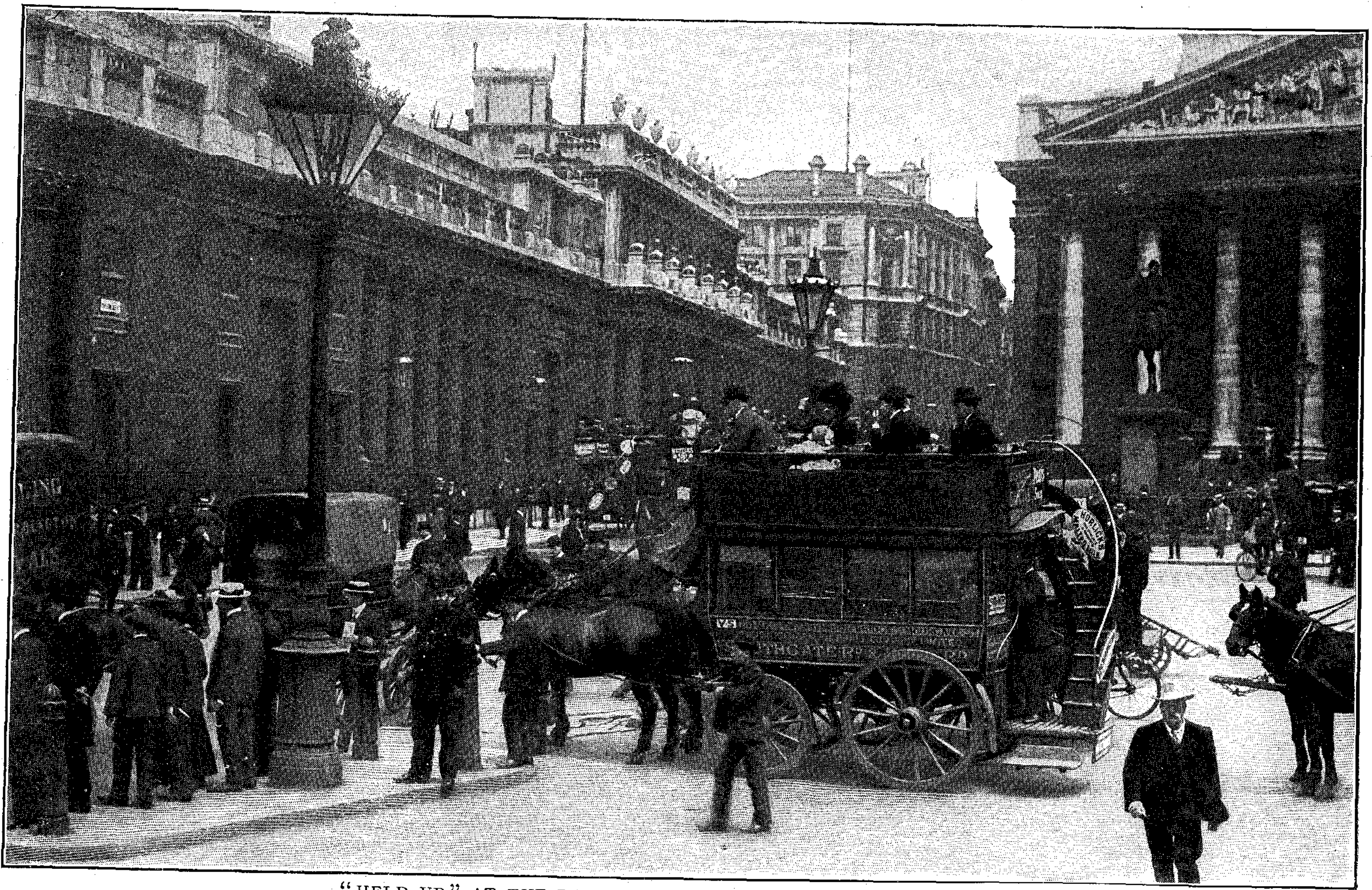
ST. PAUL'S

Europe. Paris is no longer to be preferred to London for its restaurant scenes, for London has adapted itself to the new life with a spirit never suspected of it in the days when only the Café Royal and Willis' rooms were the accepted places for dining out. You now have your choice of half a hundred world-famous restaurants, where one is considered to be fashionable by the mere fact of being seen at one of the tables, and where the chef no longer complains of a lack of appreciation of the culinary art.

It is a vast gulf that has been bridged in London since the days of the coffee-houses, when ladies dined only at home or in the houses of their friends, and there is an unimaginable difference since the days of Pepys, who knew his London better than most men and yet could never find anything more delectable to eat away from home than a venison pasty. I wonder what Pepys would say if he were to come back to his London to-day! He would find Cheapside altered, save for Bow Church; he would recognize St. Paul's, of course, and perhaps Fleet Street, although even here, in the "center of the world's brains," the modern builder has been exercising a pernicious activity; he would have to ask his way up the Strand, in spite of the two ecclesiastical sentinels, St. Mary le Strand and St. Clement's Dane, which stand where they did to remind the world that Sir Christopher Wren and his fellows could learn nothing from the architects of to-day; and he would be completely staggered at the sight of the Savoy Hotel, on whose site once thundered a great mediæval duke, or the Cecil Hotel, built on the ground made historic by Burleigh, Queen Elizabeth's Minister. Trafalgar Square in his time was a mean little place, faced by the great Northumberland House, of which there is only one remnant, a decorative great wooden lion, which now flings up its tail defiantly from the roof of a brewery on the Surrey side of the Thames; and Northumberland House itself is taken up by the Metropole and Victoria hotels, which in turn have gone the way of all things, for when I first came to London the fashionable tourist resorted to these hospitable walls, eschewing all others. The Metropole and Victoria are now what is called "quiet and elegant." Their vogue was before the advent of the Savoy, the Carlton, the Ritz, the Berkeley, or Claridges'. Pepys would almost find his way about Whitehall, which is faced with the accusing statue of Charles I., the same statue that was taken down and "demolished" by Cromwell's orders, and was restored to the nation by the disobedient Islington contractor who had only buried it. It was to Whitehall that Pepys used to travel by water from the City. He could do that journey cheaper nowadays, for he could be carried from London Bridge, where his barge used to embark him, to Whitehall steps for no more than a single penny; and do it much quicker, too, for the penny steamers, conducted by the County Council at an annual loss of £50,000 to the ratepayer, would carry him to the foot of Whitehall steps, where now stands Scotland Yard, with its grim record of crime detection, in something like a quarter of an hour, whereas his watermen, with the best will and muscles in the world, could not have accomplished the picturesque journey in less than an hour. They would have started from London Bridge, which had houses on it—houses that have been pictured to us by many contemporaneous prints, and whose like may still be seen on the Rialto Bridge at Venice, though these, too, are no longer used for trade. They would have passed under Blackfriars Bridge, where once ran the old Fleet River, and still runs through a subterranean tube, directly under the ground once occupied by the friars—black and white and gray—who once owned the best part of old London; they would have passed over what is now the Embankment, which has been reclaimed from the Thames, under the very portals of Somerset House, that fine vast palace which Elizabeth took from my lord of Somerset, and in whose walls now labor hundreds of young men, on Government pay, affixing stamps to contracts and filing wills and marriage and death certificates; and they would have deposited the garrulous Secretary to the Admiralty on the spot where he would still be able to find his way, though the Lifeguardsmen at the Horse Guards, who stand opposite the site of King Charles's execution, would puzzle him. Then they carried halberds and pikes; now they are obliged to live in plated coats and high jack-boots, and are subjected to the daily scrutiny of amorous nursemaids without being able—owing to regulations—to enter into amiable converse.

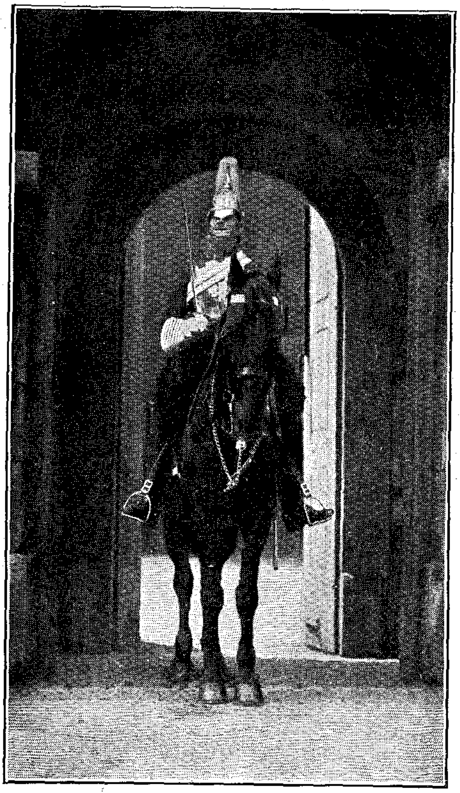
I am fairly convinced that London is to-day by far more interesting and certainly more picturesque than it was in the days of the famous diarist. It is larger, of course, and more orderly. It is also safer to walk in the streets, for even in Pepys's time the residents made short work of their slops by opening a window, and, with a cry of "Gare loo" (*garde de l'eau*), emptied them to the pavement below, much to the detriment of wigs and furbelows passing by. Our costumes are not so full of color as they were in those days, but there is nevertheless more daily pageantry. Nell Gwynn selling oranges at Drury Lane could not have been more picturesque than the flower-girls, old and young, that congregate in fair weather and foul at the base of that hideous erection in Piccadilly, placed there to commemorate a great statesman, the Earl of Shaftesbury; and the language of the festive Nell, who became the mother of a line of dukes, could certainly not have exceeded in picturesque variety that of her flower-selling sisters at the Piccadilly fountain. Where in all the world is there the equal of the sight in Hyde Park at five o'clock in the afternoon during the season? Here are the most magnificent carriages, the most beautiful horses, the stateliest women of the realm, crowded, wheel by wheel, in a perfect kaleidoscope. What is more inspiring than the picture of the King's guard being changed in the quadrant of old St. James's Palace every morning at eleven? A company of stalwart guardsmen, led by two subalterns carrying the King's colors; a body of

THE FLOWER-GIRL



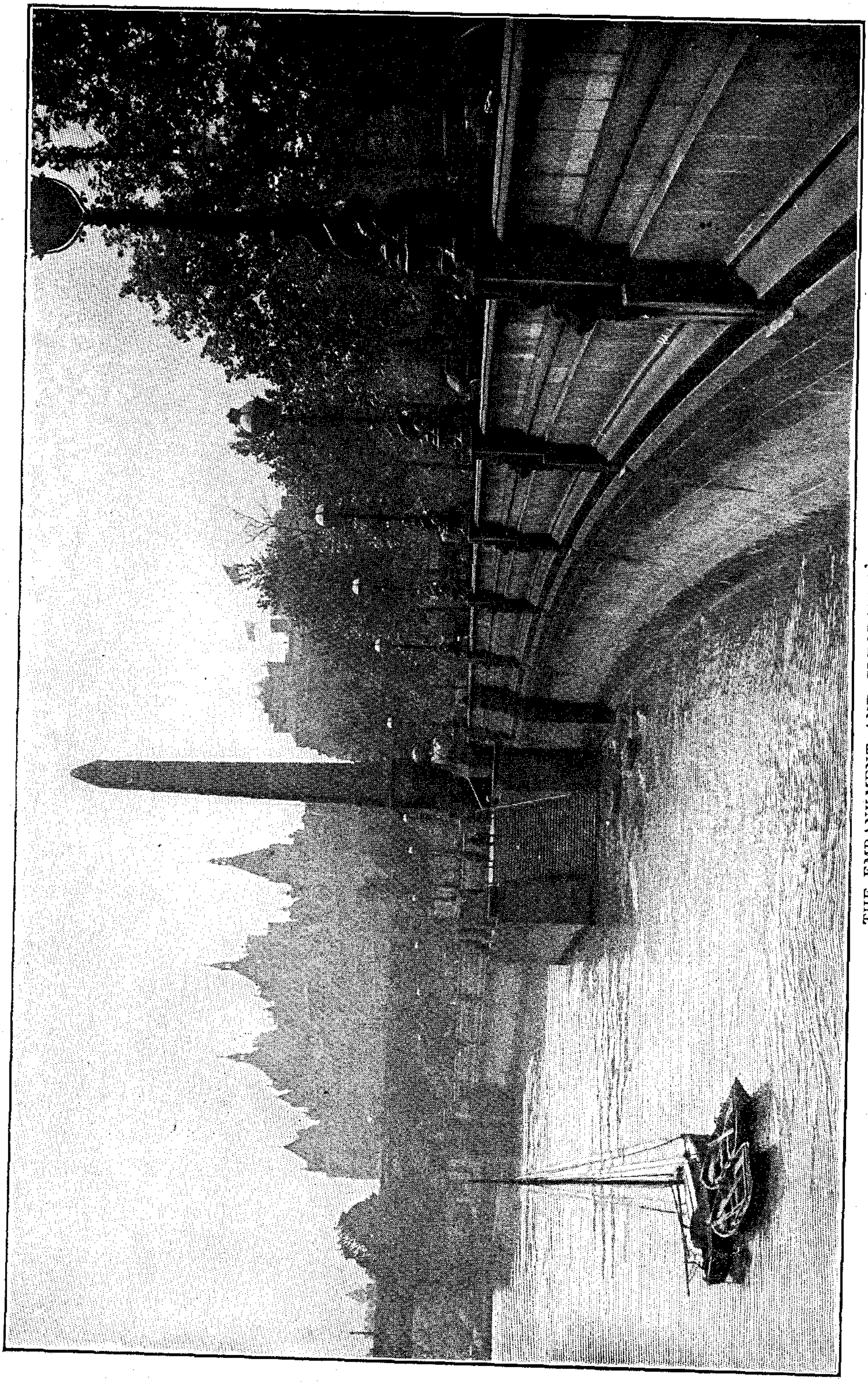
“HELD UP” AT THE BANK—THE BUSIEST CORNER IN THE WORLD

Yeomen of the Guard, dressed as they were in the Middle Ages, biretta, ruffs, slashes, halberds, buckles, and all; a great crowd looking on and a hundred men in a military band playing American negro "rag-time" tunes, contribute to the scene which is ever the delight of old or young. You see a royal carriage roll out of the driveway of one of the palaces, preceded, mayhap, by a troop of clanking Lifeguardsmen. Hats are doffed, handkerchiefs are waved, policemen salute, and passing soldiers and sailors, who are always in evidence, stand rigidly at attention until the splendid equipage flashes past. There is always a small knot of people at the gates of Buckingham Palace waiting for the recurrence of a scene like this. Out in the streets there is always pageantry of a kind. The Lord Mayor, perhaps, is abroad in his great state carriage, with his mace, golden and ostentatious, sticking obtrusively out of the window. On the box is the fattest coachman that is known to the craft. On his head is a great three-cornered gold-laced hat. Under the hat is a powdered and curled wig. His fine round legs are incased in the pinkest of pink silk stockings, and he sits—dignity enthroned—on the high box, a very king among coachmen. Behind, hanging to straps, are two of the tallest possible footmen, who would have given Frederick William a month's unalloyed joy. In front of the carriage rides the City Marshal, dressed like a general of division and wearing a weight of medals won by him in many colonial wars. Behind are two less gorgeous but still most elaborate carriages containing the City Sheriffs; and so this pageant passes. Here comes a fire-engine, with its brass-helmeted fire-fighters yelling "Hi-hi-hi" like demons and scattering the traffic to both sides of the street. It is a frequent scene, and always draws in London, for above all things the Londoner loves to turn himself into a crowd. A street fight between women, ordinary and inevitable in every mean street, invariably attracts a crowd of onlookers forming a ring, and who, being inspired by a mutual desire to see some one injured, are all determined to have fair play. Interference is not dreamt of, and the appearance of a policeman ambling majestically and unconcernedly along merely signalizes the break-up of the crowd, which dissolves as rapidly as it had assembled, while the policeman confines himself to a few admonitions to the combatants, in which "go home" is the principal point of advice. The law does not include in its machinery the necessary arrest of people who are merely carrying out their inherent tendency to use their fists. If it did, the police stations would be crowded with amateur pugilists in which the female element would have a large representation.



THE SENTRY AT THE HORSE GUARDS

The motor omnibus, which has transformed London from a peaceful metropolis into a thumping, crashing, nerve-shaking bedlam, has a few virtues which in a measure compensate for the injuries which it has inflicted alike on householder and pedestrian. When the weather is good, it is pleasant to take an over-

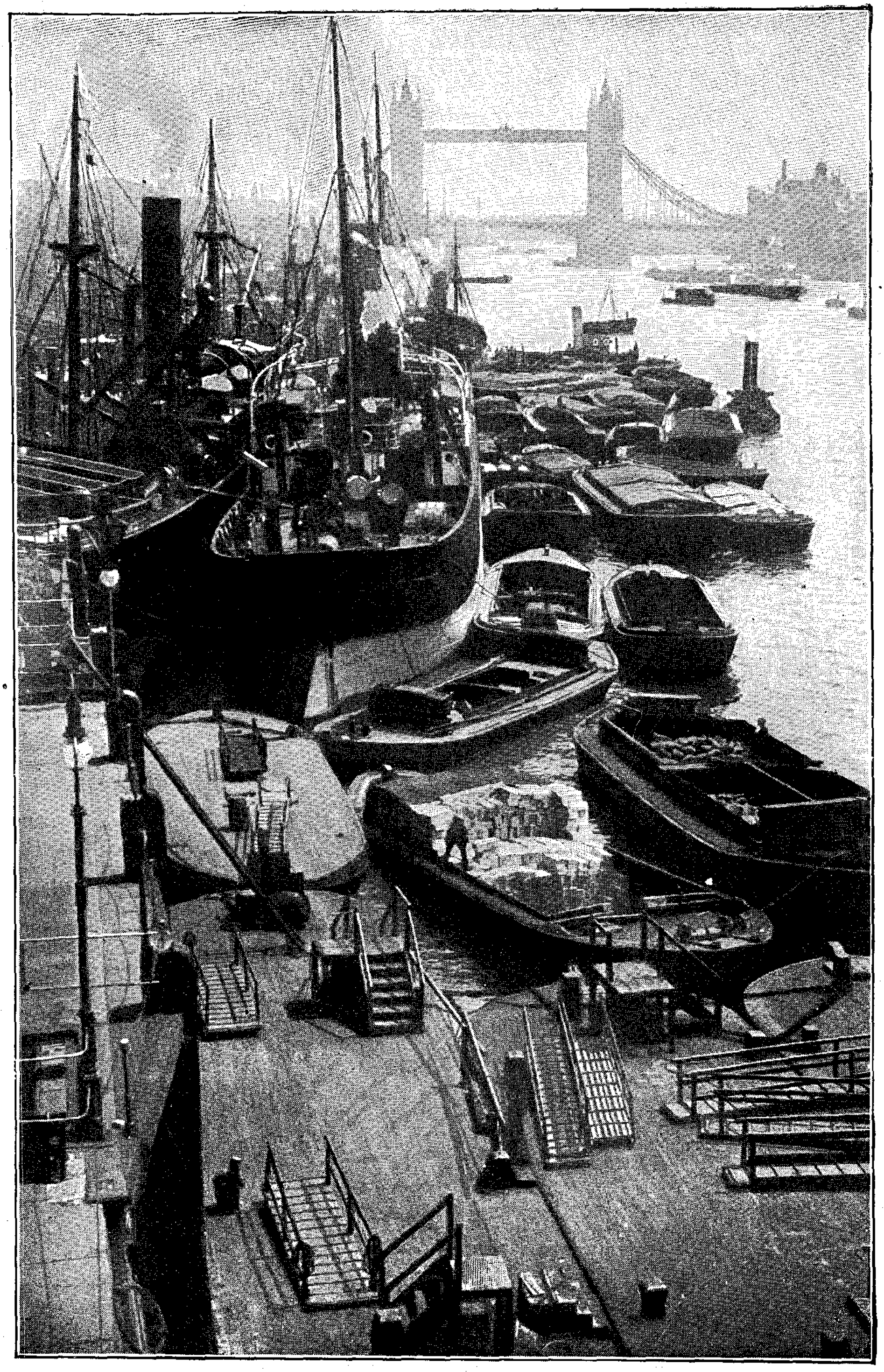


THE EMBANKMENT AND CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE

head view of London from its airy perch. When it rains, the advantage of a roof-excursion is not so apparent, because, aside from the discomfort wrought by driving rain, the tendency to "skid" on the slippery asphalt constitutes a menace to life and limb which only the very brave may face. Ten minutes of rain transforms a London pavement into a gummed slipping-ground on which the poor horses stumble about like wounded soldiers on a battlefield, while the motor omnibus swishes from side to side, endangering vehicular traffic and threatening human beings as nothing has ever done before. But otherwise, provided you select a fairly new vehicle that does not jar overmuch, it is decidedly pleasant to have a view of London and its pageantry by this method, and the stranger obtains a better idea of the vastness of the town, owing to the rapidity with which the ground is covered.

Notwithstanding the newly constituted network of electric underground railways—thanks to the enterprise of the late Mr. Yerkes—the traffic in the streets shows no sign of abatement, and this, too, in the face of seemingly endless competition on the part of constantly increasing companies organized for the purpose of carrying passengers by motor. In the old days which Leach used to love to dwell on in his "Punch" cartoons, the business man took his hour or so on the knife-board of a horse-omnibus which ambled, easily and time-despising, from Hampstead Heath to the City. The business man of importance could be recognized in the man on the driver's seat, for this favored coign of vantage was possible only by means of a weekly tip to the driver, who reserved the places on each side of the box for his regular patrons. Nowadays even the motor bus is too slow for the man of affairs, who, if he does not have himself conveyed to his place of business by his own automobile, goes from home swiftly and comfortably in one of the Tubes; and so London has become modernized, in one respect at least. You can see London from the top of an omnibus by going, let us say, from Putney, where live Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Theodore Watts Dunton in poetic comradeship and where the annual University boat race is started, in a direct non-stop journey to Bow Bridge, a distance of quite twelve miles, for a few coppers, and you run the entire gamut of London's wealth and power, poverty and privation, business strength, modernization, and decay. The route is at first suburban. Then you come into Knightsbridge, over what was once Tyburn, where they used to hang, draw, and quarter the men who were taken for highway robbery. This was where now lie Kensington Gardens and that atrocious affair, resembling a gingerbread structure, called the Albert Memorial.

From Knightsbridge the motor takes you to Hyde Park Corner, where the Duke of Wellington stands guard in bronze, between the royal arch leading to the Green Park and the mansion which a grateful nation made over to him for "helping the Germans to smash Napoleon at Waterloo." The house was then far from the center of things at the extremity of the town, and came to be known as "No. 1 London," which designation it still bears. Any letters sent to that address would certainly be delivered to the present Duke. Now we are in Piccadilly itself, passing the houses of the Rothschilds, the women's clubs, the Turf, the Naval and Military, once the home of Lord Palmerston, Prime Minister; Devonshire House, where the famous Georgina lived in her time; the Ritz Hotel, standing where once the coaches started for the West country with blunderbuss ready by the guard's side; passing also the White Horse cellars, the Burlington Arcade, famed in song and story, the Royal Academy striving to keep up British art; the Albany, the most famous bachelor home in the world, where Byron wrote many of his works; into Piccadilly through Cockspur Street, once a center for coffee-houses, now the home of steamship offices; down the Strand past the Law Courts, with a glimpse of the Temple and its bewigged barristers and the haunts of Dr. Johnson; up Ludgate Hill in the face of St. Paul's, down to the Bank, and then through Mile End Road, once the home of great merchants and now the exclusive terrain of Russians and Poles with their barrows and their



THE POOL BELOW LONDON BRIDGE, WHERE SHIPS FROM THE SEVEN SEAS UNLOAD packs. The Mile End Road, exactly as in the case of the lower Broadway district, was a prosperous residential thoroughfare in whose vicinity lived prosperous people. So the Mile End Road has come to its present state, but even then it is an aristocrat among streets beside those through which your Putney bus is to take you, for you traverse the districts which have made the slums of London a byword throughout the world. And finally you pull up at Bow Bridge. But beyond this the electric tram takes you up and carries you miles away, until your head whirls and you wonder what all these people can possibly do to earn a livelihood. Somehow or other only a few hundred thousand of them are actually in want; and their more prosperous brethren, who manage to make enough money to pay the rent of a few rooms and buy enough food to keep alive, write to their relations in the country and tell of the glories of London, so that they, too, one by one, in pairs and in troops, throw down their agricultural drudgery and come to the Mecca where the beer-shops have a dred lights o' nights and the music h only charge twopence for a night's e tainment. The millionaire comes to don because it is the center of all thi possible for men with means. The lout comes from the fresh air of the ntry to swelter and wallow in a slum precisely the same reason. The t of view is the same, and the compar s are relative. All English roads lead London. Every Briton, whether h e in Aberdeen or at Land's End, says am going *up* to London."

THE MORNING TOILET OF ONE OF THE NELSON LIONS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE

TWO STORIES BY DAUDET

THE POPE'S MULE

AND

THE SUB-PREFECT IN THE FIELDS

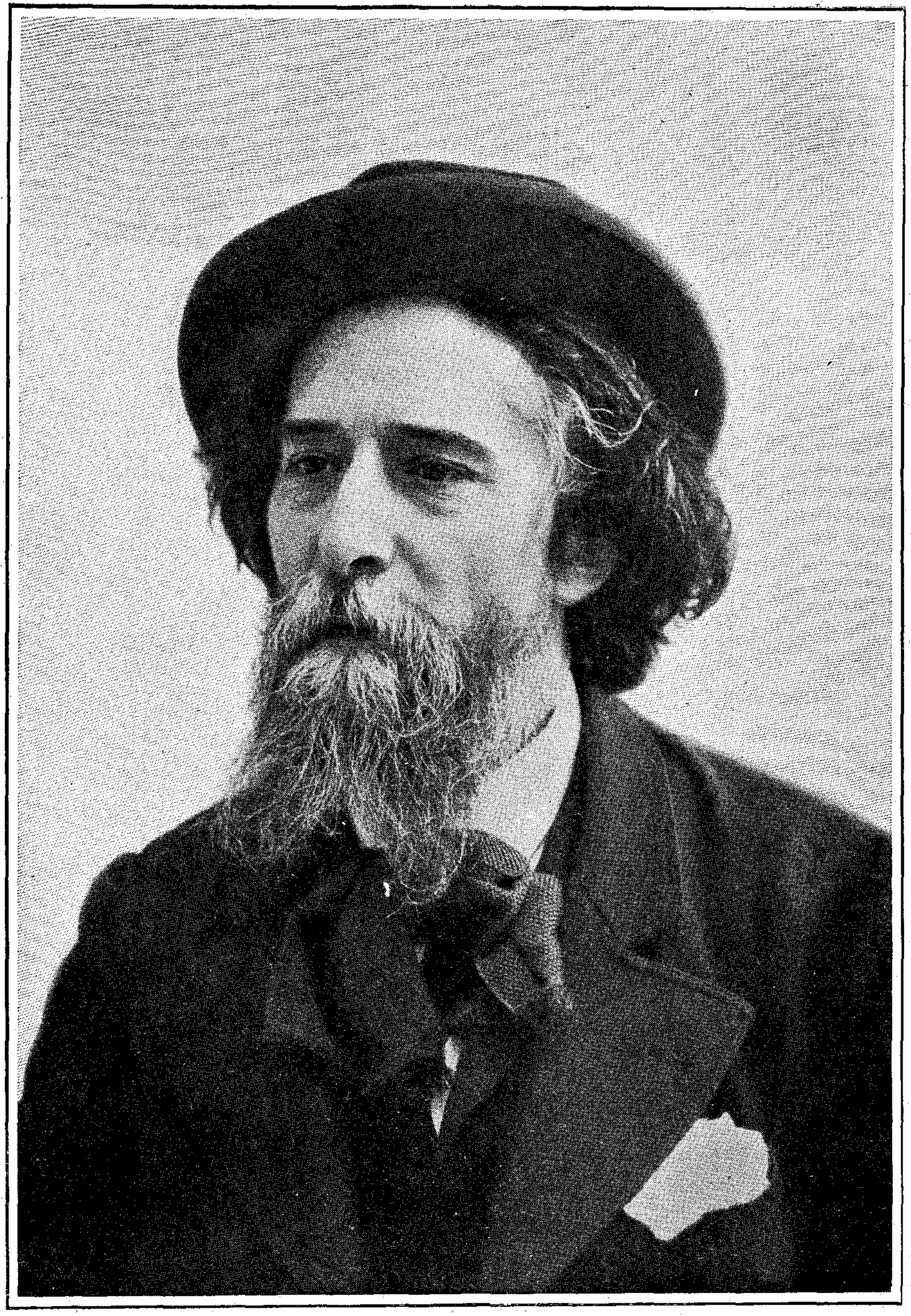
BY ALPHONSE DAUDET

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

IF one does not know Alphonse Daudet, Mistral's fascinating "Memoirs" and Rostand's brilliant "Cyrano de Bergerac" make a capital introduction to the genius of this delicate and facile painter of the temperament of the Midi and of the society of the Third Empire. The country of "Mirèio" touches the frontier of the country of "Tartarin," and a kindred exuberance of temperament is the heritage of Provence and the Midi. The poet has told the story of his childhood with fascinating *naïveté* of feeling, and the novelist has left full reports of his early years and of those struggles to secure a footing in Paris, the severity of which is not hidden by the gayety which pervades the recital. Both writers had the great endowment of spontaneity and courage of emotion, of extreme susceptibility, of quick feeling; the gift of freedom of self-expression denied to the northern races. Mistral and Daudet talk about themselves with a child's innocent egotism; while both share with Rostand the romantic temperament, "the revolt against the tyranny of the fact."

Daudet became a close observer, an almost painfully exact student of social conditions; but the tinge of romanticism never passed entirely from his work. Paris devoured his vitality, as it has consumed the vitality of so many men of genius; it gave him the large experience of disillusion which is the exhalation of its partial experience and the over-emphasis of its interest in certain facts of life; but it never drained the springs of his love of his kind, his flowing sympathy, a certain graciousness born of his kindly spirit. Overwork, over-intensity, keen observation, lowered the note of gayety which was characteristic of his early work, but left his ideals unharmed. It was a fine saying of de Musset's that it takes a great deal of life to make a little art, and the lamp of Daudet's genius was so generously fed by life that it burned itself out far too soon, but not until it had cast a wide circle of light on his time.

It is impossible to separate the author of "Letters from My Mill" and "Numa Roumestan" from his work, so colored and shaped was that work by the temper-



ALPHONSE DAUDET

ament and experience of the novelist. Fortunately, few writers of distinction have given us so much aid in seeing what manner of men they were. Of his childhood at Nîmes, where he was born in 1840, he has left an exquisite report in "Le Petit Chose." His father was a well-to-do manufacturer, who lost his fortune and removed to Lyons. A little formal education, a rapacious reading of books, and much eager writing were followed by a brief and painful trial of teaching; from the insupportable bondage of which Daudet fled to Paris in 1857. The arrival in Paris, where his brother Ernest awaited him; the procession to the Latin Quarter, the little valise studded with nails on a push-cart and the two country boys marching behind; the breakfast of three sous' worth of coffee, two rolls, and an omelet at daybreak in a little creamery not far from the Odéon; the first glimpse of the marble queens in the Luxembourg Garden, the little garret room in the Hôtel du Sénat, the horde of students from the South, "excellent fellows, a little vainglorious, self-assured and jovial, great connoisseurs in beer-mugs and tedious lectures, who filled the stairways and corridors with their deep bass voices"—how delightfully the story of the great adventure is told in "Thirty Years in Paris"! Zola, who met him in those days of great ambitions, threadbare clothes, and meager dinners, describes him "living on the outskirts of the city with other poets, a whole band of joyous Bohemians. He had the delicate, nervous beauty of an Arab horse, with flowing hair, silky, divided beard, large eyes, narrow nose, an amorous mouth, and over it all a sort of illumination, a breath of tender light that individualized the whole face, with a smile full at once of intellect and of the joy of life."

After a few months of self-denial and of short but exciting excursions into the world of Paris, on one of which he wore his first coat and was mistaken for a Wallachian prince, the good fairy appeared in the person of the beautiful Empress, who, charmed by one of his poems, secured for him a position as secretary to the Duke of Morny, a half-brother of the Emperor's and Minister of State. There was little work, but there was ample opportunity to study official life and Parisian society at close range, and Daudet made the most of it. In "The Nabob," "Kings in Exile," and "Numa Roumestan" there are invaluable records of the five years of nominal service of the state. A visit to Algiers, Corsica, Sardinia, and Provence enriched him with material of many kinds, and acquaintance with Gambetta, Rochefort, and Mistral gave him a new outlook on life and a knowledge of character which he soon used with delicate and penetrating skill.

The "Letters from My Mill" was one of the early, though not the earliest, fruits of these youthful experiences and of the impulse to write which had driven him to Paris and tormented him until he gave it full and free expression. These stories struck a fresh note and announced the appearance of a delicate and variously gifted artist. In form they showed a wonderful perfection of insight and workmanship; they were touched with an indefinable but unescapable charm of temperament; they had a winning informality, born of intimacy with the country and people they described, and they struck the notes of humor and pathos with the ease of what the French call a little master. Greater works were to follow these, but nothing more characteristic of the sensitive artistic nature, the gayety of mood, the romantic temper subdued by close observation, the flexible, impressionistic style of these delightful tales of Provençal life.

Of "The Nabob;" "Numa Roumestan," that impersonation of Provençal exuberance, "pompous, classical, theatrical; loving parade, costume, the platform, banners, flags, trumpets;" "Kings in Exile," full of the irony of the modern fortunes of royalty and the seductions of Paris; "Jack," which suggests the influence of Dickens; the "Evangelist," with its keen analysis of religious enthusiasm; "Sapho," dedicated "to his sons when they are twenty," with its merciless portraiture of moral disintegration; "The Academician," a satire on narrow scholarship and the French Academy; and other tales, long and short, it is impossible to speak here. They reflect a beautiful talent rather than a great genius; artistic temperament of marked sensitiveness; keen observation of contemporary manners; skillful rather than original handling of materials. Dumas's Paris centers around the Palais Royal; Victor Hugo's around Notre Dame and the Latin Quarter; Balzac's Paris was the city of the second quarter of the last century; Daudet made delicate transcriptions of the society of the Paris of the Third Empire.

In striking contrast to these Parisian romances are the stories which deal with Provence, the country of his childhood, the background of his imagination, the source of his temperament. He loved the Midi, and could smile at the extravagances of her children without a touch of bitterness. In "Tartarin of Tarascon," "On the Alps," and "Port Tarascon" he touched with the gentlest irony the gasconading tendency of his fellow-countrymen, their skill in substituting brave words for brave deeds, their magnificent audacity in surrounding themselves with heroic legends, their power of self deception. Tartarin is one of the real creations of modern fiction—a mighty hunter and explorer who faced appalling dangers without any greater risk than that of being exposed by some cold-blooded seeker after facts. He is the personification of the gasconading Provençal, as Numa Roumestan is the personification of the Provençal capacity for dramatic leadership. Of the great hunter of the lion Daudet said, "Tartarin has qualities of youth, of vitality, of truth—a truth from beyond the Loire, that may swell and exaggerate facts, but never lies;" he described Numa Roumestan as "caressing, feline, of an eloquence brilliant, excited, yet colorless, quick to anger, and yet giving anger a sham expression even when it is sincere."

This versatile and winning writer, who could observe coldly and touch his phrase with penetrating irony, is seen at his best in "Letters from My Mill," the early harvesting of his freshest experiences, his first glimpses of life; intimate, tender, idyllic, humorous, full of the charm of a youth saturated with legend, given to reverie, touched with poetic sensibility. H. W. M.

THE POPE'S MULE

OF all the clever sayings, proverbs, or saws with which our Provence peasants embellish their discourse, I know of none more picturesque or more peculiar than this. Within a radius of fifteen leagues of my mill, when anybody mentions a spiteful, vindictive man, he will say: "Look out for that man! he is like the Pope's mule, that keeps her kick for seven years."

I tried for a long time to find out the source of that proverb, what that Papal mule might be, and that kick kept for seven years. No one here was able to give me any information on that subject, not even Francet Mamaï, my fife-player, who, however, has the whole legendary history of Provence at his finger-ends. Francet agrees with me that there is probably some old tradition of Provence behind it; but he has never heard it mentioned except in the proverb.

"You won't find that anywhere except in the Grasshoppers' Library," said the old fifer, with a laugh.

I thought the suggestion a good one, and as the Grasshoppers' Library is right at my door, I shut myself up there for a week.

It is a wonderful library, splendidly stocked, open to poets day and night, the attendants being little librarians with cymbals, who play for you all the time. I passed some delightful days there, and after a week of investigation—on my back—I ended by discovering what I wanted to know, that is to say, the story of my mule and of that famous kick stored up for seven years. The tale is a pretty one, although slightly ingenuous, and I am going to try to tell it to you as I read it yesterday morning in a manuscript of the color of the weather, which had a pleasant smell of dry lavender, with long gossamer-threads for book-marks.

He who never saw Avignon in the time of the Popes has seen nothing. Never was there such a city for gayety, life, animation, and a succession of fêtes. There were, from morning till night, processions, pilgrimages, streets strewn with flowers and carpeted with magnificent tapestries; cardinals arriving by the Rhône, with banners flying; gayly bedecked galleys, the soldiers of the Pope singing in Latin on the squares, and the bowls of mendicant friars; and then, from roof to cellar of the houses that crowded humming about the great Papal palace, like bees about their hive, there was the tick-tack of the lace-makers' looms, the rapid movement of the shuttles weaving gold thread for the vestments, the little hammers of the carvers of burettes, the key-boards being tuned at the lute-makers', the songs of the sempstresses; and, overhead, the clang of the bells, and always a tambourine or two jingling down by the bridge. For with us, when the common people are pleased, they must dance and dance; and as the streets in the city in those days were too narrow for the farandole, the fifes and the tambourines stationed themselves on Avignon Bridge, in the cool breezes from the Rhône; and there the people danced and danced, day and night. Ah! the happy days! the happy city! Halberds that did not wound, state prisons where they put wine to cool. No famine; no wars. That is how the Popes of the Comtat governed the people; that is why the people regretted them so bitterly.

There was one especially, a good old fellow, whom they called Boniface. Ah! how many tears were shed in Avignon when he died! He was such a good-natured, affable prince! He laughed so heartily from the back of his mule! And when you passed him—though you were simply a poor little digger of madder, or the provost of the city—he would give you his blessing so courteously! He was a genuine Pope of Yvetot, but of a Provençal Yvetot, with a something shrewd in his laughter, a sprig of marjoram in his biretta, and never a sign of a Jeanneton. The only Jeanneton that the old man had ever been known to have was his vineyard—a tiny vineyard which he had planted himself, three leagues from Avignon, among the myrtles of Château Neuf.

Every Sunday after vespers the excellent man went to pay court to it; and when he was there, seated in the warm sun, with his mule by his side and his cardinals lying at the foot of the stumps all about, then he would order a bottle of native wine opened—that fine, ruby-colored wine which was called afterwards the Château Neuf of the Popes—and he would drink it in little sips, looking at his vineyard with a tender expression. Then, when the bottle was empty, and the day drew to a close, he would return merrily to the city, followed by all his chapter; and when he rode over Avignon Bridge, through the drums and farandoles, his mule, stirred by the music, would fall into a little skipping amble, while he himself marked the time of the dance with his cap, which scandalized his cardinals terribly, but caused the people to say: "Ah! the kind prince! ah! the dear old Pope!"

Next to his vineyard at Château Neuf, the thing that the Pope loved best on earth was his mule. The good man fairly doted on the beast. Every night, before going to bed, he would go to see if his stable was securely fastened, if anything was lacking in the crib; and he never rose from the table until a huge bowl of wine *à la Française*, with plenty of sugar and spices, had been prepared under his own eye, which he carried to the mule himself, despite the comments of his cardinals. It should be said, too, that the beast was worth the trouble. It was a fine black mule, dappled with red, sure-footed, with a glossy coat, a broad, full rump; and she carried proudly her slender little head, all bedecked with plumes and ribbons and silver bells and streamers; and as gentle as an angel withal, with a mild eye and two long ears always in motion, which gave her a most amiable aspect. All Avignon respected her, and when she passed through the streets there was no attention which the people did not pay her; for they all knew that that was the best way to be in favor at court, and that, with her innocent look, the Pope's mule had led more than one to wealth; witness Tistet Védène and his wonderful adventures.

This Tistet Védène was in truth an impudent rascal, whom his father, Guy Védène, the gold-carver, had been obliged to turn out of his house because he refused to do any work and led the apprentices astray. For six months he was seen dragging his jacket through all the gutters of Avignon, but principally in the neighborhood of the Papal palace; for the rogue had had for a long while a scheme of his own about the Pope's mule, and you will see what a mischievous scheme it was.

One day, when his Holiness all alone was riding by the ramparts on his steed, behold, my Tistet approaches him, and says, clasping his hands with an air of admiration:

"Ah! *mon Dieu!* what a fine mule you have, Holy Father! Just let me look at her. Ah! what a lovely mule, my Pope! the Emperor of Germany has not her like."

And he patted her and spoke softly to her, as to a maiden:

"Come, my jewel, my treasure, my pearl."

And the excellent Pope, deeply moved, said to himself:

"What a nice little fellow! How nice he is with my mule!"

And what do you suppose happened the next day? Tistet Védène exchanged his old yellow jacket for a fine lace alb, a violet silk hood, and shoes with buckles; and he entered the household of the Pope, to which only sons of nobles and nephews of cardinals had ever been admitted. That is what intrigue leads to! But Tistet Védène did not stop there. Once in the Pope's service, the rascal continued the game that had succeeded so well. Insolent with everybody else, he reserved his attention and care for the mule alone; and he was always to be seen in the courtyard of the palace, with a handful of oats or a bunch of clover, whose purple clusters he shook as he glanced at the Holy Father's balcony, as if he would say: "Look! for whom is this?" The result was that the excellent Pope finally, feeling that he was growing old, left it to him to look after the stable and to carry the mule her bowl of wine *à la Française;* which did not make the cardinals laugh.

Nor the mule either—it did not make her laugh. Now, when the time for her wine arrived, she always saw five or six little clerks of the household enter her stable and hastily bury themselves in the straw with their hoods and their lace; then, after a moment, a delicious odor of caramel and spices filled the stable, and Tistet Védène appeared, carefully carrying the bowl of wine *à la Française.* Then the poor beast's martyrdom began.

That perfumed wine which she loved so dearly, which kept her warm, which gave her wings, they had the fiendish cruelty to bring to her manger, to let her inhale it, and then, when her nostrils were full of it, off it went! the beautiful rose-colored liquor disappeared down the throats of those young rogues. And if they had only contented themselves with stealing her wine! but all those little clerks were like devils when they had been drinking. One pulled her ears, another her tail; Quiquet mounted her back, Béluguet tried his cap on her head, and not one of the scamps reflected that with a sudden kick the excellent beast could have sent them all into the polar star, or even farther. But no! not for nothing is one the Pope's mule, the mule of benedictions and indulgences. Let the boys do what they would, she did not lose her temper, and she bore a grudge to Tistet Védène alone. But he—when she felt him behind her, her hoofs fairly itched, and in good sooth there was reason for it. That ne'er-do-well of a Tistet played her such cruel tricks! He conceived such fiendish ideas after drinking!

Would you believe that one day he took it into his head to make her go up with him into the belfry, way up to the highest point of the palace! And this that I am telling you is not a fable—two hundred thousand Provençals saw it. Just imagine the terror of that wretched beast when, after twisting blindly about for an hour on a winding staircase, and climbing I know not how many stairs, she suddenly found herself on a platform dazzling with light; and, a thousand feet below her, a whole fantastic Avignon, the stalls in the market no larger than walnuts, the Pope's soldiers in front of their barracks like red ants, and yonder, over a silver thread, a little microscopic bridge where the people danced and danced. Ah! the poor creature! what a panic! All the windows in the palace shook with the bray that she uttered.

"What's the matter? What are they doing to her?" cried the good Pope, rushing out upon the balcony.

"Ah! Holy Father, this is what's the matter! Your mule—*mon Dieu!* what will become of us!—your mule has gone up into the belfry."

"All alone?"

"Yes, Holy Father, all alone. See! look up there. Don't you see the ends of her ears hanging over, like two swallows!"

"Merciful Heaven!" exclaimed the poor Pope, raising his eyes. "Why, she must have gone mad! Why, she will kill herself! Will you come down here, you wretched creature?"

Pécaïre! She would have asked nothing better than to have come down; but how? As to the staircase, that was not to be thought of; it is possible to go up such things, but in going down there is a chance to break one's legs a hundred times. And the poor mule was in despair; as she wandered about the platform with her great eyes filled with vertigo, she thought of Tistet Védène.

"Ah! You villain, if I escape, what a kick to-morrow morning!"

That idea of a kick restored a little of her courage; save for that she could not have held out. At last they succeeded in taking her down; but it was a difficult task. They had to lower her in a litter, with ropes and a jack-screw. And you can imagine what a humiliation it was for the Pope's mule to be suspended at that height, swinging about with her hoofs in the air, like a butterfly at the end of a string. And all Avignon looking at her!

The wretched beast did not sleep that night. It seemed to her all the time that she was walking about on that infernal platform, with the city laughing below her; then she thought of that infamous Tistet Védène, and of the dainty kick that she proposed to give him in the morning. Ah! my friends, what a kick! they would see the smoke at Pampérigouste.

Now, while this pleasant reception was in store for him at the stable, what do you suppose Tistet Védène was doing? He was going down the Rhône, singing, on one of the Pope's galleys, on his way to the Court of Naples, with a party of young nobles whom the city sent every year to Queen Joanna, for training in diplomacy and in refined manners. Tistet was not of noble birth; but the Pope desired to reward him for the care he had bestowed upon his mule, and above all for the activity he had displayed during the day of rescue.

Imagine the mule's disappointment the next morning!

"Ah! the villain! he suspected something!" she thought, as she shook her bells savagely; "but never mind, you scoundrel! you shall have it when you come back, that kick of yours; I will keep it for you!"

And she did keep it for him.

After Tistet's departure the mule resumed her quiet mode of life and her former habits. No more Quiquet or Béluguet in her stable. The blissful days of wine *à la Française* had returned, and with them good humor, the long siestas, and the little dancing step when she crossed Avignon Bridge. Since her misfortune, however, she was always treated rather coldly in the city. People whispered together as she passed; the old folks shook their heads, and the children laughed as they pointed to the belfry. Even the worthy Pope himself had not his former confidence in his friend, and when he allowed himself to take a little nap on her back, on Sundays, when he returned from his vineyard, he always had this thought: "Suppose I should wake up on the platform up there!"

The mule saw that and she was unhappy over it, although she said nothing; but when the name of Tistet Védène was mentioned in her presence, her long ears quivered, and with a short laugh she would sharpen the iron of her little shoes on the pavement.

Seven years passed thus; and then, at the end of those seven years, Tistet Védène returned from the Court of Naples. His time there was not at an end; but he had learned that the Pope's chief mustard-bearer had died suddenly at Avignon, and as the office seemed to him a good one, he returned in great haste to apply for it.

When that schemer of a Védène entered the great hall of the palace, the Holy Father had difficulty in recognizing him, he had grown so tall and so stout. It should be said also that the Pope had grown old too, and that he could not see well without spectacles.

Tistet was not frightened.

"What? don't you recognize me, Holy Father? It is Tistet Védène."

"Védène?"

"Why, yes, you know, the one who used to carry the French wine to your mule."

"Oh, yes! I remember. A good little fellow, that Tistet Védène! And what does he want of us now?"

"Oh! a mere nothing, Holy Father. I came to ask you—by the way—have you still your mule? And is she well? Good!—I came to ask you for the place of the chief mustard-bearer, who has just died."

"You, chief mustard-bearer! why, you are too young. How old are you?"

"Twenty years and two months, illustrious pontiff; just five years older than your mule. Ah! blessed palm of God! the excellent beast! If you only knew how I loved that mule! how I sighed for her in Italy! Won't you let me see her?"

"Yes, my child, you shall see her," said the kind-hearted Pope, deeply touched. "And as you are so fond of the excellent beast, I propose that you shall live near her. From this day, I attach you to my person as chief mustard-bearer. My cardinals will make an outcry, but so much the worse! I am used to it. Come to us to-morrow, when vespers is done, and we will deliver the symbols of your office, in the presence of our chapter, and then—I will take you to see the mule, and you shall come to the vineyard with us both. Ha! ha! Now go!"

If Tistet Védène was pleased when he left the great hall, I need not tell you how impatiently he awaited the ceremony of the morrow. Meanwhile, there was some one in the palace still happier than he and even more impatient; that was the mule. From the hour of Védène's return until vespers of the following day, the bloodthirsty creature did not cease stuffing herself with oats, and kicking at the wall with her hind feet. She, too, was preparing for the ceremony.

On the morrow, then, when vespers was at an end, Tistet Védène entered the courtyard of the Papal palace. All the high clergy were there, the cardinals in their red robes, the advocate of the devil in black velvet, the convent abbés with their little miters, the churchwardens of the Saint-Agrico, the violet hoods of the household, the lower clergy too, the Pope's soldiers in full uniform, the three brotherhoods of penitents, the hermits from Mount Ventoux with their fierce eyes, and the little clerk who walks behind them carrying the bell, the Flagellants naked to the waist, the red-faced sacristans in gowns like judges—all, yes, all, even to those who hand the holy-water, and he who lights and he who extinguishes the candles; not one was missing. Ah! it was a grand installation! Bells, fireworks, sunlight, music, and, as always, those mad tambourine-players leading the dance yonder on Avignon Bridge.

When Védène appeared in the midst of the assemblage, his presence and his handsome face aroused a murmur of admiration. He was a magnificent Provençal, of the blond type, with long hair curled at the ends and a small unruly beard which resembled the shavings of fine metal from the graving-tool of his father the goldsmith. The report was current that the fingers of Queen Joanna had sometimes toyed with that light beard; and Sire de Védène had in truth the vainglorious air and the distraught expression of men whom queens have loved. That day, to do honor to his nation, he had replaced his Neapolitan clothes by a jacket with a pink border *à la Provençale*, and in his hood floated a long plume of the Camargue ibis.

Immediately upon his entrance the chief mustard-bearer bowed with a noble air, and walked toward the high dais, where the Pope awaited him, to deliver the symbols of his office—the spoon of yellow wood and the saffron-colored coat. The mule was at the foot of the staircase, all saddled and ready to start for the vineyard. When he passed her, Tistet Védène smiled affably and stopped to pat her two or three times in a friendly way on the back, looking out of the corner of his eye to see if the Pope noticed him. The position was excellent. The mule let fly:

"There! take that, you villain! For seven years I have been keeping it for you!"

And she gave him a terrible kick, so terrible that the smoke of it was seen from far Pampérigouste, an eddying cloud of blond smoke in which fluttered an ibis-feather—all that remained of the ill-fated Tistet Védène!

A mule's kick is not ordinarily so disastrous; but she was a Papal mule; and then, think of it! she had kept it for him for seven years. There is no finer example of an ecclesiastical grudge.

THE SUB-PREFECT IN THE FIELDS

THE sub-prefect is on his rounds. Coachman before, footman behind, the calèche of the sub-prefect bears him majestically to the district assembly of Combe-aux-Fées. For this memorable journey the sub-prefect has put on his fine embroidered coat, his little opera-hat, his tight breeches that are silver-striped, and his gala sword with a mother-of-pearl handle. On his knees reposes a great portfolio of crinkled leather, at which he gazes sadly.

The sub-prefect gazes sadly at his leather case; he thinks of the famous speech he is about to deliver before the inhabitants of Combe-aux-Fées:

"Messieurs, and dear constituents—"

But in vain does he twist the silk of his blond mustache and repeat a score of times:

"Messieurs, and dear constituents—"

Not another word will come. It is so hot in that calèche. The highroad to Combe-aux-Fées stretches dustily as far as eye can reach beneath that Southern sun. The air is like a furnace; on the elms, white with dust, that line the road, thousands of grasshoppers are discoursing shrilly from one tree to another. Suddenly the sub-prefect quivers. Over there, at the foot of a slope, he perceives a little wood of live-oaks which seems to be making him a sign.

The little wood of live-oaks seems to be making him a sign:

"Come this way, monsieur, come this way to compose your speech; you will be much more comfortable under my trees."

The sub-prefect is persuaded. He jumps from his calèche and tells his servants to wait for him; he is going to compose his speech in the little wood of live-oaks.

In the little wood of live-oaks there are birds and violets, and brooks purling through the turf. When the birds caught sight of the prefect in his handsome breeches carrying his leather case, they were frightened and stopped singing, the brooks dared not purl, and the violets hid in the grass. All that little world had never seen a sub-prefect, and they asked one another in whispers who the grand gentleman could be who walked about in silver-laced breeches.

Whispering beneath the leafage, they asked one another who that grand gentleman in the silver-laced breeches could be. During this time the sub-prefect, delighted with the silence and the coolness of the wood, lifted the tails of his coat, laid his opera-hat on the grass, and sat himself down in the moss at the foot of a fine young live-oak. Then he opened his leather portfolio and took therefrom a very large sheet of ministerial paper.

"He is an artist," said a redwing.

"No," said a bullfinch, "he is not an artist because he wears silvered breeches; he is a prince."

"Neither prince nor artist," interrupted an old nightingale who had sung in the gardens of the sub-prefecture for one whole season. "I know who he is—he is a sub-prefect."

And all the little wood began to whisper and murmur:—

"He's a sub-prefect! he's a sub-prefect!"

"How bald he is!" observed a lark with a big tuft.

The violets asked:

"Is he cross?"

"Is he cross?" asked the violets.

The nightingale answered:

"Not at all."

On this assurance the birds began to sing, the brooks to purl, the violets to exhale their fragrance, just as if the monsieur were not there.

Impassible in the midst of the pretty racket, the sub-prefect sat invoking in his heart the Muse of agricultural comitias, and he presently began, with pencil uplifted, to declaim his speech in his voice of ceremony.

"Messieurs, and dear constituents—"

"Messieurs, and dear constituents," said the sub-prefect, in his voice of ceremony.

A burst of laughter interrupted him: he turned round and saw nothing but a green woodpecker, perched on his opera-hat, which looked at him smiling. The sub-prefect shrugged his shoulders, and attempted to resume his speech; but the woodpecker stopped him again, crying out:

"What's the good?"

"What is the good?" said the sub-prefect, becoming very red. Then, waving away with a gesture that insolent beast, he began once more:

"Messieurs, and dear constituents—"

"Messieurs, and dear constituents," resumed the sub-prefect.

But just then all the little violets raised their heads to the tops of their stalks and said to him softly:

"Monsieur, do smell how good we smell."

And the brooks purled a music divine in the mosses; and above, in the branches over his head, the red-throated warblers were singing their prettiest tunes, as if the whole little wood had conspired to prevent him from composing his speech.

Yes, the whole little wood had conspired to prevent him from composing his speech. The sub-prefect, tipsy with perfume and drunk with music, tried in vain to resist the new spell that seized him. He leaned his elbows on the grass, unbuttoned his fine lace coat, and stammered again two or three times:

"Messieurs, and dear—"

Then he sent his dear constituents to the devil, and the Muse of agricultural comitias was forced to veil her face.

Veil thy face, O Muse of agricultural comitias! When at the end of an hour the servants of the sub-prefecture, uneasy about their master, entered the little wood, they saw a sight that caused them to recoil with horror. The sub-prefect was lying on his stomach in the grass, his clothes loose, his coat off, as disorderly as a bohemian, and—all the while chewing violets—he, the sub-prefect, was writing poetry!

Index to Volume Eighty-seven of The Outlook

September 7 to December 28, 1907 (Four Months)

EDITORIAL:

[Editorial articles (as distinct from paragraphs) are indicated by an asterisk *before* title or folio.]

PAGE
Actors and Sunday Rest........ 802
*Advent Thought, An........ 768, 806
Aerolites, Fall of........ 57
Ahearn's (Mr.) Removal and Re-election........ 881*
Alabama, Prohibition in, 707; Railways........ 833
Alaska, Progress in........ 514
Alcohol, Denatured, Industrial Uses of........ 52
American Civic Association Convention........ 757
America's Cup, The........ 277
*Asset, An Unappreciated........ 243
Atlanta Cotton Trade Convention........ 461
*Atlantic Monthly's Half-Century, The........ 562
Australia, The National Policy for........ 55
Austria-Hungary: Emperor Francis Joseph, 317; Suffrage........ 555
*Autobiographical........ 469
Automobile Regulation........ 600
Balloon Race, A........ 463
*Bankers, Can They Be Trusted?........ 468
Barney, Charles T........ 711
Battle Fleet, The Cruise of the........ 139, 839
Berkeley (Cal.) Postmastership, The........ 232
Bernadotte's Heir........ 842
Bible Society, The New York........ 325
Bigelow, Mr. John........ 763
*Bill-board Nuisance, The........ 560
*Bills, Pay Your........ 849
*Books and Life, The Rivalry of........ 602
Booth, General........ 466
Boston Election........ 838
Boston's Civic Primer........ 9
Boston's Educational Innovations........ 92
Boutell, Hon. H. S........ 459
Brady, Anthony N., and the Public Service Commission........ 318
Brent, Bishop, on the Philippines........ 323
Breshkovsky, Mme........ 879*
British Indians and Citizenship........ 7, 51, 327
Bronx River Parkway........ 93
Bubonic Plague in San Francisco, The........ 274
*Bugle Call, The........ 605
Campbell-Bannerman, Sir Henry........ 713
Canada, The Conservative Party in........ 6
Canadian Manufacturers' Policy........ 462
Carnegie, Andrew, on New York City........ 145
Catskill Aqueduct Investigation........ 798
Central America's Progress........ 833
*Charities, Keep Up Your........ 892
Charity Organization Society, The........ 711
Chicago's Civic Programme, 459; Telephones, 709; Sunday Closing........ 835
Child Labor, 50, 511; Child-Saving........ 96
Children, Crippled........ 885
China:
  Constitution Proclaimed, A........ 275
  Christianity........ 465
  Manchus and Chinese........ 54
*Christmas Thought, A........ 847
Church Students' Missionary Association........ 599
Church, The, and Labor, 367; and Social Hospitality........ *102, *374
Civic Federation, The........ 882*
Clemenceau, M., and Anti-Nationalism........ 371
Cleveland's Mayoralty Contest........ *58, 142, 549
Coinage, The Motto on the........ 707
Coleman, Bishop........ 888
College Ministry to the Children, A........ 324
Congo Question, The........ 147, 555
Congregational Council, The........ 321, 366
Congress, The Sixtieth........ 793
Constitution, In Defense of the........ 139
Conway, M. D........ 712
Corporations and New Jersey Politics........ 144
*Corruption, Inviting........ 57
Cotton Manufacturers, European, Visit the South........ 460
Currency, The........ 141, *888
Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, The........ 5, 98, 596
Diplomatic Promotions........ 551
Director, A Dummy, The Testimony of........ 49
*Egotism, Diseased........ 59

EDITORIAL.—*Continued.* PAGE
Elections, The........ 506, 549–551
England:
  Anglo-Russian Convention, The........ 234
  Campbell-Bannerman, Sir Henry........ 713
  Co-partnership Tenants' Societies........ 597
  Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, The........ 5, 98, 596
  Dutch Dominance in South Africa........ 715
  Electoral Corruption, How Suppressed........ 237
  Exeter Hall and Crosby House........ 846
  Germany, Relations with........ 596
  House of Lords, The........ 510
  Liberals and the Irish Nationalists, The........ 5
  Newfoundland Fisheries, The........ 234
  Politics........ 553
  Railway Strike Averted........ 552
  Russia and Persia........ 884
  Women in Political Life........ 714
*Episcopal Church, The, and Ministers of Other Churches........ 472
Episcopal General Convention, The. 149, 322, 367, *472
*Essay, Recent Examples of the........ 765
Farm Products, 1907........ 754
Farmers' Congress, The National........ 512
Financial Situation, The. *468, 505, *559, 593 *, *600, *716, *849, *888
Foraker's (Senator) Platform........ 753
*Foreign Opinion on American Affairs........ 285
Forests, The National........ 754
France:
  Capital Punishment and Crime........ 147
  Church Thieves and M. Briand........ 464
Francis Joseph, Emperor........ 317
*Freedom, Ministerial........ 469
Galveston Movement, The........ 507, 757
Geneva, Church and State in........ 465
Georgia Railway Commission, The........ 2
*Georgia Suffrage Amendment, The........ 57
Germany:
  Grand Duke of Baden, The........ 277
  Revolutionary Change, A........ 779
  University Problems........ 760
Gibbons, Cardinal, on Industrial Wrongs........ *242
Gillette, Dr. Walter R........ 508
Goldfield Labor Troubles........ 838
*Gospel for To-Day, The........ 241
Government's Special Counsel, The........ 231
Great Britain, War with?........ 51
Grieg, Edvard........ 47
Gustav V., King of Sweden........ 843
Hague Peace Conference, The........ *240, *376, 509
Heinze & Co. and the Stock Market........ 365
*Hetch Hetchy Valley, The........ 516
Hindus, Attacks on, in State of Washington........ 51
Hindus in British Columbia........ 89, *99
Holmes, Mary J........ 326
House of Representatives Hall, Plan for Remodeling........ 459
Howe, Julia Ward, Hymn by........ 281
Immigration........ *99, 880*
*Inaction, Extirpation, Regulation........ 12
Independence League, The, and the Republican Party........ 364
*India for the Indians........ 327
Indian, The Assimilation of the........ 467
Insurance Conviction, The First........ 508
Insurance Officials' Furniture, Auction of........ 509, 749
International Prison Commission........ 96
*Investments, Public Control and the Security of........ 100
Italians in the South........ 556
Italy and Argentina........ 239
James, D. Willis........ 236
Japan and Korea, 237; and America........ 793
Japanese on Pacific Coast, The........ 10, 89, *99
Jeanes Gift to Swarthmore, The........ 280, 802
Johnson, Tom L........ 549
*Kelvin, Lord........ 890
Kindergarten Progress........ 845
Korea and Japan........ 237
*Life, The Business of........ 332
Lighthouse, The, in Philadelphia........ 8
*Lock and the Key, The........ 240

EDITORIAL.—*Continued.* PAGE

- Lusitania, The 90, 325
- McCall, Samuel W., on the Constitution 139
- Mahan, Captain, on the Battle Fleet's Cruise 840
- Mansfield, Richard 11
- Masson, David 326
- Medicine, Preventive 279
- Meyer, Postmaster-General 506
- Modernism and the Pope, 148, *153, *512, *564, 598, *718; Modernists' Reply 843
- Mohonk Conference, The 467
- *Money, What is? 847
- Morocco 55, 93
- Municipal League Convention 757
- Navy, The 139, *804, 839
- Negro Conventions, Two 48
- Newfoundland Fisheries and the United States 234
- New Jersey Politics 143
- New York City:
  - Board of Education and Christmas Exercises 755
  - Bronx Parkway 93
  - Carnegie, Andrew, on 145
  - Charter, Changes Recommended 756, 796
  - Public Service Commission 49, 318
  - Rapid Transit Tangle 232
  - Removal of Borough President Ahearn by Governor Hughes 837, 881*
  - Republicans and the Independence League .. 364
  - Sunday Theatrical Performances 802, 836
  - "Yellow Dog," The, in Rapid Transit 273
- New York Recount Law Unconstitutional 708
- Niagara Falls, Saving 758
- Nobel Prizes, The 762, 841
- North Carolina White Peonage 319
- Oklahoma's Constitution, 229; Admission to the Union 594*
- *Oriental Immigration 99
- Oscar II., King of Sweden 842
- *Outlook's Encyclical, The 718
- Paddock, Bishop 888
- Parker, Alton B., on the Constitution 139
- Peace Congresses 94
- Pennsylvania Capitol Fraud Cases 146
- Peonage, White, in North Carolina 319
- Persia for the Persians 884
- Philadelphia's Champion of Bossism 710
- Philadelphia Lighthouse, The 8
- Philippine Assembly, The 363, 879*
- Philippines, The 323, 468
- Photography, Real Color 238
- Pinchot, Gifford 754
- Pope Pius X. and Modernism. 148, *153, *515, *564, 598, *718
- Porto Rico 468
- Portugal's Plight 801
- Postal Efficiency, A Check on 13
- Postal Improvements 142, 506
- Postal Savings Banks, 91, 795; Parcels Post ... 795
- Post-Office Deficit, The 794
- *President's Message, The 763
- Presidential Candidates in the Middle West ... 3
- Prouty, Commissioner, on the Railways 1
- Public Service Commission, The New York 49, 318
- Race Riots on the Pacific Coast 89, *99
- Railways, The:
  - Alabama's Legislation 833
  - *Inaction, Extirpation, Regulation 12
  - *Just and Reasonable 374, 721
  - Rate Regulation Law, The 1
  - *Safety of Travelers, The 151
  - Strike, British, Averted 552
- *Religion, Authority in 153
- *Religion, Certainties in 286
- Religion, State Conference of 598
- Religious Liberals, Congress of, at Boston .. 56, 280
- Republicans and the Independence League in N. Y. City 364
- Rhode Island Politics 364
- Rivers and Harbors Congress, The 796
- Roman Catholic Church, The, and Modernism. 148, *153, *515, *564, 598, *718
- Roosevelt, President:
  - Burton, Representative, Letter to *58, 142
  - *Panic, The 600
  - *Message to Congress 763
  - *Policy of 282
  - Third Term, Announcement Concerning 833
- Root, Secretary, and Mexico, 231; Central American Republics 594*
- Russia and Great Britain 234, 884
- Russian Duma, The, 554, 595, 800; Revolutionists 879*
- San Francisco 4, 274

EDITORIAL.—*Continued.* PAGE

- *Shakespeare To-Day 329
- *Silence 15
- Socialist Congresses 95
- South Africa, British, and the Dutch 714
- Southwest, The Growth of the 513
- Standard Oil Company, The 150
- Stock-Gambling and Innocent Investors 365
- *Stories, Famous Short 850
- *Story, The Real 473
- Sully-Prudhomme, M. 97
- Sunday in the City 836
- Swarthmore College, A Conditional Gift to 280, 802
- Taft, Secretary 273, 318
- *Tariff Question, The 803
- Tchaykovsky, Nicolas 879*
- Telegraphers' Strike, The 552
- Telegraphy, Wireless 371
- Telephones, Chicago's 709
- Telephones, Wireless 279
- *Thanksgiving 715
- *Time, Make What You Want 518
- Tip, The, Government Recognition of 373
- Torpedo-Boat Destroyers, The New 372
- Trade Unions Congress, The 96
- Transvaal, East Indians in the 8
- *Travelers, The Safety of 151
- Tyrrell, Father, and Modernism 564
- *Undenominational Church, An 893
- Vernon, Prof., and the Gospel 886
- Whittier Centennial, The 885
- Winnington, Ingram, Rt. Rev 322, 370
- Wireless Telephones at Sea 279
- Wireless Telegraphy, Transatlantic 371
- Woman Who Went to Church, The *102, *374
- Young Men's Christian Association and Religious Tests 558, *604, 759

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES:

- Algeria by Automobile .... E. A. Dix 379
- Americans, Creative:
  - Railway Builder, A Great (J. J. Hill). J. F. Carr 391
  - Evans, R. D., Rear-Admiral ... James Barnes 675
- Animals, The Reasonable but Unreasoning. John Burroughs 809
- Bethlehem: A Christmas Visit. A. H. Bradford 665
- Bill-board, The Indictment Against the. C. R. Woodruff 582
- Bishop of London, The .... George Hodges 335
- Book and the Revolution, The .... Leroy Scott 420
- Books, Comfortable .... Elizabeth Woodbridge 126
- Business Men at School .. George W. Wharton 303
- Californian Tourist's Observations in the East, A .... Robert Whitaker 300
- Chemical Elements, The Transmutation of the. Charles Baskerville 66
- Chicago's Public Playgrounds .... Ernest Poole 775
- Children's Library and the Home, The. M. J. Moses 177
- China, Some Conditions in .... Bailey Willis 737
- China, The Old Education in .. George Kennan 337
- Christmas in Art, The First. Frederick Keppel 655
- Christmas Sermon, A .... W. L. Bryan 858
- Clearing-House and the Panic, The. George Carey 568
- College Athletics .... R. A. Derby 254
- Constitution and the Corporations, The. Charles F. Amidon 19
- Cook Shack, The Mistress of the. C. M. Harger 209
- "Copy" .... Edith Wharton 441
- Evans, Robley D., Rear-Admiral. James Barnes 675
- Daudet, Two Stories by 959
- Federal Educational Plan Needed, A. Andrew S. Draper 258
- Finland's Present Problems .... H. M. Donner 297
- Finland, Woman Suffrage in .. G. H. Blakeslee 35
- Francis Joseph: The Man .... A. R. Colquhoun 477
- Gate, The Keepers of the .... Mary B. Sayles 913
- Gateway of the Nation, The. Robert Watchorn 897
- George Eliot's Novels, Real Life in. Charles S. Olcott 633, 931
- Georgia, The Suffrage in .... A. J. McKelway 63
- Grieg, A Pilgrimage to .... R. H. Schauffler 927
- Hague, The, Arbitration at .... E. F. Baldwin 71
- Hague, The, Korea and Japan at. E. F. Baldwin 26
- Hudson, A National Park on the. Dr. E. L. Partridge 521
- Human Bullets .... Lieut. Sakurai 574
- Immigration .... Mary B. Sayles 913
- Immigration .... Robert Watchorn 897
- Jamestown Exposition, The Picturesque Aspects of .... Henry Hoyt Moore 187

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES.—*Continued.* PAGE

Japan, Politics and Public Opinion in. Paul S. Reinsch 115
Japanese Students in America. Yamato Ichihashi 295
Japanned English............George Kennan 822
Johnson, Tom, of Cleveland..George C. Sikes 571
Juliet, Poor!....................Mary B. Wood 263
Kneisel Quartet, The.......................... 925
Laboratory, Stories from a......A. R. Ledoux 734
Levine, Manuel, The Story of....Ernest Poole 413
Literature or Life. E. E. Hale, J. T. Trowbridge, T. W. Higginson 625
London County Council, The......J. A. Baker 725
London, The Streets of..Ralph D. Blumenfeld 945
Magdalen College, Oxford.....Goldwin Smith 78
Manuel, The Soul of the Little. Margaret W. Higginson 75
Mark Twain the Humorist.......H. W. Mabie 649
Motor-Car, The Adventures of an Average Man with a..................Lee Meriwether 247
National Park on the Hudson, A. Dr. E. L. Partridge 521
Natural Resources, The Conservation of. Gifford Pinchot 291
Northwest Mounted Police, The. W. G. Fitz-Gerald 431
Panama, The Nation's Housekeeping at. Gertrude Beeks 489
Parents, On the Training of. E. H. Abbott 771, 818, 862
Paris, The Streets of........R. D. Blumenfeld 399
Partridge, In the Wake of the. Elizabeth Woodbridge 577
Pedlar's Window, The........Jeannette Marks 203
People vs. the Representative......M. K. Hart 730
Poetry:
  Birthright, The............Priscilla Leonard 228
  Blackbird, The Red-Winged..Martha Young 28
  Christmas Greetings: A Carol. Rt. Rev. C. W. Stubbs 857
  Fairy Gold.................Charlotte Porter 943
  Gold......................Laura M. Walker 449
  Joy of Life, The...........Priscilla Leonard 781
  Knight of the Golden Song, The. Clarence Urmy 85
  Mirror of Life, The..........Edith L. Smith 573
  New Life......................Edith L. Smith 439
  O Little Town of Bethlehem.Phillips Brooks 673
  Silences of Life, The.......Frederic E. Snow 641
  Thanksgiving...................A. F. Wilson 729
  Things that Count, The .....Clarence Urmy 412
  Tree of Life is their Christmas Tree. Nora A. Smith 664
Policing the Wilderness....W. G. Fitz-Gerald 431
Pope's Mule, The............Alphonse Daudet 959
"Posson Jone'"..............George W. Cable 217
Problems of Every-Day Life. L. W. Snell:
  True Man and an Unreal Theology, The.... 39
  True Man and Church Caste, The.......... 69
  True Man and the Church's Idols, The....... 123
Rab and His Friends.......John Brown, M.D. 692
Railways, National Control of Inter-State. Seth Low 482
Richard Hook and Crook.H. Addington Bruce 350
Russia: The Book and the Revolution. Leroy Scott 420
San Francisco as It Now Is...............Kew 107
San Francisco's New Standard of Morality.... 113
Sarah and Mr. Salamovitch..Miriam F. Scott 531
Shakespeare: A Unique First Folio. H. C. Folger, Jr. 687
Sheehan, Happy Gene, The Death of. F. W. O'Malley 527
Smith, Herbert Knox, Commissioner of Corporations.................................... 215
Southern Election Registrar, The Power of the. T. J. Jones 529
South Americans, Three, and Their Doctrines. E. F. Baldwin 118
Standard Oil...............Harold J. Howland 157
Stuart Hero, A Neglected.........H. A. Bruce 783
Tit for Tat: A Californian's Observations in the East...................Robert Whitaker 300
Uncle Pete's Possum...........Martha Young 851
United States Rural Mail Service of 1912. J. L. Cowles 815
Wagner, Pastor, in Paris..........Grace King 198
Water-Carrier, The Happy......J. D. Franklin 782
What is That in Thine Hand?.....Zona Gale 343
Whittier, An Impression of.........E. E. Hale 860
Whittier, Elizabeth, and the Amesbury Home. Annie R. Marble 29

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES.—*Continued.* PAGE

Winnington-Ingram, Bishop...George Hodges 335
Woman Suffrage in Finland.. G. H. Blakeslee 35
Yosemite, The Tuolumne, in Danger.John Muir 486

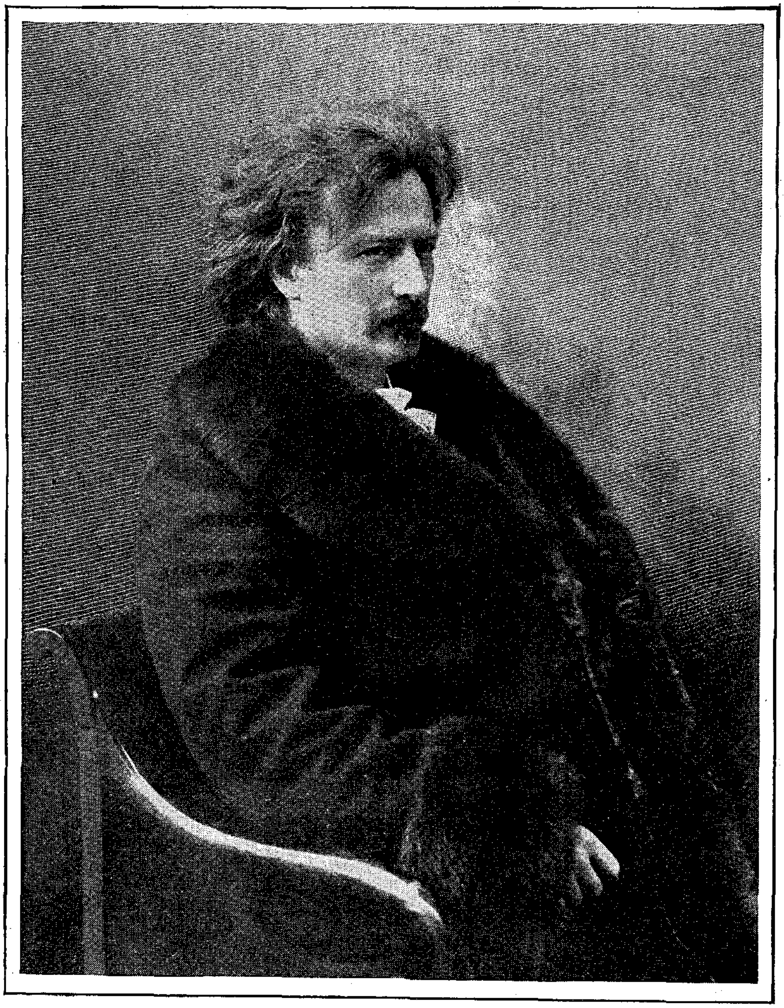
BOOKS AND AUTHORS:

(The titles of many minor books, new editions, etc., are omitted.)

Adams, Samuel, The Writings of (Cushing)... 498
Altar Fire, The (Benson)...................... 768
American Nation, The (Sparks)............... 878
Ancient Lowly, The (Ward)................... 537
Ancient Society (Morgan)..................... 537
Apologia (Abbott)............................ 312
Artist's Reminiscences, An (Crane)........... 611
Babylonia and Assyria (Winckler)............ 311
Blake, William (Symons)...................... 307
Boigne, Comtess de, Memoirs of.............. 830
Books, Comfortable........................... 126
British Colonial Policy (Beer)................ 748
Canada, The Race Question in (Siegfried).... 359
Carpaccio, Vittorio, Life and Works of (Molmenti and Ludwig)........................... 873
Cathedrals and Cloisters of Midland France (Rose)...................................... 874
Celibacy, Sacerdotal, History of (Lea)........ 453
Channing, Elizabeth P., Autobiography of.... 747
Character and Comedy (Lucas)............... 767
Child in Art, The (Carpenter)................ 873
Children's Books.............................. 310
Children's Hour, The (Tappan)............... 544
China, The Awakening of (Martin)............ 266
Christian Church, History of (Schaff)........ 453
Christian Religion, The (Lidgett)............ 877
Christianity and the Social Crisis (Rauschenbusch)...................................... 264
Christianity's Storm-Centre (Stelzle).......... 271
City, The Challenge of the (Strong).......... 790
Claude, M., Memoirs of (Wormeley).......... 876
Colonial, The Quest of the (Shackleton)...... 359
Confederate, Military Memoirs of a (Alexander)...................................... 494
Cooke, Jay, Financier of the Civil War (Oberholtzer)............................... 609, 790
Courage of the Coward, The (Aked).......... 134
Crabbe, George, and His Times (Huchon)..... 41
Dana, Charles A. (Wilson).................... 586
Daumier, Honoré (Cary)...................... 616
Davidson, Thomas (Knight).................. 874
Days Off (Van Dyke)......................... 765
England and America (Marks)................ 543
Evangelism, Pastoral and Personal (Goodell). 133
Evolution and Animal Life (Jordan and Kellogg).. 271
Falkland and His Times (Marriott)........... 783
Farmer's Boy, The (Johnson)................. 358
Father and Son............................... 746
Fiction:
  Adventurer, The (Osbourne)................ 497
  Ancestors (Atherton)...................... 451
  Arabian Nights, Fairy Tales from the (Dixon) 618
  Arethusa (Crawford)........................ 622
  Barbary Sheep (Hichens).................... 45
  Between the Dark and the Daylight (Howells) 624
  Brunhilde's Paying Guest (Fuller)........... 270
  Burning Torch, The (Montresor)............. 269
  Best Man, The (MacGrath).................. 451
  Beth Norvell (Parrish)..................... 451
  Betrothal of Elypholate, The (Martin)....... 450
  Broken Road, The (Mason)................. 827
  Children's Books............................ 310
  Clem (Kenton)............................... 45
  Coast of Bohemia, The (Page)............... 742
  Comrade John (Merwin-Webster)............ 624
  Convert, The (Robins)...................... 744
  Crested Seas, The (Connolly)............... 624
  Domestic Adventurers, The (Bacon)......... 309
  Empire Builders (Lynde).................... 45
  Encore, An (Deland)........................ 622
  Exploits of Arsène Lupin (Leblanc)......... 497
  Fair Lavinia and Others, The (Wilkins Freeman)...................................... 745
  Fairy Tales, Favorite........................ 618
  Fountain Sealed, A (Sedgwick)........... 450, 623
  Friendship of Anne, The (Deland).......... 828
  Fruit of the Tree, The (Wharton)........... 621
  Good Comrade, The (Silberrad)............ 450
  Grandmother (Richards)..................... 745
  Gray Lady and the Birds (Wright)........... 875
  Gret: The Story of a Pagan (Mantle)....... 450
  Heart Line, The (Burgess).................. 744
  Heart of the West (Henry).................. 497
  Helena's Path (Hope)....................... 622

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.—*Continued.* PAGE
Helpmate, The (Sinclair) 621
Her Son (Vachell) 497
Hilda and the Wishes (Peck) 829
Immensee (Storm) 619
Indian Days, Old (Eastman) 744
In High Places (Bacon) 497
Launcelot, Sir, The Story of (Pyle) 619
Light-Fingered Gentry (Phillips) 309
Lion's Share, The (Octave Thanet) 745
Little City of Hope (Crawford) 623
Lone Star, The (Lyle) 45
Lost Leader, A (Oppenheim) 44
Lost Princess, The (Dix) 270
Love of Life and Other Stories (London) 450
Loves of Pelleas and Etarre (Gale) 622
Major Vigoureux (Quiller-Couch) 309, 622
Mam' Linda (Harben) 309, 623
Mediator, The (Steiner) 623
Money Magic (Garland) 744
"My Merry Rockhurst" (Castle) 624
On the Wall (Free) 309
Peabody Pew, The (Riggs) 622
Prophet in Babylon, A (Dawson) 469, 874
Redcoat Captain (Ollivant) 473
Red Feathers, The (Roberts) 457
Romance of an Old-Fashioned Gentleman (Smith) 496, 623
Russian Fairy Book (Dole) 310
Secret Agent, The (Conrad) 309
Semiramis (Peple) 270
Shepherd of the Hills, The (Wright) 269
Shuttle, The (Burnett) 623
Spinners' Book of Fiction, The 789
Stooping Lady, The (Hewlett) 621
Story of the Other Wise Man (Van Dyke) 619
Temptation (Bagot) 269
Those Queer Browns (Kingsley) 309
To Him That Hath (Scott) 44
Turnpike Lady, A (Cleghorn) 497
Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea (Verne) 590
Under the Crust (Page) 742
Ungava Bob (Wallace) 312
Walled In (Phelps) 744
Wards of Liberty (Kelly) 745
Way of a Man, The (Hough) 497
Weavers, The (Parker) 622
Younger Set, The (Chambers) 44
Florence and the Cities of Northern Tuscany with Genoa (Hutton) 617
Flowers, The Intelligence of the (Maeterlinck) 619
France, A Spring Fortnight in (Tozier) 498
France, Contemporary (Hanotaux) 355
France of To-Day, The (Wendell) 499
Game, Feathered, of the Northeast (Rich) 358
Golden Staircase, The (Chisholm) 358
Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Work (Dawson) 359
Gretna Green to Land's End, From (Bates) 616
Haiti (Léger) 830
Harvard, John, and His Times (Shelley) 613
Heart of the Gospel, The (Campbell) 46
Henry, Patrick, The True (Morgan) 877
Higginson, Stephen, The Life and Times of (Higginson) 613
Historic Landmarks of America (Singleton) 618
Hole, Dean, Letters of (Dewar) 875
Holland Sketches (Penfield) 617
Homeric Age, Life in the (Seymour) 357
Houses for Town and Country (Herbert) 271
Howard, O. O., Autobiography of 609
Howell, James, The Familiar Letters of 357
Hymns and Tunes, The Story of (Brown and Butterworth) 497
Idylls and the Ages, The (Genung) 272
Indians' Book, The (Curtis) 358
Ireland in the Nineteenth Century (Lampson) 589
Islam and Christianity in India (Wherry) 46
Italy, Browning's (Clarke) 877
Italy, the Magic Land (Whiting) 876
Jackson, Andrew, The Story of (Lewis) 788
Japan, Gods and Heroes of Old (Pasteur) 618
Japan, Old and New (Holland) 617
Jesus, The Trial of (Drucker) 789
Job, The Heresy of (Coutts) 133
Johannine Literature, The, and the Acts of the Apostles (Forbes) 132
Keramic Gallery, The (Chaffers) 616
Law, Decisive Battles of the (Hill) 589
Lay Sermons (Caird) 543
Lee, Robert E. (Bruce) 878
Letters of Literary Men (Mumby) 356

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.—*Continued.* PAGE
Letter-Writers, The Queen of (Aldis) 590
Lincoln in the Telegraph Office (Bates) 499
Little Journeys to the Homes of Eminent Orators (Hubbard) 618
London, The Colour of (Loftie) 616
Love Affairs of Literary Men (Reed) 453
Mary Stuart, The Last Days of (Cowan) 454
Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, The (Hoyt) 128
Memoirs, My (Dumas) 610
Memories of My Life (Bernhardt) 611
Mexico and Her People (Winter) 618
Montagu, Lady Mary Wortley, and her Times (Paston) 80
Moon, The (Serviss) 544
New England Border, Old Battles and Legends of the (Abbott) 875
New England Inns, Old (Crawford) 830
New Theology Sermons (Campbell) 829
New York, A Political History of the State of (Alexander) 131
Owen, Robert (Podmore) 869
Painters and Sculptors (Cox) 615
Painters of America, Famous (McSpadden) 615
Painters of the Renaissance, North Italian (Berenson) 615
Painting, American, The Story of (Caffin) 873
Palestine through the Eyes of a Native (Wad-el-Ward 542
Philippines, A Handbook of the (Wright) 542
Plains, The Great (Parrish) 356
Poems, English (Bronson) 451
Poetry, Recent English, The Higher Ministries of (Gunsaulus) 133
Poland, The Knight Among Nations (Van Norman) 747
Political Problems of American Development (Shaw) 540
Portraits and Portrait Painting (Hurll) 615
Prado, The Art of the (Ricketts) 615
Quotations, Proverbs, and Household Words, A Book of (Benham) 497
Rabelais (Tilley) 612
Race Prejudice (Finot) 452
Reconstruction, Political and Economic (Dunning) 312
Religion and Historic Faiths (Pfleiderer) 454
Religion, The Re-Birth of (Crapsey) 876
Rembrandt (Brown) 615
Richard III. (Markham) 350
Ristori, Adelaide, Memoirs of (Mantellini) 132
Sail to Steam, From (Mahan) 610
Saint-Gaudens, Augustus (Cortissoz) 612
Salon, The (Clergue) 746
Salvation Army, The Romance of the (Friederichs) 590
Santiago de Cuba, The Campaign of (Sargent) 454
School, The Country (Johnson) 358
Schurz, Carl, Reminiscences of 613
Scylla and Charybdis, Through (Tyrrell) 498
Sea Dog of Devon, A (Walling) 272
Seville (Calvert) 272
Shakespeare Library, The 830
Sin and Society (Ross) 874
Socialism Before the French Revolution (Guthrie) 537
Socialism, Books on 537
Spanish Masters, Old (Cole) 614
Staël, Madame de, and Benjamin Constant (De Nolde) 356
Struggle for the Fourteenth Colony, Our (Smith) 311
Syrian Sun, Under the (Inchbold) 617
Tasso and His Times (Boulting) 270
Theology, Dogmatic, Introduction to (Hall) 46
Trees, Handbook of (Hough) 358
Truth, The Greatest (Dresser) 132
Turkey and the Turks (Monroe) 618
Tuscan Childhood, A (Cipriani) 454
Unbelief in the Nineteenth Century (Sheldon) 133
United States and Its People, A History of (Avery) 45
Uprising of the Many, The (Russell) 543
Venetian Palaces, The Old (Okey) 617
Victoria, Queen, The Letters of (Benson and Esher) 608
Virginia, Narratives of Early (Tyler) 788
Wagnerian Romances, The (Hall) 499
Wealth, The Limit of (Hutchinson) 537
When America Was New (Jenks) 359
Writers, Great (Woodberry) 766



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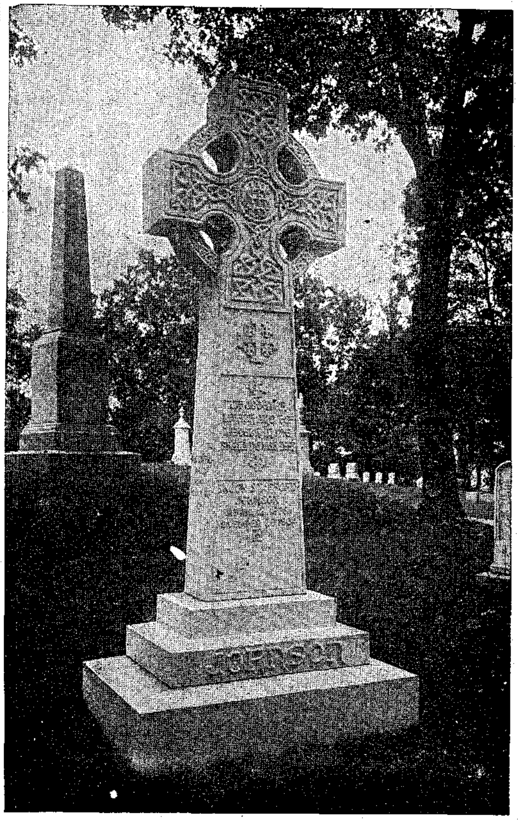

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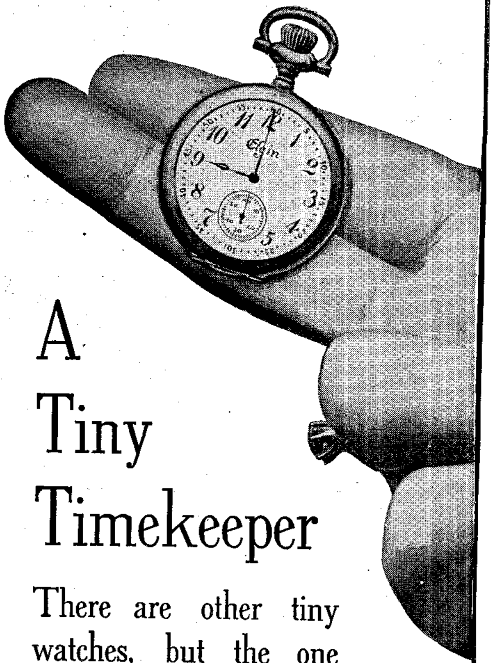

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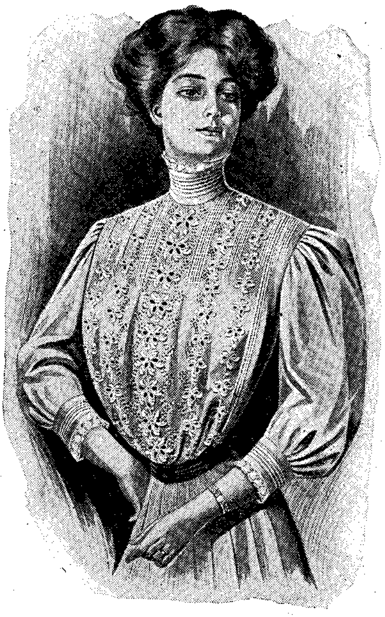

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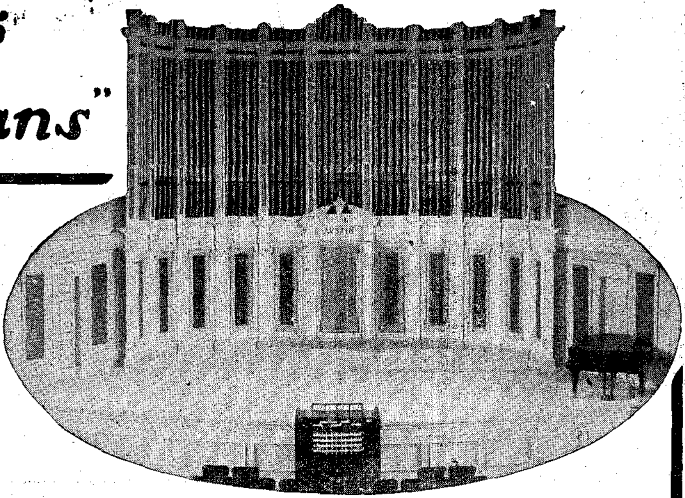

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The instrument embodies all the latest approved features, including the **Universal Air Chest, Electric Key Action** and **Tubular Pneumatic Stop Action.**

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